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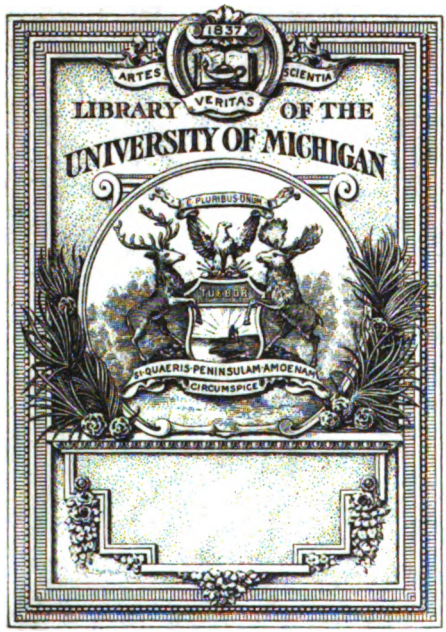

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THE WORKS OF

ORESTES A. BROWNSON,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

HENRY F. BROWNSON.

VOLUME XIX.

CONTAINING THE WRITINGS ON LITERATURE.

DETROIT:
THORNDIKE NOURSE, PUBLISHER.
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AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

[From the Boston Quarterly Review for January, 1839.]

Mr. Emerson in this oration professes to discuss the subject of literary ethics. He speaks of the resources, the subject, and the discipline of the scholar.

The resources of the scholar are proportioned to his confidence in the intellect. They are coextensive with nature and truth. Yet can they never be his, unless claimed with an equal greatness of mind. He must behold with awe the infinitude and impersonality of the intellectual power; learn that it is not his, that it is not any man's; but the soul which made the world; that it is all accessible to him, and he, as its minister, may rightfully hold all things subordinate and answerable to it. He must feel that he stands in the world as its native king; that he may inhale the year as a vapor; and give a new order and scale to the grand events of history. He is the world; and the epochs and heroes of chronology are pictorial images in which his thoughts are told. So must the scholar feel. All things are his, and he is equal to all things, nature and its laws, life and its deeds, the world and its events.

And not only must the scholar feel his right, but he must claim and exercise it. He must assert and maintain his spiritual independence; feel that he is a new man, and that the world into which he comes is not foreclosed; is not mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe, Asia, or Egypt. Every man, as to his spiritual independence, comes into a new world, and may roam as freely over it, as if he were the first-born of time. Every man is an Adam in the garden, and may summon all creatures before him, distribute them into their classes, and give them their names. No one is bound to follow the classifications, or to adopt the names given by his predecessors. Creation is born anew with every new-born soul; and each new-born soul may hear the sons of the morning singing with joy over a new-created world. In plain terms, the whole field of thought and ac-

* *Literary Ethics; An Oration delivered before the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, July 24, 1838.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: 1838.

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tion are open to the scholar, and he must, to avail himself of his resources, feel that he comes into the world as free as the first-born man; that he is bound by none of the opinions, or usages of those who have preceded him; that he has the right to read all nature with his own eyes; and is in duty bound to form his own creed, his own life-plan, his own system of the Universe.

The subject offered to the scholar is as broad as his resources. His subject to-day is the same that it was yesterday. Nothing has been exhausted; science is yet in its cradle; literature is to be written; and poetry has scarcely chanted its first song. The perpetual admonition of nature to us is, "The world is new, untried. Do not believe the past. I give you the Universe a virgin to-day."

Latin and English poetry sing us ever the praises of nature, and yet poetry has hitherto conversed with only the surface of things. Its chants reveal to us nothing of the handsome things of nature. The poet has not seen and felt for himself. All is yet undescribed, almost unattempted. The man who stands on the sea-shore, or who rambles in the woods, seems to be the first man that ever stood on the shore, or entered a grove, his sensations and his world are so novel and strange. Nature still awaits her poet, and listens to catch the strains of the voice that shall sing her praises worthily.

Civil history is yet open to the labors of the scholar. The past shall wear a new aspect as each new man of genius looks upon it. Since Niebuhr and Wolf, Roman and Greek history have been written anew. May not a new Niebuhr and Wolf be needed to re-write them? Is the story told, and its lesson fixed for ever? Let a man of genius pronounce the name of the Pelasgi, of Athens, of the Etrurian, of the Roman people, and under what new aspect do we instantly behold them! Are there not still new aspects under which they may be seen? Who can say what shall be the new aspect under which the next man of genius shall reveal them? As in poetry and history, so in all other departments. There are few masters or none. Religion is yet to be settled on its fast foundations in the breast of man; and politics, and philosophy, and letters, and art. As yet, we have nothing but tendency and indication.

Such are the resources and the subject of the scholar. The world is his; but he must possess it, by putting himself into harmony with the constitution of things. He must be a

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solitary, laborious, modest, charitable soul. He must embrace solitude as a bride. He must have his glees and his glooms alone. His own estimate must be measure enough; his own praise reward enough for him. We live in the sun and on the surface of things,—a thin, plausible, superficial existence, and talk of muse and prophet, of art and creation. But out of our shallow or frivolous way of life how can greatness ever grow? We must go and be dumb; sit with our hands on our mouths a long Pythagorean lustrum; live in corners, and do chars, and suffer, and weep, and drudge, with eyes and hearts that love the Lord; by silence, seclusion, austerity, pierce deep into the grandeur and secret of our being; and so diving, bring up out of secular darkness the sublimities of the moral constitution. How mean to go blazing, a gaudy butterfly, in fashionable or political saloons, the fool of society, the fool of notoriety, a topic for newspapers, a piece of the street, and forfeiting the real prerogative of the russet coat, the privacy, and the true and warm heart of the citizen!

But we give it up. We cannot analyze one of Mr. Emerson's discourses. He hardly ever has a leading thought, to which all the parts of his discourse are subordinate, which is clearly stated, systematically drawn out, and logically enforced. He is a poet rather than a philosopher,—and not always true even to the laws of poetry. He must be read not for a work of art, which shall be perfect as a whole, but for the exquisite beauty of its details; not for any new or striking philosophical views, but for incidental remarks, frequent aphorisms, valuable hints, rich and original imagery and illustration. In all his productions, the decorations strike us more than the temple itself, and the shrine evidently surpasses the god. Nevertheless, he always selects an important topic for his discourses, and furnishes us subjects which well deserve our consideration. This is something.

In reading Mr. Emerson's various productions, and in listening to his lectures, we obtain the impression that he thinks very meanly of the past achievements of the human mind. No poet according to him has ever yet seen the seashore, or entered a grove; and nobody but himself has ever heard the "wild geese scream." As it regards American scholars, they have done nothing to redeem the pledges we made the world, when we adopted free institutions. American Literature can scarcely be said to have a being. Not that we want men who write very clever books, and make

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commendable verses which fill up the corner of a newspaper with much respectability, and look very decent in a scrap-book, or lady's album; but of the higher literature, which addresses itself to the higher faculties of the soul, and is the out-speaking and the embodiment of the national life, we have produced nothing worth naming. And worse than all this, we seem to have no adequate conception of what American literature should be, and what it is capable of becoming. Why is this, and what is the remedy?

This is the question which is laboring in his mind, and which he appears to be striving to answer. One of the chief causes, he thinks, is our want of faith in the intellect. Wanting faith in the intellect, we attempt no great intellectual effort, and therefore produce nothing intellectually great. We have no faith that great things may be done, and therefore do not attempt to do great things. The remedy here is to increase and confirm our faith in the intellect, to learn that the intellectual power, which develops itself within us, is the power that made the world, and therefore infinite and inexhaustible.

Another cause is our want of confidence in ourselves. We regard ourselves as born in the dotage of the world, and out of work, except to treasure up in our memories, and mimic as we may in our lives, the sayings and doings of the giants, who lived long ago, when the world was in its prime. Genius has no vocation; poesy has sung her swan-song; philosophy is finished; the sciences are completed; creeds are all determined; opinions made up; miracles ended, and the book of prophecy is closed. Sad creatures are we!—born long ages too late, after all the work cut out by the Almighty for thought, fancy, imagination, genius, is completed! We are doomed to idleness, and by idleness to imbecility. The spiritual nature is useless, and must be discharged. We sink our humanity, and become mere prudent, calculating animals; content to labor for a little worldly wealth, to fill the belly or clothe the back; to flutter in a saloon, or to catch a breath of empty applause from brainless fellow-mortals; to be complaisant and decorous; to provide for a commendable funeral, a showy coffin, and a respectable tombstone.

To remedy this evil, we must cease to look back to learn what has been, around to learn what is, and must look into ourselves to learn what we are, and what we can do. Man is man to-day as much as he was six thousand years ago; and

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every man is born with all that constitutes a man, with as rich endowments, and as creative a genius, in this age or country as in any other. Men in the past were great, were heroes. Be it so. Men in the present are also men, and may be great, may be heroes, if they will but act out the divinity that is slumbering in them. Our senses are as acute, our minds as penetrating, our bodies as finely moulded and as firmly knit, our limbs as active and as vigorous, and our souls as capable of swelling with noble thoughts, with rich affections, and of burning with as pure, as free, and intense a love for the true, the beautiful, and the good, as theirs who lived in the past, and before whose shadows we prostrate ourselves with such servile devotion. Nature is ever renewed, and is as fresh now, as when beheld by the divine bards of old; and is as open and as beautiful to us, as it was to them. We stand as near to God as did the prophets, who had "open vision" and conversed with him face to face; and we may be inspired, illuminated by his spirit, as well as they were. The whole spiritual world is ours. Truth, beauty, goodness, are not monopolized, foreclosed. God has not disinherited us, nor left us no employment. Every man has an indefeasible right to the Universe, and may labor in what part of it he pleases; in work which commends itself to his taste and genius; and be his own producer; and in his own way too. He need labor where others have labored, and be their imitators, not unless it be his choice. He may whistle his own tune, and sing his own song. Nobody has the right to insist on his obligation to imitate the tone or gestures of others. He may pitch his voice to his own key, and modulate it to his own ear. Plato, Bacon, Cousin, have philosophized; let who will philosophize also, and be a Plato, a Bacon, a Cousin, not by imitating them, but by claiming and maintaining that right to philosophize for one's self, which they claimed. We must assert our spiritual independency, or never shall our minds act freely, and show forth the divine stuff they are made of. And without free, strong, and varied action, no living literature; no original creations; no works of art, worthy of the age, of the country, of man.

This may be true, if understood in strict reference to literature, and what are usually considered the higher walks of art and science; but we are not disposed to regard the American mind as strikingly deficient in originality and independence. We doubt if there ever was a country in which

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the people had more faith in the intellect, or less of servility to the mind of other ages or other countries. We may not be ready at once to adopt every new notion or new doctrine, which may be set forth in metaphysics, theology, morals, æsthetics; but we are by no means backward in considering and adopting every thing, which promises to be an improvement in agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, commerce, and navigation. In these matters we are not wanting in faith in intellect, nor are we slaves to routine, to established usage, to fixed opinions, to the teachings of other ages, other countries, other men. We create for ourselves, and our creations are by no means despicable. The American ship is not a servile copy of a foreign model. The Yankee exercises his own original genius in its construction; and he mans and works it in his own way. The Patent Office may bear witness that we are cunning to seek out many inventions. Our political institutions can hardly be termed a copy, a tradition, a reminiscence. They are original. In whatever direction the American mind is turned, it is self-confiding, original, creative. Hitherto it has been turned almost exclusively in a material direction; to the realization of progress in our external condition; not to the realization of progress in the moral and intellectual sciences. With us, genius has come forth into practical life; instead of the marble statue, it gives us the ship; for a picture, it gives us a mule or jenny; for systems of metaphysics and ethics, it gives us railroads, canals, and steamboats; for the novel or the poem, it furnishes us with an improved system of legislation, ministries to the poor, and universal education; and for an elevated and living literature, it creates an elevated and living people. Genius has come out of the cloister and the university, and creates in the ship-yard and the smithy, reasons on 'change, and sings in the music of the axe, the hammer, and the loom, giving dignity to labor and the empire of the world to the laborer.

Shall we complain of this? Is this all low utilitarianism? Why is it that our minds have been carried away in an outward direction? In this world there is a reason, and usually a pretty good reason, for whatever is. Nothing is arbitrary, or the production of blind chance. It is not by accident that a people at a given epoch is wholly intent on improving its outward condition, all engrossed in useful labors; and at another epoch, equally intent on spiritual progress, and engrossed with the embellishments of life. It is true that we

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have not, as it concerns high literary matters, that full faith in intellect which may be desirable; and it is true, that in such matters, we depend too much on the taste, criticism, and opinions of others. But what then? Our first and most urgent work in this country was not the creation of an original literature. Give the whole American people that peculiar self-trust and faith in intellect, called for in the oration before us, and every man, woman, and child would be soaring into the regions of ideas, or seeking in vain a pathway through the wilds of imagination; the useful arts would be neglected; the fields would lie fallow; commerce would languish; manufactures would fail; silence would reign in the workshops; and nakedness and starvation cover the land. Nature ordains that we provide for the body, before we provide for the soul; that we obtain those things without which life is not possible, before we attempt life's embellishments.

We have a few misgivings about the propriety of this declamation, in which some of our scholars are beginning to indulge, against the utilitarian pursuits of our age and country. We are not quite sure but we ought to be very thankful for these pursuits. Perhaps this business world on which the scholar looks down, is fulfilling a higher mission than it or the scholar dreams of. We can hardly persuade ourselves, that the young man, who has no means of living but by his daily labor, can be applauded for neglecting all useful labor and devoting his whole time to playing the flute or the fiddle. Why not? Music is one of the fine arts, and to play the flute or the fiddle well is an elegant accomplishment; and why not then applaud the young man who devotes himself to it at the expense of his worldly fortunes? What is true of individuals is true of nations. Let a nation provide for its physical well-being, let it provide for the easy subsistence of all its citizens, before it takes itself to fiddling or flute-playing.

We commenced in this country poor; we had little beside our hands, our wits, and our self-confidence. We had a savage world to subdue, and by our labors a wilderness to convert into a fruitful field. We had this to do also for the *whole* people. In the Old World the mass of the people are drudges, and we know not but always must be drudges. There a few may study life's embellishments, because the drudges are at hand to furnish them with subsistence. But here, all must be drudges or none; so long as drudgery is

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necessary, all must drudge; and when a part enter into the paths of elegant literature, the mass must enter. If at any previous epoch in our history, a number of our people sufficiently large to secure success had engaged solely in literary pursuits, and labored exclusively for progress in the spiritual order, they must have imposed an extra amount of drudgery on the rest; for scholars, all spiritual as they would have us believe them, have bodies and stomachs, and require food and raiment, as well as the drudges themselves, and in general of a somewhat superior sort too; they would have established a literary caste, which, when it is a caste, is no better than a sacerdotal caste, or a military caste; divided the community by a broad and distinct line into two classes, of which one would have been regarded as altogether superior to the other. The scholars would have constituted a nobility; they would have glorified themselves,—boasted the dignity of their pursuits; and, speaking to the mind and passions of the people, they would have had all things pretty much in their own way. The drudges, marking the leisure and apparent ease of the scholars, their freedom from many of the cares, vexations, and hardships of ordinary life, would have regarded them as a privileged class, a superior order of beings; and in return, they would have looked upon themselves as a doomed race, lying under the curse of God, bound to the dust they cultivated, and fated to live and die mere beasts of burden. Now this would have been at war with the mission of this country. A literary class, as such, we cannot tolerate. They who call for a literary class, and labor diligently to create one, were they not impotent, should be regarded as our worst enemies. Here, no man can safely be exempted from the ordinary duties of practical life. The scholar must be a man of business, and do his own share of the drudgery.

We confess, therefore, that we are beginning, of late, to look favorably on the business habits of our countrymen, and to declaim less and less against their money-getting propensities. It is, in fact, a real cause for gratitude to God, that our whole population has been carried away in a material direction, engaged in the accumulation of material wealth. Not that literature is unimportant, not that progress in the spiritual order is not in the last degree desirable and imperative; but because it is as desirable and as imperative in the case of all men, as in the case of a few; and because it can be possible in the case of all men, only

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on the condition that all men be placed in such circumstances, as to their physical wants, that with moderate labor they can obtain a respectable subsistence. It was necessary then in the first instance, to cut down and clear away the eternal forest, to break the stubborn glebe, and convert the barren field into a garden, to build up our manufactures, to extend and perfect our commerce, and so to augment and distribute the wealth of the country, that all our citizens should have the requisite independence and leisure for the cultivation of their minds. And this could not have been done, had not our whole people been carried away in a material direction.

It is said, that the whole nation has been absorbed in the pursuit of wealth. We admit it, and rejoice that it has been so. It is a proof of the unity of our national life; that we all move together, feel the pulsations of one heart, and engage as one man in whatever is the work for the moment. It is also a proof that we are an earnest race, and that what we attempt, we attempt with our whole heart; that we throw our whole being into our work, and live and move but in it and for it. This is a noble trait of character. It is full of promise. It assures us that whatever the nation undertakes, it shall accomplish; that when it has provided for the most pressing wants of the body, and turned its attention to the creation of a literature, it shall bend its whole soul to it, and create a literature which shall deserve and receive the world's admiration. The very intensity with which we pursue wealth is full of hope. It proves that the pursuit of wealth can be only a temporary pursuit, that we must soon satisfy our material wants, and be ready to engage with similar intenseness in providing for the wants of the soul.

The pursuit of wealth, we are told again, is a low, degrading pursuit, proceeding from a mean and sordid ambition. It can in no sense compare with the elegant and ennobling pursuit of letters. The business man, counting dollars and cents, and balancing his losses and gains, is a low and servile being compared with the scholar, whose soul is unbound, whose thoughts are free to roam over the universe, to commune with all nature, and to rise to close intimacy with the "first Good and first Fair." "The scholar is the favorite of Heaven and Earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men. His duties lead him directly into the holy ground, where other men's aspirations

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only point. His successes are occasions of the purest joy to all men. Eyes is he to the blind; feet is he to the lame." Is there no "optical illusion" in all this? Is there not here, in this estimate of the comparative dignity of literature and business, no want of independence? Is there no slavishness to what we have been taught,—to the mind of the past? What occasion is there for the men of letters to scorn the men of business? Is this business world as contemptible as the literary world would fain make us believe? Genius has not hesitated to weave a garland of fadeless flowers around the brows of ancient heroism and later chivalry, and why should it hesitate to do the same for modern business, since there is many a merchant moved by as heroic and chivalric aspirations as ever moved an ancient hero or a mediæval knight? We often suppose that the merchant is moved by mere love of gain, that his ruling motive is avarice; but we are greatly mistaken. The merchant fits out his ships with as lofty feelings, as those with which an ancient monarch led forth his armed followers to make conquests. He loves excitement; he has a taste for the adventurous; and he longs to act a conspicuous part in great events. The great and active man is in him; the soul of the chivalric knight is in him; and it is only in immense business calculations and business enterprises, that the spirit of the age allows him to act out what is in him. It is not the littleness, but the greatness, of his soul, that leads him to cover the ocean with his rich "argosies," and to lay every clime under contribution. Now we ask, wherein is this merchant-prince less honorable, less glorious, than the warrior-prince, around whom men of letters love to cluster, and whom they conspire to deify? His enterprises are infinitely more serviceable to humanity.

In all ages of the world, business pursuits have been regarded as ignoble. Kings and military chieftains, tyrants and "man-killers," royal and noble hunters, have passed for the representatives of God on earth; while the honest laborer has been accounted low and vulgar, a menial, a slave. Is not this contempt, which men of letters cast on the men of business, a tradition of the old contempt with which they looked upon all useful labor? Is it not a reminiscence of the times when all useful labor was performed by slaves, or by the ignorant and vulgar, and when the "better sort" lived in idleness and luxury, or engaged only in war or "manly sports"? If so, the business world has not yet

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succeeded in rendering labor perfectly honorable. The patent of its nobility bears a too recent date; the scholar remembers the time when it was plebeian and accounted vile. But does the scholar well to remember this? Has he a right to look down on the man of business? and is he aiding the cause of humanity by sowing dissensions between those who labor to accumulate wealth for the body, and those who are seeking to create wealth for the soul? The scholar, in fact, ought to be chary of producing a disgust, a loathing for the practical duties of life, or of undervaluing those pursuits without which society and life must fail, or worse than fail. Instead of regarding the material improvements of society, efforts to perfect political institutions, and to increase the physical comforts of the people, as low, sordid, mercenary, he should elevate them to the rank of liberal pursuits. His mission is to ennoble business, and to make drudgery the path to honor, as it is to independence. He may, and he should, point out the abuses into which the business world falls,—the errors it commits,—the low standard of morals it adopts; but he should also seek to combine business with literature,—as we would practice with theory,—and make it felt to be not beneath the dignity of the most learned man, the most accomplished scholar, to enter the arena of politics, to cultivate a farm, to manage a shop, to engage in manufactures, or commerce. The business world doubtless has its errors; its morality is of too low an order; its aims are not high enough; many of its practices are injurious to society; many of its members are purely selfish, and fall far below the standard of even its own morality; its politics are short-sighted and selfish, deficient in enlarged views and true policy; but nevertheless the more closely we examine it, the more we see it in all its bearings, the more shall we find in it to approve, and the better satisfied shall we be with the mission it is fulfilling.

Moreover, we believe the charge brought against the American people, of being exclusively devoted to money-getting, of being great lovers of money, is altogether too sweeping. The American people are far, very far, from being supreme lovers of money. They have no disposition to hoard. Not a native-born miser can be met with in our whole country. We pursue wealth indeed to a great extent, but not as an end. We pursue it not for its own sake, but as a means; because we crave independence and would possess what wealth alone can purchase. The majority start

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in life poor, obliged to depend on their own exertions for the means of living. They are obliged, for a time at least, to struggle hard; they are made to feel the evils, the slights, the inconveniences of poverty; the consideration, influence, ease, and pleasures of which it deprives them; and they seek with great earnestness, by all the means in their power, to escape it; to cease to be mere drudges, living and toiling but for the human animal; to gain independence, and a position by which they can take rank as men amongst men, and act a useful and respectable part in the affairs of society. What is there in this to blame? The end is surely honorable and elevated; and the most we can say is, that the means adopted are not the most appropriate, or that some few forget the end in the means. No doubt many among us continue the pursuit of gain, long after the original reasons which induced them to adopt that pursuit have ceased to exist; but they do it not from the mere love of money, but from the force of habit; from the pleasure they find in doing to-day what they did yesterday; from the excitement, the employment afforded by their business exercises; and because they must, in order to enjoy themselves, do something, and there is nothing else they are fitted to do. Those among us who are most absorbed in money-getting, and who acquire wealth fastest, often spend it faster than they acquire it, proving thus that they value something else more than they do money. There is nothing miserly, sordid, mercenary in the American disposition. We are fond of show and consideration, anxious to be thought well of both at home and abroad, of holding a respectable social rank, and of gathering around us the comforts and elegances of civilized life; and so far as wealth can contribute to this end, we love and seek it; but no further. The man who seems wholly absorbed in counting dollars and cents, and balancing his losses and gains, may on close inspection be found to be moved by an honorable ambition, and to be contributing not a little to the means of moral and intellectual progress.

This general and absorbing pursuit of wealth, which seems so low and mean to the man of letters, is, moreover, essential to the existence and success of the scholar. A poor people, a people sunk in the depths of poverty, all whose thoughts and exertions are needed to gain a mere subsistence for the human animal, can never be expected to contribute any thing to the cause of letters. Men must be taught to read, and have leisure to read and reflect, before they can either

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become scholars or the audience of scholars. This instruction and this leisure can be obtained only on the condition that there be a certain independence as to the means of living. The scholar cannot be far in advance of his countrymen, at least not far in advance of the class to which he addresses himself. He never appears alone. He may surpass his brethren; but there will be always many near him, who reach the goal almost as soon as he. He must have competitors. He must have an audience, a public. This is always an indispensable condition of his existence. Give the audience, and the speaker will present himself; the public, and the philosopher will bring forth his theories, the scholar unfold his treasures.

Now in this country the whole people must constitute the audience, the public. The scholar here must speak not to a clique, a coterie, but to the entire nation. The first thing to be done, then, is to make the whole nation a "fit audience." To talk of a "fit audience though few," betrays an entire ignorance of the age and the country. This is neither the age nor the country for scholars to consult only the tastes of scholars, and to address themselves only to a literary nobility. He who would be an American scholar must address himself to the whole American people; and his own attainments cannot far outrun the capacity of the masses to comprehend and relish his speech. It follows from this, that the first requisite to the scholar's success, in this country, is to make the whole nation a nation of readers, and to secure to the great mass of the people the leisure necessary to attend to the subjects on which the scholar discourses. The mere ability to read, however, is not enough. He who has worked all day with his hands, and sits down at night fatigued with the day's labor, and harassed in mind about the employment of the morrow, can hardly be expected to read and relish the profound and finished compositions of the true scholar. Now this very business world, against which we war, is the most active in teaching all to read, in providing the means of universal education. And how, without this general and absorbing devotion to money-getting, is the general wealth of the country to be sufficiently augmented to allow the leisure we have determined to be necessary?

We go still further; we say that the general attention to business in this country is itself favorable to the growth of mind, to moral, spiritual progress. We could verify this

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assertion by history, were we so disposed. But we ask, what can more tax the mind and call forth its powers than the pursuits of commerce? Can the merchant make his calculations, extend his business to all parts of the world, without mental exertion? All industrial employments require more or less of skill and science. The desire to become rich, and quickly rich, stimulates improvements, seeks out inventions, makes perpetual demands on science to abridge the process. Many an ordinary mechanic in our city makes use of a science that a Newton might have been proud to own, and employs a mental power equal to that which discovered the law of gravitation, and determined the laws of the universe. The more intense the desire to accumulate wealth, the more use will be made of science; consequently the more employment will be given to mind, to intellect. The business world is in no sense inferior in active intellect to the world of letters; all the difference is in the application.

Nor is American literature, as it is, to be condemned outright. True, not much is to be said of our regular built books; but we have newspapers. Our newspapers are conducted for the great mass of the people, by men who come out immediately from the bosom of the people, and they of necessity express the sentiments of the people. They constitute, therefore, in the strictest sense of the word, a popular literature. And scattered through our newspapers and popular journals, may be found more fine writing, more true poetry, genuine eloquence, vigorous thought, original and comprehensive views, than can be found in the classics of either France or England. All the elements of the soul by turns are appealed to, and in turn find their expression; all subjects are discussed, and on all sides too; and often with a clearness and depth which leave little to be desired. Your most ordinary newspaper not unfrequently throws you off an essay, that it would be impossible to match in the writings of Addison, Steele, or Johnson.

The great merit and wide circulation of our newspapers and periodicals, are doubtless the cause of the meagreness of our "book" literature. They are a ready channel through which he who thinks can communicate his thoughts to the public; and they therefore supersede the necessity, in some measure, of writing books. They answer the most urgent wants of the people, talk to the people on the topics on which they are thinking, discuss the subjects in which they

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feel an immediate interest; and therefore lessen the demand for more elaborate productions. At least this is their effect for the moment. But in the end they will increase the demand for more elaborate productions, by calling forth the ability and giving the preliminary information necessary for understanding and relishing them. The newspaper gives us a general view of all matters, and therefore prepares us for a special view of any particular matter. Not to insist then on the newspaper as affording in fact a definitive literature, we cannot fail to perceive that it must end in creating a taste for literature; in preparing a literature; in leading directly to its creation; and that so long as we sustain it, we can by no means be said to be doing nothing for literature.

It may be alleged that our newspaper literature, whatever its excellence, is so scattered, so mixed up with what is impure and noxious, and withal presented in so frail and perishing a form, that it can neither be made available nor preserved. But it is preserved; perhaps not on the shelves of the student's library, but in the hearts and intellects of the people; in the actions it prompts, and in the public measures, the adoption of which it secures. And this is enough. A literature is of no great value any further than it becomes absorbed into the popular mind, and constitutes an integral part of the life of the people; and a literature which becomes so absorbed, can hardly be said to be unavailable.

But passing over all we have thus far said, admitting all that may be urged against the business pursuits of our countrymen, and the meagreness of American literature; we must still call in question the soundness of the doctrine set forth in Mr. Emerson's oration. This oration teaches us, if we understand it, that the creation of a literature is a thing entirely dependent on the individual will; that a man has nothing to do but to rise up and say, Be there produced a literature that shall command the world's homage, and forthwith it shall be. Now in point of fact, few things are less dependent on mere will or arbitrariness than literature. It is the expression and embodiment of the national life. Its character is not determined by this man or that, but by the national spirit. The time and manner of its creation are determined by as necessary and invariable laws, as the motions of the sun, the revolutions of the earth, the growth of a tree, or the blowing of a flower. It is not by accident that this man sings and that one philosophizes; that this song is sung, and this system of philosophy is brought out now and in this

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country; and that another song is sung and another system of philosophy is broached, at another time and in another country. The thing is predetermined by the spirit of the age and nation. It depended not on Homer alone to sing. He sung because his song was in him and would be uttered. The god moved, and he must needs give forth his oracle. The choice of his subject, and the manner of treating it, depended not alone on his individual will. It was given him by the belief in which he had been brought up, the education which he had received, the spirit, habits, beliefs, prejudices, tastes, cravings of the age and country in which he lived, or for which he sung. Had he been born at the court of Augustus, or of Louis XIV., he had not sung the wrath of Achilles and prowess of Hector; or if he had, it would have been to listless ears. His song would have taken no hold on the affections, and would have died without an echo. He might even not have been a poet at all.

This notion, which some entertain, that a national literature is the creation of a few great men, is altogether fallacious. Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Milton, Spenser, Pope, and Johnson are not the creators of English literature; but they are themselves the creatures of the spirit of the English nation, and of their times. Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke are not the authors of English philosophy, they are but its interpreters. Great men do not make their age; they are its effect. They doubtless react on their age, and modify its character; but they owe their greatness not to their individuality, but to their harmony with their age, and to their power of embodying the spirit, the reigning views of their age and country. Know the great men of a country, and you know the country; not because the great men make it, but because they embody and interpret it. A great man is merely the glass which concentrates the rays of greatness scattered through the minds and hearts of the people; not the central sun from which they radiate. To obtain an elevated national literature, it is not necessary then to look to great men, or to call for distinguished scholars; but to appeal to the mass, wake up just sentiments, quicken elevated thoughts in them, and direct their attention to great and noble deeds; the literature will follow as a necessary consequence. When a national literature has been quickened in the national mind and heart, the great man is sure to appear as its organ, to give it utterance, form, embodiment. Before then his appearance is impossible.

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We find also some difficulty in admitting the notion that the scholar must be a solitary soul, living apart and in himself alone; that he must shun the multitude and mingle never in the crowd, or if he mingle, never as one of the crowd; that to him the thronged mart and the peopled city must be a solitude; that he must commune only with his own thoughts, and study only the mysteries of his own being. We have no faith in this ascetic discipline. Its tendency is to concentrate the scholar entirely within himself, to make him a mere individual, without connexions or sympathies with his race; and to make him utter his own individual life, not the life of the nation, much less the universal life of humanity. He who retires into the solitude of his own being, in order to learn to speak, shall never find a companion to whom he can say, "How charming is this solitude!" He who disdains the people shall find the people scorning to be his audience. He who will not sympathize with the people in their sentiments and passions, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, their truths and prejudices, their good and bad, their weal and woe, shall gain no power over the mind or heart of his nation. He may prophesy, but it shall be in an unknown tongue; he may sing, but he shall catch no echo to his song; he may reason, but he shall find his arguments producing no conviction. This is the inflexible decree of God. We can make the people listen to us only so far as we are one of them. When God sent us a Redeemer, he did not make him of the seed of angels, but of the seed of Abraham. He gave him a human nature, made him a partaker of flesh and blood, in like manner as those he was to redeem were partakers of flesh and blood, so that he might be touched with a sense of human infirmities, sympathize with our weakness, and through sympathy redeem us. So he who would move the people, influence them for good or for evil, must have like passions with them; feel as they feel; crave what they crave; and resolve what they resolve. He must be their representative, their impersonation.

He who has no sympathies with the people, and who finds himself without popular influence, may console himself, doubtless, with the reflection that he is wiser than the people; that he is above and in advance of his age; that a few choice minds understand and appreciate him; and that a succeeding generation shall disentomb him,—posterity do him justice and dedicate a temple to his memory. Far be

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it from us to deprive any man of such consolation as this; but for ourselves, if we cannot succeed in commanding to some extent the attention of our own age, we have no hope of succeeding better with a future and more advanced age. He who is neglected by his own age, is more likely to be below his age than above it. We recollect not an instance on record of remarkable posthumous literary fame, in opposition to the decision of the people during the man's lifetime. Posterity often reverses the judgments our own age renders in our favor; rarely, if ever, the judgments rendered against us. We speak not here of the judgments rendered by professional judges, but by the real, living, beating heart of the people. We therefore, notwithstanding we have experienced our full share of neglect, derive very little consolation from the hope that a coming age will do us better justice. Alas, it is that "better justice," we most dread. If we have failed to interest our own age, how can we hope to interest the age to come? Is it not as likely to be our fault as that of the age, that we do not reach its heart? We always distrust the extraordinary merits of those, who attribute their failures not to their defects, but to their excellences, to the fact that they are above the vulgar herd, and too profound to be comprehended, till the age has advanced and called into exercise greater and more varied intellectual powers. We are disposed to believe that of our scholars the greater part may attribute their failures to the fact, that they have drawn their inspirations from books, from the past, from a clique or coterie, and not from the present, not from the really living, moving, toiling and sweating, joying and sorrowing people around them. Did they disdain the people less, did they enter more into the feelings of the people, and regard themselves strictly as of the people, and as setting up for no superiority over them, they would find their success altogether more commensurate with their desires, their productions altogether more creditable to themselves, and deserving of immortality.

Moreover, we doubt whether we show our wisdom in making direct and conscious efforts to create an American literature. Literature cannot come before its time. We cannot obtain the oracle before the pythoness feels the god. Men must see and feel the truth before they can utter it. There must be a necessity upon them, before they will speak or write, at least before they will speak or write any thing worth remembering. Literature is never to be sought as an

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end. We cannot conceive any thing more ridiculous than for the leading minds of a nation to set out consciously, gravely, deliberately, to produce a national literature. A real national literature is always the spontaneous expression of the national life. As is the nation so will be its literature. Men, indeed, create it; not as an end, but as a means. It is never the direct object of their exertions, but a mere incident. Before they create it, they must feel a craving to do something to the accomplishment of which speaking and writing, poetry and eloquence, logic and philosophy are necessary as means. Their souls must be swelling with great thoughts—struggling for utterance; haunted by visions of beauty they are burning to realize; their hearts must be wedded to a great and noble cause they are ambitious to make prevail, a far-reaching truth they would set forth, a new moral, religious, or social principle they would bring out and make the basis of actual life, and to the success of which speech, the essay, the treatise, the song are indispensably necessary, before they can create a national literature.

We feel a deep and absorbing interest in this matter of American literature; we would see American scholars in the highest and best sense of the term; and we shall see them, for it is in the destiny of this country to produce them; but they will come not because we seek them, and they will be produced not in consequence of any specific discipline we may prescribe. They will come when there is a work for them to do, and in consequence of the fact that the people are everywhere struggling to perform that work. How eloquently that man speaks! His words are fitly chosen; his periods are well balanced; his metaphors are appropriate and striking; his tones are sweet and kindling; for he is speaking on a subject in which his soul is absorbed; he has a cause he pleads, an idea he would communicate, a truth he would make men feel, an end he would carry. He is speaking out for truth, for justice, for liberty, for country, for God, for eternity; and humanity opens wide her ears, and her mighty heart listens. So must it be with all men who aspire to contribute to a national literature.

The scholar must have an end to which his scholarship serves as a means. Mr. Emerson and his friends seem to us to forget this. Forgetfulness of this is the reigning vice of Goethe and Carlyle. They bid the scholar make all things subsidiary to himself. He must be an artist, his sole end is to produce a work of art. He must scorn to create for a

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purpose, to compel his genius to serve, to work for an end beyond the work itself. All this which is designed to dignify art is false, and tends to render art impossible. Did Phidias create but for the purpose of creating a statue? Was he not haunted by a vision of beauty which his soul burned to realize? Had the old Italian masters no end apart from and above that of making pictures? Did Homer sing merely that he might hear the sound of his own voice? Did Herodotus and Thucydides write but for the sake of writing, and Demosthenes and Cicero speak but for the purpose of producing inimitable specimens of art? Never yet has there appeared a noble work of art which came not from the artist's attempt to gain an end separate from that of producing a work of art. Always does the artist seek to affect the minds or the hearts of his like, to move, persuade, convince, please, instruct, or ennoble. To this end he chants a poem, composes a melody, laughs in a comedy, weeps in a tragedy, gives us an oration, a treatise, a picture, a statue, a temple. In all the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature, we see the artist has been in earnest, a real man, filled with an idea, wedded to some great cause, ambitious to gain some end. Always has he found his inspiration in his cause, and his success may always be measured by the magnitude of that cause, and the ardor of his attachment to it.

American scholars we shall have; but only in proportion as the scholar weds himself to American principles, and becomes the interpreter of American life. A national literature, we have said, is the expression of the national life. It is the attempt to embody the great idea, or ideas, on which the nation is founded; and it proceeds from the vigorous and continued efforts of scholars to realize that idea, or those ideas, in practical life. The idea of this nation is that of democratic freedom, the equal rights of all men. No man, however learned he may be, however great in all the senses of greatness, viewed simply as an individual, who does not entertain this great idea, who does not love it, and struggle to realize it in all our social institutions, in our whole practical life, can be a contributor to American literature. We care not how much he may write; how rapid and extensive a sale his works may find; how beautifully in point of style they may be written; how much they may be praised in reviews, or admired in saloons; they shall not live and be placed among the national classics. They have no vitality for the nation, for they meet no great national want, satisfy no national craving.

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In order to rear up American scholars, and produce a truly American literature, we would not do as the author of the oration before us, declaim against American literature as it is, against the servility, and want of originality and independence of the American mind; nor would we impose a specific discipline on the aspirants to scholarship. We would talk little about the want of freedom; we would not trouble ourselves at all about literature, as such. We would engage heart and soul in the great American work. We would make all the young men around us see and feel that there is here a great work, a glorious work, to be done. We would show them a work *they* can do, and fire them with the zeal and energy to do it. We would present them a great and kindling cause to espouse; wake up in them a love for their like, make them see a divine worth in every brother man, long to raise up every man to the true position of a man, to secure the complete triumph of the democracy, and to enable every man to comprehend and respect himself, and be a man. If we can succeed in doing this, we can make them true scholars, and scholars who shall do honor to their country, and add glory to humanity. When our educated men acquire faith in democratic institutions, and a love for the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of the human race, we shall have scholars enough, and a literature which will disclose to the whole world the superiority of freedom over slavery.

Let Mr. Emerson, let all who have the honor of their country or of their race at heart, turn their whole attention to the work of convincing the educated and the fashionable, that democracy is worthy of their sincerest homage, and of making them feel the longing to labor in its ennobling cause; and then he and they may cease to be anxious as to the literary results. It will be because a man has felt with the American people, espoused their cause, bound himself to it for life or for death, time or eternity, that he becomes able to adorn American literature; not because he has lived apart, refused "to serve society," held lone reveries, and looked on sunsets, and sunrise. If he speak a word, "posterity shall not willingly let die," it will not be because he has prepared himself to speak, by a scholastic asceticism, but by loving his countrymen and sympathizing with them.

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AMERICAN LITERATURE.

[An oration, delivered before the United Brothers Society of Brown University, at Providence, R. I., September 3, 1839.]

The anniversary of a literary society composed of young men, who are prosecuting, or who have just closed their academical studies, can never be without its interest. It is a season of pleasant recollection, and joyful hope. Literature, in the progress of events, has become a power, and one of the mightiest powers of our times; and whatever, therefore, pertains to it, or to those who cultivate it, must have a deep interest for all who have not yet to learn, that their own lot is bound up with that of their kind.

The influence of literature on the destiny of nations, its power to develop the energies of the soul, to purify the taste, exalt the sentiment, enlarge the views, and advance the civilization of mankind, were, perhaps, an appropriate subject to be discussed on an occasion like the one which now calls us together; but I have thought that I should best consult my own powers and your wishes, by choosing a more limited, but I hope not a less interesting subject. I have therefore, selected the hackneyed, but important subject of American Literature. This is a subject which must be uppermost in your thoughts, as scholars and as patriots. Every young man who engages in literary pursuits, doubtless hopes to be able one day to do somewhat to advance the literature of his country, and to exalt her intellectual character in the eyes of the world.

In considering American literature, it will not be my object to point out its various characteristics, or to dwell on what it has already achieved. When the question is between us and foreigners, who reproach us for not having accomplished more for the literature of the world, it may become us to assume as proud an air, and to speak in as lofty tones as we can; but when the question is merely a domestic one, and we are discussing it in our own family circle, it behooves us rather to inquire why our literature has not attained to a larger and healthier growth, and by what means it may become worthy of ourselves and of our country. This inquiry is the subject to which I respectfully invite your attention.

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Of American literature as it has been, and even as it now is, not much is to be said flattering to our national vanity. We have produced some works respectable for their practical aims and utility; we have brought forth much which passes for poetry, but there is no great poem of American origin, unless we call Barlow's *Columbiad* such,—our only national epic,—and we could make up but a meagre collection of national songs. Latterly, we have given birth to some tolerable novels, and made a good beginning in history. But, aside from the newspaper press, which we are somewhat prone to underrate, we have produced nothing in the literary way whereof to boast. We have no literature that can begin to compare with the literature of England, the literature of Germany, or that of France.

To what are we to ascribe this? Many are somewhat prone to ascribe it to the fact that we are a young people, and have not lived long enough to create a literature. They may not be wholly wrong in this. In a political sense, and in relation to the long future before us, we are undoubtedly a young people. But there is a sense in which we are an old people. We did not begin in this country as savages, or as barbarians. Our fathers were of a civilized race. They brought with them to these western wilds, the polity, arts, and refinements of civilized life. They could boast one of the richest literatures of the world. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, were among our ancestors; and the literatures of the Old World have ever been open to us. The Bible and the classics have been in our possession, and these lie at the bottom of all modern literature. I have, therefore, not much confidence in this plea of minority, on which our countrymen are so much disposed to rely. We must seek the cause of the meagreness of our literature elsewhere.

This cause is sometimes looked for in the democratic institutions which we have adopted. We have, it is said, no court, the centre of fashion and elegance, to exalt the imagination, and give laws to taste; no long line of titled nobility, raised far above the people, and presenting us models of excellence. We see, it is said, nothing great among us, no elevated rank to which we may aspire, and therefore can have no lofty ambition; and having no ambition to be great we can produce nothing great. Our minds and deeds of necessity sink down to the level of our condition. This is the tory version of the matter, re-

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peated with sickening frequency in the *Quarterly Review*, and kindred prints in the Old World and the New. But there is nothing in democratic institutions to hinder the expansion of mind, to check the play of fancy and imagination, or to impede free thought and free utterance. It is true that we democrats have little room for the display of that ambition which craves to be raised to the baronetage, or to be called my Lord; but we have in revenge ample room for the workings of the somewhat loftier ambition to be a man amongst men, and to devote ourselves to the service of our God, our country, or our race. That democratic institutions are not unfavorable to the creation of a free, rich, and living literature, the sacred remains of Athenian literature are amply sufficient to prove.

One of the real causes of the meagreness of our literature is to be looked for, I apprehend, in the fact, that we were for a long time dependent as colonies on England. The condition of colonists, which so long continued, generated a feeling of dependence, a habit of looking to England for direction in nearly all cases, which we have not yet wholly surmounted. Colonists almost invariably regard the mother country as their moral and intellectual superior. It is their native land; their home, to which they look back as exiles, with deep yearning and tender recollection. In it are the objects with which they are most familiar, which are dear to the heart, and around which cluster all the hallowed associations of childhood and youth. They borrow its language, its laws, its customs, fashions, sentiments, and opinions. Through these the mother country exerts an almost absolute spiritual dominion over the colonies, which may be continued long after events shall have severed the political ties which bind them together.

This is especially true, if the mother country be herself really a noble nation, ranking among the foremost nations of the civilized world, advanced in its literary and scientific culture, and filled with the monuments of renowned ancestry. England, we all know, has her faults; her political constitution is a medley of jarring and discordant principles, and her administration is selfish, and rarely moral; but, nevertheless, her people are among the most remarkable recorded in history. They want the sprightliness, the versatility, the clear perception and the keen relish of the beautiful, so characteristic of the ancient Athenians; the warm household feelings, the strong religious faith, original and

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profound metaphysical thought of the modern Germans; the wit, the delicate taste, the expansiveness and sociability of their neighbors, the French; but they are brave, enterprising, energetic, practical,—the Romans of modern history, and a no inconsiderable advance on the Romans of antiquity. At the epoch of the colonization of this country, in their political institutions, and social arrangements, in literature and science, they were foremost among the leading nations of Europe. They were to the colonists, and not without some show of truth, to say the least, the first nation of the world.

Possessing this character, and held in this estimation by the colonists, England's dominion over their minds and hearts is nothing wonderful. The loyalty natural to the human heart, and especially to the English heart, which leads us to reverence and obey what we regard as above us, very naturally induced homage to England, and made us receive her word as law. There was little for us to reverence and obey in our wilderness homes. The colonists were few in number, strangers to one another, at best companions in exile. They were equals in rank, and very nearly equals in wealth, and intellectual attainments. All that *they had been accustomed* to regard as superior to themselves, was in the mother country. Where else, then, were they to look for their spiritual sovereign?

The colonists, we know, did in fact regard the mother country with the greatest deference, and with child-like affection. This is seen in the institutions they adopted, the laws they enacted, the usages they perpetuated, and the names they gave to their towns and villages. All these speak of home, of fatherland. Everywhere did they seek to reproduce England, or to erect monuments to her memory. They gloried in calling themselves Englishmen; and whatever was English, was right in their eyes,—unless it conflicted with some immediate interest, or with their interpretation of the Jewish and Christian codes. On these latter points, our fathers showed no want of independence. From England they imported all their articles of luxury, and most of those of use; from England, also, they received their fashions, usages, and most of their sentiments and opinions.

The revolution, which converted the colonies into independent states, and sundered the political ties which bound us to Great Britain, changed but little of all this. After the

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temporary animosity generated by the struggle for independence had subsided, the affection of the people for England revived in nearly all its former force. England was still the mother country. She was still in our estimation, if not in fact, our moral and intellectual superior. She continued to manufacture our cottons and woollens, our knives and forks, our fashions, our literature, our sentiments and opinions. We regarded her, after the revolution, in all but political matters, as the superior and ruling nation. We wished for her approbation; we sought her sanction for what we had done and were doing; and were anxious that she should own that we had not been naughty children in running away from our mother and setting up for ourselves.

Here, if I mistake not, is a chief cause why we have made no greater advances in literature. With this feeling towards England, we must needs regard her literature as the model of excellence, and anxious to commend ourselves to her grace, we must needs conclude that, in order to do it, we must write as much like Englishmen as possible. Feeling ourselves inferior, we could have no confidence in our own taste or judgment, and therefore could not think and speak freely. We could not be ourselves. We could not trust the workings of our own minds. We were safe only when we thought as the English thought, wrote as the English wrote, or sang as the English sang. But how the English thought, wrote, or sang, we could, at the distance we were placed, and the little intercourse we had with good English society, know but imperfectly. When, therefore, we attempted to write, we were like those who write in a foreign language, which they have studied only late in life, and which they have but imperfectly acquired. The energy of mind, due to the subject we proposed to treat, was wasted in avoiding Americanisms, and in trying to conceal the place of our birth and education. We sank of necessity into servile imitators, into mere copyists; and in seeking to write as Englishmen, abdicated our power to write as Americans, and as men.

Whoever would attain to excellence in any thing, must repose a generous confidence in himself. He must feel that he is equal to what he undertakes. He must proceed calmly, and with a conscious strength, to his task. If he doubts himself, if he feels that he must make an effort, he must strain, he will do nothing but betray his weakness. We Americans, in literary matters, have had no self-confidence.

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There is no repose in our literature. There is ever a straining after effect, a labor to be eloquent, striking, or profound. This proceeds in a great measure from the fact, that we have found our model of excellence, not in our own minds and hearts, nor in human nature generally, but in the literature of that land from which our forefathers came. Instead of studying man, we have studied English literature; instead of drawing our inspirations from the universal reason, which glows within and agitates the American heart, not less than the English heart, we have sought them in the productions of the English muse. We have written and sung, or at least aimed to write and sing, for Englishmen, and to gain the applause, or escape the censure of the English critic. Hence our minds have been crippled, and our literature has been tame and servile.

But so long as we retain the memory of our colonial dependence on England, we shall not attain to literary excellence. We shall attain to freedom and originality, and produce works worthy of admiration for their freshness and power, not till we dare set up for ourselves; till we come to feel that American human nature is as rich as English human nature; that the emotions and the forms of speech, natural to an American, are as proper in themselves, as conformable to the laws of universal human nature, as those natural to an Englishman; and that Boston, New York, or Providence, has as much right to decide authoritatively on matters of taste and composition, as London.

Another cause of the meagreness of our literature, nearly akin to the one just mentioned, if not growing out of it, is to be found in the fact that our literary men have been but slow to accept our democratic institutions, and conform to the order of things which our fathers established. Educated in schools modelled after the English, early accustomed by the literature they study, and the lessons of their professors, to distrust the people, to look upon democratic institutions as unfavorable to the development of genius, and to regard the institutions of their own country as a doubtful experiment, they have failed to imbibe the national spirit, and have therefore been able to fetch but a feeble echo from the national heart. Till quite recently, the literary men of our country have not sympathized with the people, and have had in their hearts no deep and abiding love, as they have had in their minds no clear conceptions of the great doctrine of equal rights, and social equality, to which this nation

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stands pledged. They may have had a tender concern for the people; they may have been willing to labor to enlighten them; they may even have preferred a republican form of government, but they have not been true democrats in their hearts. There has been a great gulf between them and the American people.

Now nothing is more certain than that the men, who create a national literature, must be filled with the spirit of their nation, be the impersonations of its wishes, hopes, fears, sentiments. The American people are democratic,—I use the word in its etymological and philosophical sense,—and consequently the creators of American literature must be democrats. It is not I that says this; it is truth, it is philosophy, and therefore if you dislike it, blame not me. No man, who studies attentively the American people, can doubt that their souls, however defective their utterance, or crude their notions, are wedded to democracy. No party, not believed to be democratic, can rise in the nation to even a respectable minority; and no measure, believed to be anti-democratic, can stand any chance of success. We may deny this, we may quarrel with it, and declare it altogether wrong; but so it is; and it is only they who conform to it, not from policy, but from the heart, from the real love of democracy, and a full understanding of what it is, that can do much to advance American literature. The fact, that the majority of our literary men have been distrustful of the majority, or opposed to it, is one reason why our literature has not attained to a larger growth, and become more honorable to the country.

Another cause why our literature has continued so meagre, is to be found in the circumstances of our country, which have made no great literary demands, and which have turned our mental energies almost altogether in another direction. Literature is not a nation's first want, any more than reading and writing is the first want of the individual. We are not, properly speaking, as I have said, a young people, but ours is a young country. We received it at a comparatively recent period, fresh from the hands of nature. We have had the primitive forests to clear away, the virgin soil to cultivate, commerce and manufactures to call into existence and encourage, cities and villages to erect, roads, canals, and railways to construct, in a word our whole material interests to provide for, and the field of our future glory to prepare. Here was our first work, and in this work

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we have shown our creative powers, displayed our skill and energy, and done that whereof it is permitted us to boast. While engaged in this work, we could not turn our attention to the cultivation of a national literature. Moreover, while engaged in this work, while clearing away the forest, planting the rose in the wilderness, and erecting cities and villages where lately prowled the beast of prey, or curled the smoke of the wigwam, literature adequate to our wants was furnished by the mother country, of a better quality, and at a cheaper rate, than we could furnish it for ourselves. Here is, after all, the chief cause of the deficiency of our literature, and the main reason why we have remained so long the literary vassals of England.

The truth is, there has been, as yet, no great demand for literature among us. We have been engaged in no great work for the successful prosecution of which literature was necessary, and the activity of our minds, and the sentiments of our hearts, have found thus far their utterance in deeds rather than in words. This remark, to those who have not reflected, may seem of little importance. It may be thought that literature, like virtue, is independent on time and place, and may spring up wherever it is the will of scholars that it should. But literature is no arbitrary creation. It is dependent on higher laws than those of human enactment. It comes only when it is needed, and comes always in a shape and of a quality, in commercial phrase, to suit the market. No matter what your schools are, or what is the number and excellence of your scholars, you cannot force its growth, or introduce it before its time.

Literature springs up only in those epochs when there is some great work to be performed for the human race, when there are great moral, philosophical, or social problems up for solution, and when all minds and hearts are busy with them. It never amounts to any thing in a nation or in an epoch, where all is settled. China is full of schools and literary men; and what is more, holds literature in the highest honor, and finds her aristocracy in her scholars; yet has China no literature worth naming. In that land of immovability, of routine, where all is prescribed, where all change is prohibited, and every thing must be to-day what it was yesterday, what can literature be but an empty form, or an endless repetition? No new thought is there permitted, no new problem ever comes up for solution, and what can literature find there to do?

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If you consult literary history, you will find that there is no literature, ancient or modern, which is not indebted for its existence to some social fermentation, to some social change or revolution, which has brought along a new class of sentiments to be uttered, or raised up new problems to be solved. The men who contribute to its existence or growth are always men affected by the movement spirit. They are dissatisfied with what is. Weary of the present, they look back and yearn for what appears to them the serene past; or they look forward to the future, see in their mind's eye an unrealized good, which they must strive to obtain. In this they do but represent their age. The spirit, the hope, or the regret which agitates them, agitates the mass. It is on this condition that they become popular, and it is on the condition of becoming popular that their works form a part of the literature of their epoch.

This fact will appear evident, if we glance at a few of the more renowned literatures of the world. The most remarkable literature of the ancient world, though of limited extent, is the Jewish. This literature lies at the bottom of all modern literature. The Bible, more than Greek and Roman literature, has influenced the scholars of modern Europe. But this remarkable literature is not the gradual and regular accumulation of centuries. It is the production of a few but distinct epochs, and all these epochs are epochs of change, or of fermentation. The first division marks the passage of the Hebrew people, from the nomadic state to that of fixed dwellings, and the wars consequent upon that passage; the second division is produced by the change of the government from a theocracy to a monarchy; the third is indebted for its existence to the struggle between the national worship and the idolatry of the surrounding nations; the Babylonian conquest, the return from captivity, the rebuilding of the temple, and the reëstablishment of the national worship, are the great events which produce the rest.

The history of Grecian literature bears witness to the same fact. We know not the exact date of the Homeric poems, but they were evidently composed when the Grecian mind was experiencing more than its wonted activity. The Iliad marks an epoch when Greece was parcelled out among petty princes, who oppressed their subjects, wasted their lands, and devoured one another by perpetual wars. The poet remembers or feigns a happier past, sighs over the present, and pours out his soul to call the Grecian princes to

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union and peace. The Odyssey, though of a later date, marks also an epoch of commotion, but less turbulent than that of the Iliad. We see in the Odyssey the dawn of an era of peace, some indications even of a nascent republicanism. Commerce begins to flourish, agriculture to attract attention, and the various other peaceful arts begin to be cultivated. Hesiod marks an epoch of transition. The heroic ages have passed away; "the age of chivalry," as Burke would say, "is gone." It is no longer an age of wild adventure, rapine, and war. The cities are adopting a republican rule, and striving to introduce something like civil order. Still the evils of the precedent lawless life are fresh in men's memories, and sadden their hearts. It is a period of painful recollection, as well as of sweet hope. Much remains to be done, and the poet steps forward with a grave air and an earnest spirit to call men to the worship of the gods and the cultivation of the earth, to a peaceful, religious, and industrious life.

The Persian wars, that mighty struggle between Europe and Asia, between the Past and the Future, in which the Future so gloriously triumphed at Marathon, Platæa, and Salamis, that fearful contest between the aristocratic element and the democratic, of which Sparta represented the aristocratic, and Athens the democratic, and that other contest, moral and intellectual, excited between the advocates of the national mythology and the new philosophy introduced by Socrates, and carried so near perfection by the beautiful and sublime genius of Plato,—these great struggles, and the mighty questions they raised, occur in what we regard as the most brilliant epoch of Grecian literature. When these contests were over, the questions they raised disposed of, Grecian genius fell asleep, and has not yet awaked.

Rome bears witness to the same. Rome existed for many centuries without creating a literature. Her state was originally a monarchy; subsequently it passed under the rule of the nobles, where it continued till near the epoch of the empire. But the democracy early made its appearance, and began its struggle for its rights. It gained some slight concessions in the Licinian law, and the establishment of the tribunes; it demanded a few of its rights virtuously and eloquently under the Gracchi, factiously under Marius, criminally under Catiline, triumphantly under Julius Cæsar; it was duped by Antony and Octavius, merged in the empire under the Cæsars, and expired in the last of the prætorian

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guards, to be resuscitated in the camp of the Nazarenes by the cross of Christ. The period in which this struggle was fiercest is, as every tyro knows, that which is denominated the golden age of Roman literature. The contest did not indeed rage under the reign of Augustus, the period when so many writers flourished, but all these writers were born and reared amid the strife, and had taken part in it.

The history of the church shows that its literature springs up in its seasons of controversy with paganism, heresy, philosophy, or infidelity. When orthodoxy reigns unquestioned, and all is reduced to uniformity of opinion, literature cannot flourish. The wild crusades, which rolled the hosts of Europe upon Asia, filled with a spirit of religion, adventure, and rapine, were followed by the troubadours and minnesingers. The brilliant literature of modern Italy, immortalized by the illustrious names of Dante and Tasso, owes its birth to the struggle to reproduce or preserve the municipal régime of republican Rome, and to the fermentation of men's minds, which preceded and prepared the Protestant reformation. The effort to maintain Protestantism in England, and to give it supremacy over Catholicism, is marked by the masculine literature of the age of Elizabeth. The richest portion of English literature belongs to the seventeenth century; and what is that century in England, but an epoch of religious and political revolutions defeated, rejected, or adjourned? The French boast the literature of the age of Louis XIV., and not without reason. A literature which embraces the names of Bossuet, Fénelon, Corneille, Racine, and Molière, not to mention others, may well justify a nation's boast. But what is that age but one of decided change in the constitution of the state? With Louis XIV. ended the feudal monarchy in France, and was constituted the imperial monarchy of Rome, a monarchy representing, not the personal rights of the barbarian chieftain, but the majesty of the state. The later literature of France belongs to the epochs in which were elaborated in the public mind the revolution of 1789, and that of 1830. French literature has declined since the present order of things has been established, and that it has not declined still more, is owing to the fact that there is still a powerful party in France struggling for another revolution.

And amidst what circumstances has arisen the world-renowned literature of Germany? Surely, amidst the fierce

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hostility of the social and moral elements. The war of elements has manifested itself somewhat less in outward deeds in Germany, than it has in France; but it has been not the less fierce on that account. Germany has felt the shock of the contending elements, which for the last three-fourths of a century has shaken the world. Everybody knows this has been a period of wide and deep commotion. All that was old, and hitherto deemed venerable, has been arraigned; the throne, the altar, and even the state have been summoned to the bar; the people, for almost the first time since history began, have stepped upon the stage, and in rough tones demanded the right to play their part in the piece. Thrones have been subverted, dynasties have been changed, old customs abolished, new systems, new usages, and almost a new language introduced. It has been a fearful age. The timid have quaked, and the bravest at times have turned pale. The whole world has seemed loosened from its fastenings. Work of all kinds, for all heads, and for all hearts, has there been. We have had kings to defend, nobilities to defend, priesthoods to defend, religion itself to defend; we have had new theories to put forth, illustrate, and reduce to practice; the whole movement party to support and urge onward, and a clear and piercing voice to utter for the poor, the friendless, and the down-trodden. All this has passed over the German mind and heart, and found its utterance in her own Teutonic tones, in a literature that the world will not willingly let die.

But why proceed further in the attempt to establish what perhaps nobody will deny, that literature comes but when it is bidden, but at those epochs when there is work to be done for the human race? In all the instances I have referred to, as well as in the many I have passed over, there were great questions at issue, grave problems up for solution, with which the minds and the hearts of the multitude were busy; and the men who contributed to the literature were also busy with these questions, these problems; felt a deep and thrilling interest in them; were men who saw work to be done, and came forth with what skill and energy were in them to do it.

This rapid survey, which I have taken of a few points in literary history, may teach us that we must not rely on our schools nor on our scholars. If we have not already created a literature, of which we need not be ashamed, it is because we have not had a work for humanity to perform which demanded a literature; and if we are to have a literature, we must have some great work to do which will need it.

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The great questions which have agitated Europe since the middle of the last century, have never but partially agitated us; and so far as they have agitated us at all, they were settled by our political revolution. We secured then all that the Old World has as yet contended for. We established then a republican government, which was already established in our convictions and in our habits, and we fancied that we had solved the social problem for ever. The wild commotion of the Old World has scarcely affected us. We have listened to the distant roar of her contending hosts with unmoved hearts and serene brows. We have stood upon the mountain, with our heads bathed in clear sunshine, and beheld the cloud below, seen the lightning flash and heard the thunder roll at our feet, with a tranquil pulse. Had we felt the same agitation that Germany felt, doubtless we should have contributed our share to the literature of the epoch. But in that fearful war we were not enlisted. We had served our campaign and were honorably discharged.

But have we solved the problem for ever—finished the work humanity gave us to do? and is there henceforth nothing for us but to rest from our labors and repose beneath the laurels won by our fathers? As we answer this question, so must we answer the question whether there is to be an American literature. You may demand an American literature, you may give yourselves up to its creation with the generous enthusiasm of youth, and labor for it through life with unflagging zeal; but it shall be in vain, unless your country be called to perform a great and glorious work for the human race, and a work too for the successful accomplishment of which a free, rich, and living literature shall be indispensable. This is the law of Providence, and you cannot withdraw yourselves from its action. Have we then done our work? Is there nothing more for us to do?

Done our work? What mean we? Has the world fulfilled its mission, and is the human race about to be annihilated? One generation cometh and another goeth, but the earth abideth for ever; individuals die, but the race is immortal. When an individual has fulfilled its work it dies; all beings die, when they have nothing more to do, and the human race itself is immortal only on the condition that there is for it an eternal task-work. But we are yet in the infancy of the race; we have but just begun our work; why then talk of its being ended? As well might the in-

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fant that has achieved its first step, and ascertained that it can walk without assistance, lie down and say there is nothing more for it to do. Eternity is before us, and the progress of the race is illimitable. Let thought stretch its pinions, soar to the highest point it can reach, and man in his upward career shall rise above it.

But I need not resort to general principles to make out my case. Whoever has eyes to see or ears to hear, cannot fail to perceive that grave questions, problems of immense magnitude, are coming up among us, and demanding a solution in tones which it is not in man to resist. The Old World is still engaged in the old war between the plebeians and the patricians. The great struggle going on there need not indeed alarm us, for it cannot come here. That struggle has for its object, on the part of the people, not republicanism in the state, nor equal wealth among the members of society, but the abolition of rank, founded on birth. It has never existed with us, and, as I have said, never can; for here birth confers no distinction. The struggle which is coming up here is not between the high-born and the low-born, between the gentlemen and the simplemen; for, thank God, we have learned that all who are born at all are well born. It is to be a struggle between the accumulator of wealth and the simple laborer who actually produces it; briefly, a struggle between man and money. This struggle has not yet fairly commenced in the Old World, but it must come there and ultimately make the tour of the globe.

In the Old World, the interests of labor are, to a great extent, lost in the interests of the rich commoner, and will be, so long as the rich commoner finds an hereditary nobility above him. But here we have no hereditary nobility, no titled rank, no privileges of birth. We have established political equality, declared the lists open to all, and the prize to the swiftest runner. But we have not obtained in practice the equality we have established in theory. There are distinctions amongst us, inequalities, not without a long train of grievous evils, which an increasing party will hold to be compatible neither with the principles of our institutions, nor with the true interests of humanity. The question has already been asked, What are the boasted advantages of a democratic government, if the people under it are to be in point of fact cursed with all the evils of social inequality? What avails it that I am declared equal to my neighbor, when in fact I am regarded by him, and by myself,

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and by all others, as his social inferior, when he may task my labor almost at will, and fix himself the wages he shall pay me? when, in fact, he may live in ease and luxury without labor, and I, an able-bodied man, and well skilled in all kinds of labor, can by my simple labor but barely keep myself and family from starving? The question has been asked, too, Can a rich man, a man who has accumulated and possesses great wealth, be a good Christian? There are those among us who begin to suspect that Jesus meant something when he said, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." There are those who ask themselves, when they see the extremes of wealth and poverty which meet us in our cities, bloated luxury and pining want side by side, if this be a Christian order of things, if indeed this order of things is to last for ever. As a Christian, am I not bound to love my fellow-men, even the lowest and most polluted, well enough, if need be, to die for them, as Jesus died on the cross for me? Am I then permitted to avail myself of the labors of others, so as to accumulate an immense estate; am I then permitted to live in luxury, to feast on the rarities of every clime which commerce procures me, while my brother languishes in poverty, while the poor mother at my next door is watching, pale and emaciated, over her starving boy, and the poor sempstress is prostituting herself so as not to die of famine? You will see at once that these are fearful and searching questions, such as cannot be put in a tone of solemn earnest, without shaking society to its centre.

Questions like these are coming up amongst us. We may deny it, may seek to suppress them, or to hush the matter up; but come they will, and come they must. It is not in my power nor in yours to suppress these questions. We may regret as much as we will that they must come, but nothing remains for us but to meet them. The whole matter of wealth and labor, of the means by which wealth is accumulated, of the relations between capitalists and laborers, of wages, which a French nobleman has pronounced "a prolonged slavery," must come up, be discussed and disposed of. To my view, questions relating to this matter, are the most fearful questions which can be asked, and they seem to me to involve a revolution to which all preceding revolutions were but mere child's play. Questions of equal magnitude have never come up for the discussion of human-

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ity, none which go so deep, or extend so far. It is not for me to say what is to be the issue of this struggle between wealth and labor, and this is neither the place nor the occasion on which to decide the part the philosopher, the Christian, the philanthropist, ought to take. I have not put the questions I have for the purpose of answering them. I merely point you to a war of two great social elements, describe to you its dominant traits, and say, in that war, on one side or the other, we are all to enlist, and do battle as best we may.

In the struggle of these two elements, true American literature will be born. This struggle, which has already commenced, presents the conditions of its birth and its growth. We have now to solve, not the question of political equality, but the problem of social equality. This problem, if I have not wholly misconceived its magnitude and bearing, will present work for whosoever has a hand, a head, or a heart; and in the effort to finish this work, a literature will be born before which all the literatures now extant may, perhaps, shrink into insignificance.

I confess, Brothers, that notwithstanding the fearful nature of the social contest I see coming on, I am not alarmed. I even behold it with the joy with which the war-horse snuffs the battle from afar. I behold it, and feel that I have not been born too early, nor too late; that there is work for me also, if I have but the skill and the courage to undertake it. And as to the result, I apprehend nothing. I have faith in principle; I have faith in humanity; above all, I have faith in God. The right side in the long run always comes up, and the cause is ultimately victorious which ought to be victorious. Truth is never vanquished; right cannot be defeated; nor humanity successfully betrayed. Onward through the ages humanity pursues its course. Kings, castes, nobles may attempt to block up its path, but it pushes aside their feeble barriers, sweeps away their bastilles, and passes on unobstructed through the marshalled ranks of their armed soldiery.

Whoso would contribute to American literature, ought indeed to reflect deeply on the nature and wants of his own soul; ought to store his mind with the riches of ancient and modern literature and science; but he must engage in this great work, live and labor with no thought of creating a literature, but give himself up wholly to the work of solving some great problem, or of making some great moral, relig-

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ious, philosophical, or social principle prevail. If in his efforts to make what he believes the right cause triumphant, he utter a true word, humanity shall catch it up and echo it through eternity. He must be an active, living man, living for his race and striving to do its work. The discipline he needs is that which fits him to sympathize with humanity, and strengthens him to do battle in her cause. The American poet must sing for the human race; draw his inspiration, not from Castaly, or Helicon, but from the human heart; and the orator must not study to turn and polish his periods, but to kindle up his countrymen, to compel them to arm and march against the enemies of freedom, truth, justice, and love.

Rest easy, Brothers, as to literature. Regard literature always as a means, never as an end. Early seek out a noble end to be gained; early wed yourselves to great principles; early convince yourselves that you live for man, for truth, for God, and you shall speak, write, or sing words that shall not die, but which shall be life, and life-giving.

What will be the destiny of American literature, I know not, and pretend not to foretell. But this much you will permit me to say in conclusion, that God in his providence has given the American people a great problem to work out. He has given it us in charge to prove what man may be, when and where he has free and full scope to act out the almightiness that slumbers within him. Here, for the first time since history began, man has obtained an open field and fair play. Everywhere else, up to the present moment, he has been borne down by kings, priests, and nobles; the loftier aspirations of his nature have been suppressed, and the fire of his genius smothered, by unhallowed tyranny. Long, long ages has he struggled under every disadvantage; and under every disadvantage, though oft defeated, he has never despaired, or bated a jot of heart or hope, but always rallied himself anew with fresh courage and strength to the combat. Here, at length, he has gained the vantage ground. No longer must he struggle for very existence; no longer must he make a wall of his dead body to protect his wife and little ones. His domestic hearth is sacred, his fields are safe from the invader, and his flocks and herds may graze unmolested. He can now choose his ground. He may now abandon the attitude of defence and assume that of attack. He has no longer to defend his right to free thought and free speech, to the possession and

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use of himself. Here, thank God, we have no apologies to offer for speaking out for man, for truth, for justice, for freedom, for equality. We carry the war into the enemy's country. We summon the oppressor to judgment; the adherents to arbitrary governments and heavy abuses to stand forth and show cause, if they can, why sentence shall not be pronounced against them.

Such is the position we now occupy, such the progress we have made in working out the problem committed to us. Shall we stop here? I do not believe we shall, I do not believe that we shall prove false to our trust, or slight our work. I seem to myself to see many proofs around me, that we are beginning to comprehend more fully our mission, and to prepare ourselves to engage in earnest for its execution. I see this in the wide and deep agitation of the public mind; I see it in the new parties and associations which every day is forming; I see it in the weighty problems, moral, religious, social, political, economical, which both the learned and the unlearned are discussing; I feel it in the new spirit which has of late been breathed into American publications; and I recognize it in the increasing depth and earnestness of American writers. No; I cannot be mistaken. America will not be false to her mission. She will be true to that cause which landed our fathers on Plymouth Rock, which sustained the free mind and warm heart of Roger Williams, in which Warren fell, for which Washington fought, to which Jefferson and Franklin gave their lives.

In prosecuting the work committed to us, there will arise poets, philosophers, theologians, politicians, whose wide and deep experience will find utterance in a living literature. When they will arise, how soon or how late, I know not, ask not. And, Brothers, do not ye ask. But seek ye out the work God has given your country to perform for the human race; woo it as a bride; wed yourselves to it for better or for worse; be true to it in good report and in evil, in life and in death; and though you may not write books, compose poems, or construct theories, your lives shall be books, poems, theories, which will not die, but live,—live for ever in the memory of your race, and, what is better, in the ever improving condition of all coming generations.

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CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

[From the Boston Quarterly Review for October, 1838.]

"WHAT induced Thomas Carlyle to select such a subject as the French Revolution?" we have heard asked by those who, having read only the "Sartor Resartus," think him a poetical mystic. "Did he write it for bread, or from sympathy with that social movement?" To those who know him it is plain enough that our good friend, however pinched by want, could not let out his mind to do job-work. His Pegasus would break down at the plough. Carlyle's heart is always, must always be, in what he does.

He selected this subject, then, because to him there came a voice out of the chaos, we may be sure. But further, to any one who will review his literary course, the explanation will be clear enough of his interest in that ruin and re-creation of a social world. The gradual progress of his studies through Voltaire and Diderot, led him to the observation of this unparalleled phenomenon. But his taste, his instinct guided him also. Like his master Goethe, he has been always hunting for a "bit of Nature." Whether he is writing of Burns or Richter, of Novalis or Elliott, of the Spirit of the Age or its Characteristics, or, finally, of Mirabeau, he everywhere shows the same longing after the genuine product of Nature. Hypocrisy, however self-deceived and respectable, is his horror, and is greeted with nothing more civil than an "anathema maranatha." This is his "fixed idea," his creed; and he clings to it with an unquestioning *bigotry*. Yes! bigotry;—for noble as the creed is, it is yet a *creed;* and, though he might deny it, a "formula;" and his range of sympathy, his candor of judgment, and even truth of moral sentiment are narrowed by this notion. In consequence he is prejudiced. He trusts to his first impressions. He casts his eye on a man with cutting penetration, and is satisfied that he knows him. He takes him by the arm, and by the feeling of the iron or flabby muscles judges instantly of his vigor. Truly he seems seldom much deceived by this instinctive love of nature. Shams

*The French Revolution. A History. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Boston: 1837.

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vanish before his glance, as gauze would in the fire. Yet even this love of nature seems to us a kind of cant after all. But we check ourselves; we do not like to say even thus much in the way of fault-finding with one of the truest, honestest of critics and of men.

Our student of nature had already picked up rare specimens here and there as he found them; and now at last has arrived at this grand volcanic outbreak, and sits down amid mighty heaps of most indisputable genuineness, to learn what is in man. And truly he is nowise repelled by stench of sulphur and dreads not burns. But there was another reason for the study of the French revolution. Carlyle loves man, loves the men he lives among. He is not indifferent to the temper of his own age, and thinking it, in its philosophy and professed maxims, a peculiarly mechanical, self-conscious, and artificial one, he cannot but obey the inward behest to sound his prophecy in men's ears, whether his fate be Cassandra's or not. He doubtless feels as if a sick generation needed a sanative; and what better than the pure crystal of natural feeling? His text is certainly a healthy one, and his homilies have a freshness, as if he had dipped with a leaf from the bubbling spring. In a word, our author probably anticipates, as many others do, that the *matchless* British constitution may be rent asunder by some larger growth of the social germ; and meanwhile, he may think it would be well for us not to hinder, but to aid, as we can, the process.

Carlyle, we feel sure, has dropped all conventional spectacles, and opened his eyes to the true characteristics of our times,—which is, that the "better sort" are being elbowed more and more for room by the "poorer sort," as they step forward to gather a share of the manna on life's wilderness. Perhaps he thinks it high time, that they who are clad in décencies and good manners should busy themselves in teaching their brother "sans-culottes" to wear suitable garments. We believe, then, that our author was led to a study and history of the French revolution, because he saw it illustrating in such characters of fire the irrepressible instinct of all men to assert and exercise their natural rights; —and the absolute necessity which there is, therefore, that man's essential equality with man should be recognized.

Mr. Carlyle has evidently done his work like a man. He appears to have read most voraciously, and sifted most scrupulously. And when one thinks of the multifarious mass

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which he must have digested in the process of composition, we cannot but equally admire his sagacity, and respect his faithfulness. Add the consideration, that the first volume, when fully prepared, was by an unfortunate accident destroyed; and that the author, without copy or plan, was thus forced to tread over when jaded the path he had climbed in the first flush of untried adventure; and that yet with this additional labor he has only been occupied some two years and more upon the book, and our estimate of his ability, his genius, his energy, cannot but be great.

And now what has he produced? A history? Thiers, Mignet, Guizot forbid! We ourselves call this French Revolution an epic poem; or, rather say the root, trunk, and branches of such a poem, not yet fully clothed with rhythm and melody indeed, but still hanging out its tassels and budding on the sprays. And here, by the way, may it not be asked whether Carlyle is not emphatically the English poet of our epoch? Is he not Shelley and Wordsworth combined, and greater than either? Thus far indeed we have seen this luminary in a critical phase chiefly. But is it not because he has read, in the life of the men he has apotheosized, true poems, incarnations of that ideal he worshipped? It seems to us an accident, that prose and criticism, not odes and positive life, have been his vein. Had he but form and tune, what a poet was there! This book we say is a poem, the most remarkable of our time. It is not like a written book; it is rather like the running soliloquy of some wonderfully living and life-giving mind, as it reads a "good formula" of history;—a sort of resurrection of the dry bones of fact at the word of the prophet. Marvellous indeed! It seems as if, in some camera-obscura, one was looking upon the actual world and sky and moving forms, though all silent in that show-box. Of all books this is most graphic. It is a series of masterly outlines *à la Retzch.* Oh more, much more. It is a whole Sistine Chapel of fresco *à la* Angelo, drawn with bold hand in bright lights and deep shadows. Yet again it is gallery upon gallery of portraits, touched with the free grace of Vandyke, glowing with Titian's living dyes, and shining and gloomed in Rembrandt's golden haze. And once more, let us say in our attempt to describe this unique production, it is *a seer's second sight of the past.* We speak of prophetic vision. This is a *historic vision*, where events rise not as thin abstractions, but as visible embodiments; and the ghosts of a buried generation

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pass before us, summoned to react in silent pantomime their noisy life.

The point of view, from which Carlyle has written his history, is one which few men strive to gain, and which fewer still are competent to reach. He has looked upon the French revolution, not as a man of one nation surveys the public deeds of another; nor as a man of one age reviews the vicissitudes of a time gone by. Still less has he viewed it as a religionist, from the cold heights, where he awaits his hour of translation, throws pitying regards on the bustling vanities of earth; or as a philanthropist, from his inflated theory of life, spies out, while he soars, the battle of ideas. And it is not either in the passionless and pure and patient watching, with which a spirit, whose faith has passed into knowledge, awaits the harmonious unfolding of heaven's purposes, that he has sent his gaze upon that social movement. But it is as a *human spirit*, that Carlyle has endeavored to enter into the conscious purposes, the unconscious strivings of *human spirits;* with wonder and awe at the mighty forces which work so peacefully, yet burst out so madly in one and all at times. He has set him down before this terrible display of human energy, as at a mighty chasm which revealed the inner deeps of man, where gigantic passions heave and stir under mountains of custom; while free-will, attracted to move around the centre of holiness, binds their elements of discord into a habitable world. As a *man* Carlyle would study *man*. It is as if he were ever murmuring to himself: "Sons of Adam, daughters of Eve, what are ye? Angels ye plainly are not. Demons truth cannot call you. Strange angelic-demoniac beings, on! on! Never fear! Something will come of you." Carlyle does not pretend to fathom man. His plummet sinks below soundings. We do not know a writer, who so unaffectedly expresses his wonder at the mystery of man. Now this appears to us a peculiar and a novel point of view, and a far higher one than that of the "progress of the human race." Not that he does not admit progress. The poor quibbles of those, who see in one age only the transmigration of the past, do not bewilder him. But he feels how little we can know, and do know, of this marvellous human race,—in their springs, and tendencies, and issues. This awe of man blends beautifully with reverence for Providence. There is no unconscious law of fate, no wild chance to him, but ever brightening "aurora splendors" of divine love.

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Enough, however, of this point of view. We will but add that its effect is to give the most conscientious desire of seeing things exactly as they are, and describing them with scrupulous truth. Hence we suppose his intense effort to transfuse his soul, and animate the very eyes and ears of the men, who lived in that stormy time, and mingle up his whole being with theirs. Hence, too, the pictorial statement of what he gathers by that experience; and hence, in fine, a mode of historical composition, wholly original, which must revolutionize the old modes of historicising, so "stale, flat, and unprofitable" do theories and affected clearness appear, after we have once seen this flash of truth's sunlight into the dark cave of the buried years.

Of the *spirit* in which this book is written, we would say that it breathes throughout the truest, deepest sympathy with man. Wholly free from the cant, which would whine, and slap its breast, and wring its hands, saint-like, over the weaknesses, which the canter is full of,—it yet is strict in its code of right. Most *strict* indeed, though somewhat peculiar. It is not the proper or decorous, which he prizes, but it is the true. And of all writers he is the most unflinching in his castigations of pretence. He never flatters, he never minces; but yet he speaks his hard truth lovingly, and with an eye of hope. He does not spare men, because he sees more life in them than they wot of. While he says to the moral paralytic, "sin no more, lest a worse thing befall thee," he adds, "rise, take up thy bed, and walk." He is kind, and pitiful, and tolerant of weakness, if it only does not affect to seem what it is not, and paint the livid cheek with mock hues of health. This leads us to say a word of his irony and humor, and he is full of both, though chiefly of the latter. No man has a keener eye for incongruities. It is not the feebleness of men, or the smallness of their achievements, which excites his mirth;—for where there is humbleness in the aspiration, he is of all most ready to see the Psyche in the crawling worm. But what appears to him so droll is the complacence and boastfulness, with which crowds build their Babel to climb to heaven, and the shouts of "glory" with which they put on the cap-stone, when their tower is after all so very far beneath the clouds. He loves so truly what is good in man, that he can afford to laugh at his meannesses. His respect for the essential and genuine grows with his success in exposing the artificial. Under the quaint puffings and pad-

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dings of "vanity fair," he does really see living men. He joins in the carnival. He looks upon it as a masquerade, and it is with real frolic that he snatches off the false nose or the reverend beard, and shows the real features of the dolt who would pass for a Solomon. He evidently does enjoy a practical joke on primness. But if he would, like the doctor in the tale, make his gouty patient hop on the heated floor, it is only for his *cure*. Carlyle seems to us full of true benevolence. He loves every thing but insincerity. This he cannot abide. It is the very devil, and he has but one word, *Apage, Satana*. He stands among the Pharisees with the indignant words bursting from his heart, "Ye Hypocrites." In this relation it is too true that our friend is nowise angelic, but only too much a man. His contempt is too bitter. We do not readily tolerate in a frail mortal the scornful mirth with which Carlyle sometimes shows us the cloven hoof under the surplice. Not that the indignation is not merited. But is a man ever pure enough from all taint of falsehood himself, thus to wield the spear of Michael against the dragon? Yet honor to this brave and true man. It is because he has struggled so hard, and withal so well, to disentangle himself from the last thread of cant, that he has so little patience with the poor flies yet buzzing in the web. This loathing of the formal, which a vigorous nature and a bold effort have freed him from, is, we take it, the true and very simple explanation of that occasional rudeness, and even levity, with which, it must be confessed, he speaks of so-called worshippers and worship.

And this introduces us to a consideration of his religious spirit. Some perhaps would say, have said, that Carlyle's writings are not baptized into that "spirit of adoption which cries Abba, Father." But to us no writings are more truly reverential. It surely is from no want of faith in the fulness of divine love, from no insensibility as to the nearness of almighty aid, from no doubt as to the destiny of the soul, and its responsibilities and perils, that he uses so little of the technical and prescribed language of piety. Oh, how far, far from it! But he will not name the Unnamable. He will not express more than he feels, or desecrate by familiarity what he does feel, yet knows not how adequately to utter. His sense is so abiding of our present imperfect development, his hope is so vast in that good which Providence has in store in its slow but harmonious processes, that he will not "enter the kingdom of God by

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violence." To him the Infinite is ever present. That holy and eternal life is his life,—the soul of his soul,—the love of his love,—the wisdom of his wisdom,—the power of his power,—the Father. But he strives not so much to look upon the dazzling glory of this central source, whence all of good and fair streams forth;—rather with lowly eyes would he drink in the beauty rayed abroad from each object which its light vivifies and hallows. He would *worship* in the longing to be true and pure, in the dutifulness, the cheerfulness, the humble joy, the patience, and the charities of daily life. His devotedness should be his devoutness; his joy should be his thanks; his progress his confessions; his hopeful energy his prayer; and his offering of the first fruits a full developed, genial healthiness of nature.

But it would carry us too far to say the half of what we feel about this noble soul, whom we love, not for being the "healthiest of men," for that he is not; but for the pure instinct and reposing confidence, with which being sick, as the most are, he gives himself up to the "mighty mother," to be nursed on her bosom.

With a few words on his style, we must bid Mr. Carlyle for the present farewell, only hoping for that rich fruitage of his autumn years of which this summer flush is the promise. Of his later writings it would not be far from the truth to say that we like them, not by reason of the style, but in *spite* of it. They are so savagely uncouth by the side of his former classic gracefulness. It is a savage crowned with ivy though, and crushing luscious grapes as he dances. But the Life of Schiller and the early essays had all this naked strength and free play of movement, and yet were decent. They wore their garland of imagery like a festive wreath; and though bright and cheerful, with the melody of pipes, they had no lawless friskiness. He has always been remarkable for the picturesqueness of the metaphors which clothed his thoughts. But the growth of the symbolic has become ranker and ranker, until, in this last book, the very trees in full foliage are fringed with mosses. It seems as if the axis of his mind had shifted, and the regions of fancy had been brought from the temperate zone beneath the tropics, and hidden germs were bursting prodigally into life. With this teeming fruitfulness and gorgeous wealth we associate the thought of miasm and disease. One feature of this style, though, we do like much, it is its freedom, its conversational directness, its

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point and spirit, its infinite variety. How far preferable to the dandy precision of so-called elegant styles, and to the solemn dryness of so-called clear styles! Is it a delusion, however, that something of that old bewitching melody of his earlier speech has been sacrificed? There is less to our ear of that rhythm which used to charm us, of that sound and sweep like the bursting of long-swelling billows on the broad beach. But we have no notion meanwhile that there is any degeneracy in the artist. We believe that there has been a progress even. We think this present style a transition one. It is a struggling for some adequate utterance, for some word of power which should open the deaf ear; for we must remember his countrymen have been deaf comparatively, and perhaps for the want of some free, hearty speech, less prim than suited the scholar's garb. Will not this Apollo find one day the murmuring shell? Some, wiser than we pretend to be, settle this matter of style summarily. They will have it that Mr. Carlyle is "affected." We commend to all such for candid consideration these few sentences of his own. "Affectation is a cheap word and of sovereign potency, and should not be rashly applied. Its essence is that it is *assumed:* the character is, as it were, forcibly crushed into some foreign mould, in the hope of being thereby re-shaped and beautified; the unhappy man persuades himself that he is in truth a new and wonderfully engaging creature, and so he moves about with a conscious air, though every movement betrays not symmetry, but dislocation. This it is to be affected, to walk in a *vain show.* But the strangeness alone is no proof of the vanity. Many men who move smoothly in the old established railways of custom will be found to have their affectation; and perhaps here and there some divergent genius be accused of it unjustly. The *show,* though common, may not cease to be *vain;* nor become so for being uncommon. Before we censure a man for *seeming* what he is not, we should be sure that we know what he *is.*"

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MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.*

[From the Boston Quarterly Review for April, 1842.]

We have for some time been seeking an opportunity of offering a few thoughts on modern French literature. With the modern political and philosophical writings of France we have for several years been familiar; but we had paid no attention to its lighter literature, till we saw it denounced in no measured terms, in an article published three or four years since in the *Quarterly Review*. That article led us to believe that modern French literature must possess some admirable qualities, and be deserving of no little respect; for we have generally been in the habit of construing the *Quarterly's* denunciations into high praise. Its denunciations were so loud, and so bitter, that we lost as little time as possible in making ourselves acquainted, to some extent, with the class of writers condemned; and we have been not altogether unrewarded for our pains.

However, taking modern French literature, as represented by Victor Hugo, H. de Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, and Georges Sand, otherwise Madame Dudevant, we cannot say that we have found so much to approve as we were led by the outcries of the *Quarterly* to expect. We have found not much to justify the charges of indecency, of licentious and anti-social tendency; but we have found more than we looked for, offensive to our taste and feelings. In a word, we have not been able, taking it as a whole, to sympathize with it, or to find either the pleasure or the profit, in becoming acquainted with it, that we have a right to expect from the literature of a refined and highly civilized people.

France has few, if any, writers that can compare advantageously with Scott, Bulwer, Washington Irving, or even Charles Dickens. Victor Hugo by no means wants genius, talent, and learning; but he is misled by his theory of art, and fails to give us a work that can be read with unmingled pleasure. He is the best of his class. His natural disposition we should judge to be tender, affectionate, and even sunshiny; but having adopted the notion, that the grotesque is an essential element of the beautiful, and the horrible of

*Spiridion. Par Georges Sand. Paris: 1839.

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the pathetic, he gives us works which chill, rather than please, and harrow up the nerves, instead of melting the heart. We have never yet been able to submit to the torture of finishing the perusal of his *Notre-Dame de Paris;* and his *Le dernier Jour d' un Condamné* we have left with the leaves uncut. His *Han d' Islande* has, however, some passages of great beauty and tenderness. His dramas are better; and we have read with much pleasure *Marion Delorme*, *Angelo*, and *Hernani*, horrible as they certainly are. *Le Roi s' amuse* and *Lucrèce Borgia* have proved too much for our nerves; we abandon them to the tender mercies of the *Quarterly Review*.

Balzac is certainly a writer of great power and fertility, but there is something dry and hard in his spirit. He lays open the vices and corruptions of society, it must be admitted, with the hand of a master; nothing can surpass his pictures of its hollowness, its hyprocrisy, its vanity, its licentiousness; but we nowhere meet in him the warm and the genial aspiration to something better. We do not feel, while reading him, as we do while reading Bulwer, and Boz, or our own Irving, that there is at the bottom a genuine love of humanity, a hearty sympathy with mankind, and a strong desire to make society better, more favorable to the growth of religion, virtue, and happiness. We rise from his pages soured, indignant, and misanthropic. We feel contempt for our race, not love; and find ourselves disposed to bid them hasten on to the devil, not to sacrifice ourselves for their redemption.

Of Alexandre Dumas we know less than of Hugo, and of the others. He is not, however, so cold and freezing as Balzac. He has warmer sympathies, a more genial spirit, and is more able to look on the brighter side of things; and yet he has his faults, and faults of the same class with those we have pointed out in Victor Hugo, to whom he is inferior in talent and genius. Of Georges Sand we will speak more particularly hereafter.

Excluding Balzac, who seems to write for the Parisian saloons, we may say of modern French literature, that it is strongly impregnated with what we have sometimes, without much precision, called social democracy. It has a tendency to recognize the rights, the claims, and to some extent the worth, of the masses. It does not bow to the aristocracy, nor court in any respect the high-born and the rich. It is plebeian in its spirit, and recognizes, and sometimes without

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a sneer, the existence of the proletary. Its heroes can be born without titles, and it can expose vice in high places. It furthermore is indignant at tyranny, impatient of restraint, loud in its demand for freedom, and the elevation of the masses. It moreover has a certain humanity. It opposes itself to cruel and sanguinary punishments, and would excite sympathy for even the wicked, by showing that they are never utterly abandoned. This is its good side.

But this is the good side of all modern literature. It is a remarkable fact, that since the French revolution literature has ceased to be aristocratic. Everywhere, or nearly everywhere throughout Christendom, and especially in western Europe and America, there has been a decided disposition among all writers of much note, either to expose the vices of the great,—to hold up the more favored classes to ridicule or indignation, or to laud the virtues of the low, to paint the less favored classes in the most lively colors, and under the most attractive forms. We everywhere meet the plebeian classes rising into notice or into power. They are no longer introduced upon the stage as subjects of ridicule, for the amusement of the well-born and the refined. They furnish the author his heroes. Their patience under wrong, their quiet and unostentatious lives, their simple habits and gentle virtues, or their rights, and the wrongs and outrages to which they are doomed, constitute the materials of his romance. He only can fetch an echo from the heart of this age, who speaks out for universal man, and in tones of sympathy for the wronged and down-trodden.

It is well worth one's while to trace this tendency. We may see it even in the dominant taste with regard to the use of language itself. In our own language, what scholar would now write in the latinized English of old Dr. Johnson? Good taste is now to avoid as much as possible the Latin element of the language, and to use those words which are of Teutonic origin. We have discovered an unsuspected richness in the old Anglo-Saxon, and the nearer we approach to the language of Alfred and Edward the Confessor, the more correct is said to be our taste. In France we see something similar. The writers show an increasing affection for words of Celtic origin, or at least for that portion of their language most in use with the great body of the people. All this is easily accounted for. Formerly the reading public was composed almost entirely of the aristocracy and their retainers, and of course all works written with the intention

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of being published and read, must breathe the tone, and speak the language of the aristocracy. In France and England the aristocracy were of an anti-national origin; they could therefore have but few sympathies with the great mass of the people, and hence little fondness for the purely national language. But now the plebeian classes, the body of the nation, demand a literature, and must be addressed in their own tongue. To speak to the hearts of the great mass of the people we must use the terms with which they are familiar, the language in which they think, and in which for generations they have been accustomed to express their feelings. Now, as the great body of the English and American people are of Anglo-Saxon origin, the Anglo-Saxon is their principal mother tongue; and in addressing them it is necessary to draw upon the Anglo-Saxon funds of the language, because then we speak to them in their mother tongue. The clergy, once the *literati* of Europe, educated in the Latin language, made always in all their writings as much use of it as possible. So long as they gave the tone to literature, the national languages, the mother tongues of the people, would be discountenanced. But the clergy are no longer in relation to literature what they once were. The laity have been to school, and now control our literary tastes. The laity have less fondness for Latin, and more sympathy with the people who speak their national tongue. This tendency to the Anglo-Saxon elements of the English, and to the old Gallic elements in modern French, and to strict nationality in modern German, indicates the rising importance of the plebeians and the laity, and shows that the clergy and the aristocracy count for comparatively little in modern literature.

If we pass from language into the historical works of the day, we shall find the same tendency. We republish old chronicles and ballads, study the bards, Scalds, troubadours, trouvères, and minnesängers. We write the history of the Gauls, the Anglo-Saxons, and Sclavonians. We seek everywhere for the remains of the old conquered races. We sit in judgment on the conqueror, and sympathize with the sufferings of the conquered, endured in silence for so many ages. This tendency is remarked in the brothers Thierry, especially in Augustin, author of the *Histoire de la Conquête de l' Angleterre par les Normands*. The tendency this way is first decidedly marked in England by the publication of the old English ballads, by Bishop Percy; but the man who

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has perhaps contributed more to it than any other writer, dead or living, is Sir Walter Scott. Whether Scott knew what he was about or not, may be a question; but his writings mark a revolution in literature, and contain even a social revolution. We plead guilty to having misconceived the tendency of Scott's literary labors, and of having judged him, on a former occasion, too superficially. We have just finished a critical perusal of his novels, and we are happy to be able to say that our estimate of his character, and our judgment of the tendency of his writings, are altogether more favorable to him than what we have heretofore expressed. His sympathies are not always with power, but almost always, and apparently unknown to himself, with the conquered or oppressed classes. In regard to his own country, he has labored to exhibit the merits, the virtues, the noble qualities of the defeated party. In passing into England he is true to the same tendency. In his *Ivanhoe* he has resuscitated the old Saxon race, and showed the struggle between them and their Norman masters, which continued long after the conquest; and by so doing he has furnished the scholars of Europe with a key to the real history of modern society. When treating of the English revolution in the seventeenth century, he may not in all cases have been just to the Puritans and Republicans; but still he is far less unjust to them than is commonly supposed. Then, in selecting his characters, his noblest are always from the lowest or plebeian classes. In *Ivanhoe* we have Gurth, the swineherd, a noble specimen of the true man; and the man who could have drawn such a character, and so described his exultation when the collar of bondage was struck from his neck, could not have been without the soul of the freeman. In this same novel we find his best female character,—a character in which he rises far above his ordinary conception of female worth, and in which he has altogether surpassed himself,—Rebecca, the Jewess, taken from the despised tribe, the persecuted of all lands. Edie Ochiltree, the beggar, may put to shame the whole race of his noble dukes, counts, and barons, and little barons. Something of this same tendency is to be found in the prosy Wordsworth. He, all tory as he is, has a fellow-feeling with simple humanity. The tendency is still more decided in Bulwer, and altogether more yet in Boz. Amongst ourselves we see it in Irving, in Cooper's *Bravo* and *Headsman*, and in some of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*.

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Now this marks not only a literary, but a social revolution. These lower classes, these plebeians and proletaries, among whom Scott, Wordsworth, and others find their heroes, are, at least so far as concerns England and France, the descendants and representatives of the conquered races; and this tendency which we have marked indicates that a revolution in their favor has in some degree commenced, and is now in progress. The old Anglo-Saxon rises against his Norman master, the simpleman against the gentleman, and seeks to reëstablish his language and his rights; the Gallo-Roman seeks to throw off the yoke imposed by the Teutonic Frank, and to be a freeman of his native soil.

All modern literature bears the marks, if we may so speak, of the revolt of the conquered tribes. It is insurrectionary, rebellious. Consequently it is held in great horror by the representatives of the conquerors, whenever they perceive its real character and tendency. We, whose sympathies are always with the rebels, of course approve this tendency. We discovered it in Bulwer, and hence our high regard for his writings; we discovered it in many of the modern French writers, and hence the reason of our respect for them; we did not originally discover it in Scott, Wordsworth, Irving, and Boz, and hence the reason why we have never spoken in their praise. In Irving it is slight, but he belongs after all to modern literature; in Boz it is strong, but not so strong as a superficial reading would indicate. It will, if we are not much mistaken, show itself stronger, and at the same time gentler still, in the author of *The Gentle Boy*.

In Scott it is stronger than in any of the rest, though he was probably unaware of the fact. Few, comparatively speaking, have suspected the real tendency of his writings, and hence the praise he has received from those who dread the revolution which none more than he has contributed to bring about. We, for our part, belong to the conquered race, if not by blood, at least by position, and we feel impatient under the yoke of the conqueror. We cherish the old national feeling, and call all our brothers who labor to retrieve the losses of the defeated party, to restore in England dominion to the Anglo-Saxon, and in France to the Gaul.

Now, as modern French literature is decidedly ruled by the old Gallic spirit, and in this respect purely national; and as it marks an effort of the mass, who have been held in bondage, to recover the rights originally wrested from them

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by invading tribes; and not only marks that effort, but strengthens it, and promises to render it successful; we approve it, we prize it, and bid its authors God speed. Viewed in this light, it is eminently moral and social, tends eminently to the emancipation of the masses, and to the introduction of a better and a nobler social order.

But, viewed under the relation of art, and its bearing on mere private morals, we cannot commend it without important reservations. But in this aspect even, we are far from thinking it at all inferior to the great mass of contemporary English literature, while it is decidedly superior to the old French literature. The general conception is undoubtedly just, but it abuses its freedom from old classic restraints, and runs into innumerable extravagances. Having come down from the stilts on which it stalked over the stage in the age of Louis Quatorze, and finding itself on its natural feet, it is so delighted that it frisks about sometimes in a manner quite unseemly, and exhibits a variety of antic motions and tricks, with which we could very easily dispense.

We do not infer the degeneracy of France from this literature, nor that French society is necessarily exceedingly corrupt. Nor do we believe this literature will be found generally corrupting. But we should relish it better, if it would veil its horrors, if it would smile less grotesquely, and exhibit less of the satyr. We believe that the writer, who puts us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, who draws us off from the dwarfed and the deformed, to dwell with the grand and beautiful, will do most for private morals and for social progress. We believe he who unveils the glories of paradise, and permits the sinner to see the beauty and bliss of the saints, will more effectually convert him to God, than he who only exposes to his view the tortures, and fills his ear with the howlings, of the damned. We are sure that when we stand looking upon the smiling landscape, beneath a serene sky, and inhaling the sweet fragrance of flowers, at peace with ourselves and with the world, we are in our happiest mood to labor for our fellowmen, or to give ourselves up to live or to die for a great or noble cause. No doubt virtue leads to happiness; but it is a truth equally deserving our consideration, that happiness leads to virtue. The more happy you render your fellowmen, the more virtuous will you render them. The man who finds a paradise in the bosom of his family, who is surrounded by all the charms of home, and whose heart is best

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formed to enjoy the sweets of domestic affections, the love of wife and children, is *not* the last to hear the voice of his country or his race, and to rush to the frontier, to make a rampart of his body against the enemy.

The fault, then, of French literature, a fault which we find also with English literature, is that it presents us too many images of vice, crime, and horror, and does not call forth the warmer, gentler, and holier aspirations of our nature. It affects us painfully; it raises a storm of passion in our bosoms, and leaves us mad and miserable. We have been affected by the night-mare, and it is long after reading it, before our blood circulates freely again, and we recover our wonted strength and equanimity. There may have been a period in our life when we should have delighted in the stormy passions described, but we are not ashamed to own, that, as we have had occasion from the vicissitudes of life to enlarge our own experience, and to suffer from the wounds that few in the warfare of life can escape, we grow weary of the battle, and come to envy those who cultivate in peace their native vales, and dance to the rustic pipe. We hear not the war-trumpet with delight, and we shrink from the conflict. Thus it is this stormy literature, which only rouses passion and stirs up all within, like the ocean when lashed into fury by the tempest, ceases to charm, and we wish it more peaceful, more serene, more sunshiny.

So much for modern French literature in general. We come now to Georges Sand, otherwise Madame Dudevant, though we disclaim in the outset all intention of offering any thing like a regular review of her writings. We have found her loudly and very generally censured, and have therefore been led to sympathize with her. We have heard her called many hard names, and have therefore presumed, without other evidence, that she must have great and positive merits. Moreover, she is a writer of great ability; we may even say, of powerful genius; the most so of any female writer we are acquainted with, ancient or modern. She is in many respects the first and best of the authors of modern French literature. We cannot, indeed, place her above Victor Hugo, but we confess that we prefer her writings to his, and believe them possessed of greater æsthetic and moral merits.

In assuming, as we are told she sometimes does, the male attire, Madame Dudevant seems also to assume no little of true masculine thought and spirit. In originality, depth,

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and vigor of thought and expression, her writings betray very little of the woman. Her style is rich, flowing, graceful, delicate, and at the same time, terse, vigorous, and free from that diffuseness, the besetting sin of most French writers, and of French female writers in particular. In a word, she writes so well that for some time she was able to impose upon the acutest critics of France and England, and to make it believed that Georges Sand was really, as *his* name and dress purported, a man. This, which we think is high praise, we presume, will be thought by some, in these days of "woman's rights," to be but a sorry compliment. Somewhat of a revolution in the relative position of the sexes would seem to be going on. Man's long-admitted superiority, which has stamped itself upon all the institutions of society, and is interwoven with the very texture of language itself, is now questioned, and we are told that he must cease to regard himself as lord of this lower world, surrender the sacred *symbol* of authority to woman, don the petticoat, and henceforth handle the distaff. Alas! we have fallen on evil days. With your Mary Wollstonecrafts, Fanny Wrights, Harriet Martineaus, your Chapmans and your Folsoms, we can no longer escape by conceding woman's equality to man, but we must own her superiority; and instead of thinking that we praise a woman, by saying that she writes almost as well as a man, we must rather praise the man by saying that he writes almost as well as a woman.

Nevertheless, at the risk of being "brained by my lady's fan," we must still hold on to the old doctrine of man's superiority, save in what may be called woman's more appropriate sphere of life. In her own sphere, as a wife and a mother, in all the quiet affections and duties of home, which after all is the more important and the more elevated sphere, we readily own woman's equality, and even her superiority; but we question her power to compete successfully with man in any of the other departments of life. Science is indebted to her for no important discovery, and art for no master-piece, or *mistress*-piece. She devotes more time and study to poetry than man does, and yet she has produced no Iliad, no Paradise Lost; in music she produces nothing, and cannot even equal man in the bare execution of the compositions of the great masters. She has succeeded in copying with tolerable accuracy, but has never been able to give us an original picture or an original statue of much merit. Indeed, she generally does not contend for her power to

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equal man. They who assert her ability, as a general rule, to compete successfully with man in art and science, in the several departments of outdoor as well as indoor life, only expose themselves to her scorn. She does not wish to be, nor does she wish to be considered, superior to man. Her great want is,—not to love,—but to reverence; and she would soon cease to love man, if she could not look up to him, and reverence him. She is so made,—not so educated, but so made,—that she finds the highest and sweetest gratification of her ambition in the success of her husband or her son. She rarely is ambitious for her own sake. Her desire is unto her husband, in whom she would live and reign, in whose existence she would completely merge her own. It is for him only, or as a mother for her children, that she would acquire wealth, fame, or distinction. It is the order of nature that it should be so, and it is in this way that woman becomes really a "help meet" for man, and the peace and loveliness of domestic life are secured. We think, therefore, our "woman's rights" people would do well to let it remain undisturbed. We think, also, that there is more gallantry than wisdom in the growing fashion of altering the marriage covenant, so that the wife no longer promises to obey her husband.

This last reminds us of another ultraism coming into vogue. There is already a class of radicals among us who think it a gross outrage upon natural rights, that children should be required to obey their parents, and we have even heard it seriously contended that we should have a rights of children's society, to protect the pretty dears from the despotism of their fathers and mothers,—fathers more especially; and to secure them the free and unimpeded enjoyment of the natural liberty of coming and going when and where they please. When this society shall have gone into operation, we propose the formation of another to save the needle from its slavery to the pole, and the body from its subjection to the law of gravitation. It is intolerable tyranny, that of compelling the needle at all seasons, in all weathers, by day and by night, without the least time for rest or relaxation, to "point trembling to the pole," and calls aloud upon all the friends of freedom for redress. Moreover, what slavery more gross or complete than that of our bodies, nay, of all nature to the law of gravitation? Now, we may as well complain of those laws to which the natural world is subjected, as of those by which God gov-

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erns the moral world. This slavery of women and children to the tyrant man, which does so sorely vex the modern friends of freedom, perhaps, correctly rendered, would be merely the protection of the weak and helpless by the strong. The power man claims over his wife and children, is only that which he needs in order to be the protector of those he loves.

Against this power, so far as concerns the wife, the writings of Madame Dudevant are a loud, indignant, and yet an eloquent and touching protest. Her writings, to a very considerable extent, seem to have been called forth by a deep sense of the real or imaginary sufferings of woman. Women are represented to us as the victims of a false and hollow-hearted civilization, of unjust and tyrannical laws, of barbarous husbands, doomed to be tied to men they cannot love, to suffer from the want of some object for their affections, in a word, to go through life sighing and pining for what they have not, and cannot have, and to die poor, miserable, broken-hearted things. Poor Madame Dudevant, we doubt not that thou hast suffered much, and that thou hast faithfully unfolded to us much of thy own painful experience, for which we are duly grateful. We can easily believe all the sentimental tortures, thou so eloquently and pathetically settest forth as endured by the sex, are really endured by them. But after all, my dear Madame, a few hours each day of employment, in the labors performed by the cook or chamber-maid, with a simpler diet, would improve thy digestion, and save thee from the greater part of them. *Ma chère amie*, hast thou ever reflected how much the digestion has to do with these sentimental tortures? The lady who should be compelled to live on six pence a day, and to earn it by bodily labor, would keep clear of them all. It is idleness, luxury, refinement, that produce them; and the best way to cure them would not be to sue out a divorce from thy husband, but to dismiss thy servants, and do thyself the labor of thy own house-keeping. Nay, do not frown, and turn away in disgust. Thou hast no conception how it will improve the temper and manners of this brute of a husband, to sit down to a dinner of thy own cooking. Penelope kept off the suitors, and herself faithful to her lord, by keeping herself constantly at the loom.

Seriously, we think it is time that some one venture to contradict this nonsense becoming so fashionable, about the hard fate of woman, representing her as the slave of man's

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passions, and the victim of his tyranny,—a poor, frail, sensitive being, that finds earth to her nothing but a vale of tears, and domestic life, for which she is so well fitted, but a sort of hell in miniature. We do not believe a word of all this. Here and there a husband may be found, no doubt, who is disposed to tyrannize, and who does abuse his wife; but, as a general rule, man has no such disposition. Wives, no doubt, suffer in many instances from the temper of their husbands, but husbands sometimes suffer from their wives; but they have the self-respect, for the most part, to suffer in silence. We see no reason for thinking that the lot of woman is one of peculiar hardship. The principal evil to which she seems to us exposed, is idleness, brought about in consequence of the changes which have been effected in the forms of our industry.

Moreover, we believe that much of this which is said about woman's exquisite sensibility is sheer nonsense. The great relief from the ills of life is employment, in a word, work. Man was made to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and when he does not, he suffers. The changes which have been introduced into society, imposing less active duties than formerly on the women of the easy classes, have given to these women ample time and opportunity to experience the sentimental sufferings, which necessarily spring from comparative idleness and luxury. There is no doubt, then, much real suffering in these classes. But we have yet to be convinced, that woman is so organized as to be susceptible of acuter sufferings than man. For our part, we believe the reverse, if there be any difference, is the fact. Man is more angular, has more elbows to be struck, and a more irritable temperament. Women submit to pain more readily than men, not, we apprehend, because they have more power of endurance, but because they actually suffer less than men in similar circumstances. If we pass from physical to mental sufferings, we believe it is the same. Man can love as deeply, as truly, and as tenderly as woman, and he feels, we apprehend, not less acutely than woman the pangs of unrequited or disappointed affection. He, however, bears up against it, because it is not manly to give way to it. We fancy the husband who has been disappointed in his wife, who finds that between him and her there is nothing of that compatibility of temper, oneness of feeling, and ready sympathy, he had anticipated, suffers no less than the wife, on making the same discovery. And

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then for remedy,—the wife has as many resources as the husband, for she may employ herself as well as he; and when she becomes a mother, she finds, in the pleasures of maternal affection, ample amends for the want of the conjugal. In the love of her children she has even a resource which the husband has not, or at least only to a feeble extent. He, it may be said, can take an active part in politics, in the church, in the world, in chasing ambition or wealth, and thus find wherewithal to fill up the vacuum in his heart. So may the wife take an active part in house-keeping, in superintending her domestic arrangements, in educating her children, and solacing the afflicted. There is as ample room for her activity as for his.

Nor can we go along with our sentimental reformers, in looking to divorce as a remedy for the evils they find in married life. Married life unquestionably is not that perfect paradise which the brilliant fancies of the young couple, who for the first time tell to each other their mutual love, have painted it; and most wisely ordered is it, that it should not be. The life of man in this world is destined to be one of toil and struggle. Man is born to work. If marriage, then, realized that Claude Lorrain dream of youth, if it brought us without interruption that exquisite delight and perfect satisfaction which the inexperienced expect from it, we should find it impossible to make the necessary efforts to sustain life, to perform our part in the world; and marriage would be only a sort of euthanasia. A little uneasiness, some little want, is necessary, to compel each to work; for love, when perfect, though very desirable and very pleasant, is after all a little too absorbing. We do not think it, then, an evil, that married life is not a life of perfect bliss.

But even were it so, divorce would be the worst possible remedy, save in very rare cases. The truth is, we have more power to control and regulate our feelings than modern philosophy admits. Idleness and indulgence are the principal causes of our inability to control our sentiments. Constant employment and constant effort at self-mastery will work miracles for us. The parties, who find themselves not so well matched as they expected to be, then, may get over the difficulty, if they will make the effort. They can conform one to the other, and come to harmonize tolerably well. It is a bad doctrine in morals, this, that our feelings are altogether beyond our control. We can, if we will do our

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best, bring our feelings to go hand in hand with what we believe to be our duty.

Then again, we protest against the lawfulness of divorce. Marriage by its own nature is absolutely indissoluble. When a couple enter into the marriage relation, they do it for life; they understand it, and they mean it for life. If they entered it with any reservation, with an understanding that it was to continue only for a period, only so long as it should be mutually agreeable to themselves, they would not look upon it as marriage; it would want in their eyes the character of sanctity, and would be not at all distinguishable from a mere transient commerce of passion and caprice. Divorce, then, can never be claimed by the parties themselves, as a matter of justice, can never be granted, merely on the ground of the mutual consent of the parties concerned; and can be tolerated only in those rare cases, which justify the exercise of mercy on the part of the lawgiver; when the lawgiver may arrest the ordinary course of the law, through compassion to one of the parties, grossly wronged or offended by the other, or to prevent a greater moral and social evil. It can be properly granted only by the special act of the law-making power. Consequently, it will be wholly impossible to grant that freedom of divorce, contended for by reformers on this subject, without abandoning the marriage institution altogether. But even if divorce were lawful, and marriage were dissoluble at the will of one party, or of both parties, it would bring woman very little relief. The passions or the sentiments, which would crave a divorce, would rarely be able to find the satisfaction demanded. The cause of the suffering complained of is not, after all, so much the result of the incompatibility of the parties, as we sometimes suppose. It is inherent in one or both of the parties, and would be not less active, as a general rule, in any new relations one or the other might form.

So far as it concerns certain property relations, we think our laws might, and should be, modified in favor of woman. In a commonwealth like ours, where so much attention is paid to female cultivation, where there is a constantly increasing excess of females, and consequently where a large number must inevitably remain single through life, women's facilities for acquiring, holding, transferring, or disposing of property, should approach as near as possible to those of the other sex. But beyond these, we see no special occasion to clamor for woman's rights, or any more ground to com-

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plain of man's wrongs to woman, than of woman's wrongs to man. Man is by no means generally disposed to tyrannize over woman; and we do not believe that the instances in which husbands love their wives are so rare as is sometimes imagined. Man is more frequently woman's slave, than she is his. The cords with which she binds him may be finer, and apparently weaker than those with which he binds her: but they are not the less effectual. Through his susceptibility, through those very qualities in him, which it is contended by some that she alone possesses, she is able to do with him very much as she pleases; and we have yet to learn that she never exercises her power, save with moderation. Man, to say the least, is as weak before her as she is before him; and if she does not enjoy her rights as fully as he does his, the fault is no more his than hers.

As for this political equality, which some are claiming for woman, we have less and less sympathy with it every day. We formerly contended for it, and have preached and written in its defence. But we do not think woman would gain any thing by its admission, at least so long as we retain our present political organization. The peculiar temperament and genius of woman does not fit her to excel as a legislator, or as a judge. The only branch of government, in which she would acquit herself tolerably, would be the executive. She is a good administrator, and a keen judge of character, which would enable her to select faithful and competent agents. Nevertheless, were she to enter freely with us the political arena, she would soon compel us to forget her sex, and to treat her as a second or third rate man. We hope the time will never come when, in our intercourse with her, the difference of sex can be forgotten on either side. We have never yet known any good to come from attempts to obliterate the great landmarks of nature. We must therefore conclude with saying that, upon the whole, we have no sympathy with the clamor about woman's rights; no belief in the alleged fact that she is universally the victim of that horrid brute, man; or that she has any wrongs to be redressed. Life, no doubt, has its evils; men and women both suffer,—the married and the unmarried, the divorced and the undivorced, and suffer often, and long, and deeply; but the remedy is not in pitting one sex against the other, but in laboring together with such mutual confidence and love as there may be, to remove those evils which are removable, and in aiding and encouraging each other to bear with firm-

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ness, and without a murmur, what must be borne. The cure for these vague, sentimental sorrows, these pangs of disappointed or unrequited affections, and the horror of being wedded, a frail, delicate thing, all life, all love, all sensibility, to a coarse, unsympathizing husband, will not be found in reading sentimental novels, nor in indignant though eloquent protests against all institutions, domestic or social; but in a firm resolve to do one's duty, in active employment in some useful calling, and in unremitted efforts to lighten the burdens and solace the afflictions of our brethren. No small portion of our misery springs from our love of it, and fear of losing it. We hug it to our bosoms, we cherish it, lavish on it the fondest caresses, and cannot be persuaded to let it go. If at any moment it seems to be escaping us, we are alarmed, and like the Countess in one of Dumas's plays, not a little grieved to find ourselves on the point of being—happy!

As society advances in wealth and artificial refinement, as the numbers of those who find themselves in easy circumstances increase, the more decided must be the tendency to these sentimental sufferings, and the more general this ill-at-ease, of which we hear and experience so much. Naturally, then, will it find more and more expression in our literature. This is unquestionably an evil, and an evil which has been greatly exaggerated of late, by the large accessions which have been made to the number of female writers. Women are at this moment gaining almost a monopoly of our literature; they have suddenly stepped forth from the retired apartments of domestic life, to lay open before us their feelings, fancies, and caprices. The result is the inundation of the land with a flood of sentimentality.

But after all, this evil is of short duration, and one which will cure itself. Woman wants what may be termed productive genius; but she excels as a critic. She has a finer, and in most matters a more correct taste than man. Her powers of execution are not equal to her judgment. Her own productions will never satisfy herself. Nor will she be satisfied with productions by the other sex possessing characteristics similar to her own. Woman is herself always more or less sentimental, and sentimentalism will always characterize her productions; but she detests mere sentimentalism in man. He who would commend himself to woman, must indeed possess deep and genuine feeling, real tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, but he must not sigh

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and shed tears, he must not whimper; he must be robust, bold, vigorous, energetic, in one word, *manly*. Those dapper little gentlemen, who talk sentiment, or write verses in albums, and who are really fit only to stand behind the counter and sell tape by the half or quarter yard, are never the men who can gain the approbation or the affections of a genuine woman. She demands always the genuine man. No matter if his arm is brawny, his frame somewhat huge, and his manners unrefined, if there be at bottom a true man, with a bold spirit, a brave heart, and an heroic soul.

Now these qualities, which woman demands in man, she requires him always to express in his literature; and it will ere long be discovered, that as soon as the novelty of being herself an author passes off, she will tolerate no literature that is not strong and manly, giving expression to bold and energetic feelings, to brave thoughts, and high aspirings. The sickliness of her own productions she will not tolerate for a moment, in those of the other sex. The growing literary influence of woman, which now swells the flood of sentimentality, will ultimately tend to make our literature more robust and healthy. And as men must study to be as unlike women as possible, in their characters, in order to please them, their natural desire to please them will make them, as authors, study to be strong, healthy, and unsentimental. In this way literature will recover its tone, and in turn contribute to the health of society.

But we have rambled so far from our subject, that it is now too late to return to it. Georges Sand, upon the whole, though a woman, is to us the most pleasing, and the most inspiring of the modern authors of popular French literature. She has great purity of feeling, great depth and delicacy of sentiment, and rare beauty and strength of expression. If she exposes vice, or the defects of existing domestic or social arrangements, it is never in mere wantonness. You feel always that you are reading the utterances of an earnest spirit, always and everywhere aspiring to something better. You feel the unrest in which she is, and from which she tries to escape, and you honor her as a brave and struggling spirit, who would be better, do better, and make the world better, all men and women happier and lovelier, if she could. But you feel all the while, that she is out of health, that the tone of her feelings is diseased; and you are unable to rise from the perusal of one of her works cheered and invigorated for the combat of life. O

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sing us, my dear lady, a livelier strain, do not oppress us ever with that monotonous wail of the soul, seeking in vain to solve the problem of its own destiny. Enough of those melancholy notes. Sing us a song of gladness; if you cannot, sing us a bold war-song, and send us forth ready to do valiant battle against the enemies of our peace and virtue.

Spiridion, the work named at the head of this article, is properly a religious work, written with the same purpose that we had in writing *Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted.* It details the experience of an ingenuous mind, in its progress through the several stages of doubt, unbelief, to absolute infidelity, and from that depth of horror and desolation, up to something like faith in God and immortality. The conclusion to which she arrives, the solution she offers of the enigma of existence, is worthy of study, as marking the tendency of religious speculation among the popular writers in France, and more especially as showing the growing influence of the doctrines of *l'École Saint-Simonienne.* We intended to notice this solution at length; but we have left ourselves no room. We, however, recommend the book to all who are capable of appreciating fine writing, of sympathizing with free thought, and liberal feeling. We consider it a very remarkable book, a book not without a deep significance. We have never read a book on religious subjects, that contained so many passages, which seemed to be perfect transcripts from our own experience.

THE SCHOLAR'S MISSION.

[An oration pronounced before the Gamma Sigma Society, of Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., July 26, 1843.]

GENTLEMEN:

You have invited me, and I have very willingly accepted your invitation, to address you on this anniversary occasion, which must be to you one of no ordinary interest. I say, to *you*, for the recollections and associations, which make this a great day to you, a day long to be remembered, and looked back upon as marking an important epoch in your life, form, I regret to say, no part of my experience. I have no recollections or associations connected with college halls or academic bowers; yet I have learned from the events of life,

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to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep; and I would not willingly admit myself wanting in that patriotism which takes a deep interest in each successive generation of scholars, that our literary institutions annually send forth for the honor and glory, the safety and prosperity, of the country.

Though but ill-qualified by my own scholastic attainments to do the subject justice, I have yet thought that I could not better comply with your wishes, and answer the request which brings me here, than by selecting for the theme of our reflections, THE SCHOLAR'S MISSION. This is a subject which must be fresh in your minds; which must have often occupied your thoughts, and given rise to both painful anxieties, and joyful anticipations; and to which the attention of us all is naturally drawn, by the day, the place, the occasion, and their respective associations.

In treating this subject, I shall first consider the scholar's mission in general; and secondly, as modified by the peculiar tendencies of our own age and country.

I use this word scholar in no low or contracted sense. I mean by it, indeed, a *learner*, for truth is infinite, and we are finite; but on this occasion I mean by it the MASTER rather than the pupil; and not merely the one who has mastered some of the technicalities of a few of the more familiar sciences, but the one who has, as far as possible, mastered all the subjects of human thought and interest, and planted himself on the beach at the farthest distance as yet moistened by the ever advancing wave of science. I understand by the scholar no mere pedant, dilettante, literary epicure or dandy; but a serious, hearty, robust, full-grown man; who feels that life is a serious affair, and that he has a serious part to act in its eventful drama; and must therefore do his best to act well his part, so as to leave behind him, in the good he has done, a grateful remembrance of his having been. He may be a theologian, a politician, a naturalist, a poet, a moralist, or a metaphysician; but whichever or whatever he is, he is it with all his heart and soul, with high, noble,—in one word, *religious* aims and aspirations.

With this view of the scholar, though I would not be thought deficient in my respect for classical literature, I cannot call one a scholar, merely because he is familiar with Homer and the Greek tragedians, and can make a felicitous quotation from Horace or Juvenal. The scholarship is

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not in this familiarity, nor in this ability, though neither is to be despised; but in so having studied the classics as to have made them the means of throwing new and needed light on some dark passage in human history or in the human heart. We study the classics as scholars only when we study them as the exponents of Greek and Roman life, of the humanity that then and there was, lived and toiled, joyed and sorrowed, came and went; and from deep sympathy with that humanity acquire a deeper sympathy with the humanity that now is, and strengthen our hearts and our hands for the necessary work of attaining to a nobler humanity hereafter.

In other words, the scholar is a grave, earnest-minded man, who lives and labors for some high and worthy end,—a man who will pore over the past, survey the present, search "by sea and land each mute and living thing,"

> "———— Outwatch the Bear
> With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
> The spirit of Plato; ————"

break forth in song, strike such music from the human heart as shall tame savage beasts, and make the very stones assume shape and order in the walled city; or utter himself in fiery indignant eloquence that shall make senates thrill, nations upheave, tyrants look aghast, and monarchs put their hands to their heads to feel for their crowns; but all and always for some high and solemn purpose, some true and noble end, for which he counts it honorable to live, and sweet to die.

But, what is this end? The answer to this question, answers the question, what is the scholar's mission? I have here asked a grave question, one not to be lightly passed over, or answered without long, patient, and profound thought. No small number of those who pass among us for scholars even, answer it with thoughts quite too low and unworthy; with no adequate conceptions of its reach or its wealth, as if in fact, the end of the scholar were merely to create a literature. The youth that go forth from our colleges and universities mourn over the meagreness of our national literature, and glowing with their young fire and patriotic zeal, start up, and with noble resolution exclaim, "Go to now, let us create an American literature." But, literature is never to be sought for its own sake: the end of the scholar is not to be a scholar; but a man, doing that which cannot be done without scholarship. However desirable it may be to have a rich and varied, a profound and living

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national literature, it can never be obtained by being sought as an end, and with "malice aforethought." It comes, if it come at all, only on condition that brave and true-hearted men engage in some great and good work for their country or their race, to the performance of which literature is indispensable; and it will be true and noble, rich and varied, living and profound, just in proportion to the nobleness of the work, and the zeal, purity, and ability with which they have labored in its performance. The end is never the production of a work of art, however grand in conception, successful in execution, or exquisite in finish; but the realization of a good to which art is subsidiary. It is to honor his country and her gods that Phidias chisels his Minerva or his Jupiter. The end is always worship; the artist is the priest ministering at the altar; the art is the victim, the sacrifice.

But once more, what is this end, lying beyond the production of a work of art, or the creation of a national literature, which the scholar must seek, for which he must live and labor, and not fear but even joy to die? It needs the scholar to answer; and in point of fact no small part of the scholar's mission consists precisely in answering this question; in like manner as the great end of life is to learn to live. The scholar, I have said, is a grave, earnest-minded man, who feels that he has a serious part to act in the eventful drama of life; what then, can be, in general terms, the end he must seek, but the end common to him and to all others; that is, the true end of man? What then is the true end, in the language of the catechism, "the chief end of man"? For what has God made and placed us here? How are we to fulfil the end for which we were made and placed in this world? Here we see at once, are questions which are not to be answered without sounding the very depths of theology, ethics, politics, and metaphysics. How answer the question, what is the end of man, without ascertaining man's nature and the designs of his Maker; that is to say, without theology and metaphysics? How determine the means by which we are to fulfil this end, without ascertaining man's relations to his Maker, and to his fellow-men; and to his fellow-men taken both individually and collectively,—that is to say, without practical divinity, ethics, and politics, the special sciences that treat of these relations? The scholar's first and principal duty then will be found to consist in mastering the sciences which answer the questions,

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what is our destiny? and what are our means of fulfilling it? For it is only in knowing what is our destiny, and in laboring to accomplish it, that we make any the least progress towards our perfection as human beings.

You will find, my young friends, the answer to the question I have asked, in your religion. Religion has a two-fold office,—to answer the question, what is my destiny; and to be to me the "wisdom of God, and the power of God" to struggle, without fatigue and successfully, for its realization. It is then absolutely indispensable to the scholar. An irreligious scholar, in any worthy sense of the term, were a solecism. You might as well speak of the astronomer who has not heard of the stars, the painter who cannot distinguish between light and shade, the musician who perceives not the harmony of sounds, or the mechanician who is ignorant of the lever and the laws of motion. No man can understand the end for which he was made, love it, fix his eye on it, and pursue it with unfaltering step through good report, and through evil, in life and in death, without religion; the disinterested affection it quickens, and the power of self-denial and self-sacrifice it communicates. In our young days, we do not always believe this; we fancy it a mark of superior wisdom and manliness to feel ourselves free from vulgar prejudices and the *pietistic* cant of the saints; and so we merely tolerate religion, or at best condescend to *patronize* it. But as we grow older, and are less affected by mere glare and novelty, as our experience becomes deeper and richer, life's pathos more genuine, and we are able to look on men and things with the eyes of a maturer wisdom, we change all this, and come to feel that our young wisdom was but folly, and our youthful strength was but weakness. "When I was a child I thought as a child, I spake as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." The sooner we put away the folly of believing that it is religion that needs us, and not we that need religion, the sooner shall we cease to be children, and enter upon our career as men.

But still once more, what is this end, the chief end of man? The catechism answers, and answers truly: "To glorify God and enjoy him forever." It is to grow up into the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus; or in the language of human philosophy, to struggle for the highest worth admitted by the laws of our nature; or in other words still, to aspire always to the highest, to the realization of the bright ideal of the true, the beautiful, and the good, that for

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ever hovers over and before us. Man was made for growth. The whole creation is progressive; realizing ever in its continuous growth more and more of the infinite ideal of the Creator. Nothing stands still; nothing remains where or what it was. All flows on, like the current of a deep and mighty river, from eternity to eternity. Man's destiny, and man's glory is to flow on with it. It will suffice, then, for our present purpose to say, that the end for which God made us, and placed us here, is PROGRESS, growth, to be eternally approaching the infinite God, communion with whom is the consummation of the soul's good.

Thus far I have considered the end of the scholar only so far forth as he is a man, in which sense his mission has nothing peculiar. But in realizing progress, in effecting this end, common alike to him and to all men, the scholar has a peculiar, a special mission, a high and responsible mission; namely, that of INSTRUCTING AND INSPIRING MANKIND FOR THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THEIR DESTINY. The scholar is always one who stands out from and above the mass, to instruct them as to what is their duty, and to inspire them with zeal and energy to perform it.

We talk much in these days and in this country, about equality, and some of us go so far as to contend that every man is fitted by nature to succeed equally in every thing. We lose individual inequalities in the dead level of the mass, and believe that we shall be able more effectually to carry the race forward by means of this dead level, than by suffering individuals to stand out from and above the multitude, the prophets of a more advanced stage, and the ministers of God to help us to reach it. But this theory of equality, popular as it may have become, will not abide the wear and tear of active life; it is a mere dream, a silly dream, unsustained by a single fact tangible to waking sense. All men are equal only in this, that all are equally men, equally accountable to God, and no one is bound to obey any merely *human* authority. The authority, to have the right to command, must be more than human. For each man may say, "I also am a man. Who as a simple human being is more? No one? Then has no one, as a simple human being, the right to call himself my master." In this sense, and in this only, is it true, "that all men are created equal."

The universe is made up of infinite diversity. No two objects can be found in nature which are absolutely indistinguishable, or which perform one and the same office. In

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our own race the same diversity obtains. One man does not merely repeat another. All individual men participate of humanity, of human nature, and are men only by virtue of such participation; but humanity, all and entire, enters into no one man. No one man can say, I am all of humanity; for if it were so, you might kill off all save that one man, and humanity would suffer no loss. But such is not the fact. Each man represents a distinct phasis of humanity, or humanity under a point of view under which it is represented by no other; and in this fact consists his individuality. As each man performs a distinct office in the manifestation or representation of humanity, humanity must have need of all her sons, the highest and the lowest; and hence it is, that no one can be spared, and whoso wounds but one, the least significant of these sons, wounds the mighty heart of universal humanity herself. Here is the broad and solid foundation of society and the social virtues,—on which society becomes, not a mere assemblage or aggregation of individuals, held together by that rope of sand, enlightened self-interest, but a living organism, with a common centre of life, and a common principle of vitality; a one body with many members, and all the members members one of another.

This being the constitution of humanity and of human society, it follows that in the order of divine Providence, each man must needs have his special mission, and that a mission which no one else has, or can be fitted to perform. Each is to labor for the advancement of all, not by attempting to do the work of all indiscriminately; but by confining himself to his own specially allotted work. To some is assigned one work, to others another. Some are called to be artists, some to be cultivators of science, others to be industrials. All cannot be prophets and priests; all cannot be kings and rulers, all cannot be poets and philosophers; and all, I dare add, cannot be *scholars*, in all or in any of the special departments of scholarship. The doctrine of St. Paul is as applicable in its principle here to society at large, as to the church. "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge; to another, faith; to another, the gifts of healing; to another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, the interpretation of tongues; but all these work-

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eth that one and the self-same Spirit, *dividing to every man severally as he will.* For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many are one body; so also is Christ. For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it not therefore of the body? and if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And if they were all one member where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee. Nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay much more, those members of the body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary, and those which we think to be less honorable, upon these bestow we more abundant honor."

This diversity of gifts and callings is essential to the very conception of society; and it is a fact which there is no getting over, if we would. It has its root in the order of Providence, in human nature, and in human society. I care not how much you war against it; you will never fit every man to succeed equally in every thing. I care not how universal you may make education, nor how nearly equal the advantages you may extend to all the children of the land; only a small, a very small number of those you educate will become scholars. The world has had but one Homer, one Dante, one Shakspeare. In what state has education been more generally or more equally diffused, than in this very state of New Hampshire, boasting a more solid and enduring foundation in the glory and worth of her sons, than in the granite of her hills? And yet of the many you have educated, how few have become distinguished scholars? I fall here, I own, on an instance more unfavorable to my position, than any other I could select; but even here, I am borne out by unquestionable fact. Yet let us beware now we seize upon this fact to foster foolish aristocratic pride or pretension. No one can say beforehand, who shall be the distinguished. No rank, no wealth, no facilities rank and wealth can command, will assure us a scholar in our dearly cherished son. All the training in the world may be bestowed in vain. Up from some obscure corner, out from

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some Nazareth, from some carpenter's shop, blacksmith's forge, or shoe-maker's bench, from some uncheered hut of misery and wretchedness, may start forth the true scholar; make his way through the crowd that close up against him; over the rich and proud that with armed heel would crush him; baffle poverty and want; and finally stand up in the serene majesty of the soul, an acknowledged chief and leader of his race;—a nobleman, with the patent of his nobility written, not on parchment, but with God's own hand on his heart.

But the doctrine I wish to establish is, not merely that the human race is carried forward by a division of labor, by each one's having, and confining himself to, his specially allotted work; but, that progress does not require it to be otherwise, and especially that it does not consist, as some in these days would seem to contend, in reducing all to the dead level of which I have spoken, and in effecting such an equality of capacity and attainments as shall make every man alike qualified for every thing. Such a state of equality is as undesirable as it is impossible. Level all your mountains, fill up all your valleys, reduce all the inequalities of the earth's surface to one immense plain, and your immense plain is the immense desert Sahara. With this dead level, society would lose all its variety, all its charms, all its activity; and become as calm and as putrid as the stagnant pool. No, there is and should be in human society, as in the church, a diversity of gifts and callings, and each in its place, in reference to its end, is alike necessary, alike honorable, alike noble.

Without this diversity, and the inequality necessarily growing out of it, it were idle to talk of the progress of humanity. The mass are not carried forward without individuals, who rise above the general average. Where would have been the race now, had it not been for such men as Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, Abelard and St. Thomas, Bacon and Descartes, Locke and Leibnitz; Alexander and Cæsar, Alfred and Charlemagne, Napoleon and Washington; Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Pindar, Virgil and Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton, Goethe and Schiller; not to speak of the immeasurably higher order of providential men, whom we bring not into the category of these,—inspired prophets and messengers, specially called, and illuminated in their several degrees, by the Holy Ghost,—such as Noah and Abraham, Moses and David, Paul and John, Augustine and Bernard, George Fox, and others. It is only by the life, love, labors, and sacrifices of these, and such as

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these, that the race is quickened, instructed, inspired, and enabled to make its way through the ages to the accomplishment of its destiny.

There are, and it is worse than idle to deny it, labors indispensable to the progress of mankind, under its moral, religious, intellectual, and social relations, which can be performed only by men who stand out, and are distinguished by their capacity, virtues, and attainments, from the multitude. The most ordinary questions concerning man's destiny, or mere every-day ethics, can be answered only by the light of a metaphysical and theological science, which the many do not, will not, and cannot be made to understand. Popular passions, popular prejudices, popular ignorance, popular errors and vices, are often to be withstood; but who will there be to withstand them, if there be none among us, who rise above the level of the mass? for who, not rising above the level of the mass, but must share them? Who among us, having only the wisdom and virtue common to all, for the sake of truth, justice, love, religion, country, humanity, will throw themselves before the popular car, and with their bodies seek to arrest its destructive career?

But when I speak of the mass, of the many, I pray you not to misinterpret me. They whom I include in the term *many*, or on whom my mind specially rests in speaking of the many, are not exclusively those whom the world calls the poor and illiterate. Never measure a man's capacity, attainments, or virtues, by his apparent rank, wealth, or education. I am no great believer in the superior capacities, or virtues, of what are called the upper classes. Nine-tenths of the graduates of our colleges, are as innocent as the child unborn of any, the least, the faintest conception of the real problems of metaphysical science; and it were as easy to make him who is stone deaf, relish the performance of one of Beethoven's symphonies, as to make them even conceive of these problems, to say nothing of their solving them. Only a few peculiarly constituted minds, coming at rare intervals of time and space, can seek successfully their solution; and these perhaps come oftenest, when and whence they are least expected. To these, come when or whence they may, belongs the solution of the problems of which I speak; the results or benefit of the solution belong to the many. So say we of theology, ethics, and politics. The *science* is for the few, the *results* for all men. The science is to be sought by the few alone, but solely and expressly

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for the many, who will not, and cannot successfully seek it for themselves. To the few then the honor and glory of the labor; to the many the right to enter into the labors of the few, and enjoy the fruit.

The human race is progressive, but progressive only on the condition, that different members fulfil different offices. Among these different offices, is that of instructor and inspirer. This office is to be filled by the scholar. But you will bear in mind, that it is an office instituted by Providence, not for the special benefit of the incumbent. The scholar's mission is to instruct and inspire the race in reference to the general end,—progress,—for which God has made and placed us here. This is the fact that too many of those who pass for scholars, overlook: and hence the prejudice we find in our own day and country against them. This prejudice does not grow out of any dislike to the general law of Providence, that the race is to be carried forward by individuals, who stand out from and above the mass. Every republican glories in the name of Washington; every democrat delights to honor Jefferson. No man is really offended, that there is inequality in men's capacities, attainments, and virtues. But the prejudice grows out of the fact, that our educated men are exceedingly prone to forget, that their superior capacities and attainments are to be held by them, not for their own private benefit, but as sacred trusts, to be used for the moral, religious, social, and intellectual advancement of mankind. They for the most part look upon their superior capacities and scholastic attainments, as special marks of divine favor upon themselves personally, conferred for their own special good, because God perchance loves them better than he does others. This is a grievous error. God is no respecter of persons; and if he gives this man one capacity, and that man another, it is not because he loves one man more or less than he does another; for it is always while the children are yet unborn, before they have done either good or evil, that it is written, "the elder shall serve the younger." But it is because he has so ordered it, that his purposes in regard to humanity, are to be carried on only by a division of labor, by establishing among men a diversity of gifts and callings, by assigning to one man one work, and to another man another work. The mortal sin of every aristocracy, whether literary, scientific, military, or political, is by no means in the inequality it implies, produces, or perpetuates; but in the

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fact, that it regards itself as a *privileged* order, specially endowed for its own special benefit. Hence, every aristocracy seeks always to consolidate itself, and to secure to itself all the advantages of the state, or of society. It seeks to make itself a caste, and to rule, not as the servant of others, but as their master. But to whom much is given, of him much is required. If more is given to the few than to the many, it is that they may bear the heavier burdens; as says Jesus, "let him that is greatest among you, be your servant." Greatness is conferred not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He is the greatest, who best serves his race; and *he* proves himself not great, but little, who seeks to serve not his race, but himself.

The notion, then, which scholars sometimes entertain, that their scholarship is a personal immunity, a sort of personal luxury, which they have the right to indulge for themselves alone, and that this is wherefore in God's providence they have been blessed with the capacity and means to be scholars, is false, mischievous; and whoso entertains it, and acts on it, will assuredly fail in discharging his mission as a scholar. Just in proportion as you rise above the level of the mass, does your obligation to labor for their welfare enlarge and strengthen; and your true distinction, your true glory, is not that in ability or attainment you rise above them, but that you more successfully, and under more important relations, contribute to their real growth, than do any of your competitors. The scholarship that rests with the scholar, that seeks only the scholar's own ease, pleasure, convenience, or renown, is worthy only of the unmitigated contempt of all men. Of all men, the scholar is he who needs most thoroughly to understand and practise the abnegation of self; who more than any other is to be laborious and self-sacrificing, feeling himself charged to work out a higher good for his brethren; and that wherever he is, or whatever he does, the infinite Eye rests upon him, and his honor as a man, as well as a scholar, is staked on the wisdom and fidelity, with which he labors to execute his mission.

Thus far I have considered the mission of the scholar only in its general character, as we find it at all times, and in all places; but it is time that we proceed now to consider it as modified by the peculiar tendencies of our own age and country. The scholar, let him do his best, will be more or less affected by the peculiar tendencies of the age in which he lives, and the country in which he was brought up, and

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must act; and in these peculiar tendencies he finds, and must find, his special mission, the special work to which God in his providence calls him. His general mission, we have said, is to instruct and inspire his race. To ascertain his special mission, he must ask, In relation to what does my age or my country most need to be instructed and inspired? Is it the mission of the scholar to vindicate the classics, when and where the classics are in no danger of being underrated? to fight against knight-errantry, after knight-errantry has become extinct, never to be revived? to war against monarchy, where all the tendencies are to democracy? or to seek to enlarge the power of the masses, when and where their power is already so great as to overwhelm and crush all who dare to resist it, or in the most modest terms to question its legitimacy? No, it never is, it never can be, the mission of the scholar to do over again for the progress of his race, what has already been done; but that which has not as yet been done, and which must be done, before another step forward can be taken. What is the special work for me to do *here* and *now*? This is *here* and *now* my work as a scholar.

The scholar, I repeat, is one who stands out from and above the mass, as it were, a prophet and a priest to instruct and inspire them. He is not, then, and cannot be, one who joins in with the multitude, and suffers himself to be borne blindly and passively along by their pressure. Do not mistake me. The scholar is not one who stands above the people, and looks down on the people with contempt. He has no contempt for the people; but a deep and an all-enduring love for them, which commands him to live and labor, and, if need be, suffer and die, for their redemption; but he never forgets that he is their instructor, their guide, their chief, not their echo, their slave, their tool. He believes, and proceeds on the belief, that there is a standard of truth and justice, of wisdom and virtue, above popular convictions, aye, or popular instincts; and that to this standard both he and the people are bound to conform. To this standard he aims to bring his own convictions, and by it to rectify his own judgments; and, having so done, instead of going with the multitude when they depart from it, swimming with the popular current when it sets in against it, he throws himself before the multitude, and with a bold face and a firm voice commands them to pause, for their onward course is their death. He resists the popular current, he braves the popular opinion, wherever he believes it wrong

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or mischievous, be the consequences to himself what they may. This he must do, for Providence, in giving him the capacity and means to be a scholar, that is, a leader, and chief of his race, has made him responsible, to the full measure of his ability, for the wisdom and virtue of the multitude.

Here is the law that must govern the scholar. He must labor to lead public opinion where right, and correct it where wrong. Keeping this in view, we can without difficulty comprehend what, in these days and in this country, is the special work for the scholar. The tendency of our age and country is a *levelling* tendency. This is seen everywhere and in every thing; in literature, religion, morals, and philosophy,—in church and in state. There is no mistaking this fact. In *literature* the tendency is to bring all down to the level of the *common* intelligence, to adapt all to the lowest round of intellect. What is profound we eschew; what requires time and patient thought to comprehend, we forego. For why should we publish what the mass do not readily understand? Nay, what can be the value of that, which transcends the capacity, or attainments, of the many? A profound and original work on philosophy, if written, could hardly be published among us, save at the author's own expense; for it would net no profit to the bookseller. Works sell in proportion to their want of depth. Take a work, which appeals to the five hundred best minds in the country, subtract one half of its pure gold, beat out the remaining half so as to cover the same extent of surface, and you will square the number of its readers; and thus on, just in proportion as you diminish the depth and extend the surface, till a miserable tale, like *Rosina Meadows*, shall be puffed in all your newspapers, and attain in a few weeks to a circulation of from ten to twenty thousand copies; while the admirable philosophical miscellanies of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Constant, translated by Mr. Ripley, with equal taste, elegance, freedom, and fidelity, shall attain to a circulation of only some five or six hundred copies in four or five years.

In religion and the church, we find the same tendency to level all distinctions. The minister of God, who was clothed with authority to teach, has become the minister of the *congregation*, and responsible to those, whose sins he is to rebuke, for the doctrines he holds, and the reproofs he administers; and instead of being at liberty to consult only

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the glory of his Master in the salvation of sinners, he must study to render himself popular, so as to please men as well as God. In the sanctuary, as well as on the hustings, we hear, *vox populi est vox Dei.* The pulpit is thus forced, instead of proclaiming, with an authoritative voice, the word of God, our supreme law, to echo popular convictions and prejudices, popular passions and errors, and to vary its tone with the varying moods of the congregation. It loses its power to maintain the form of sound words, and is driven to study to be attractive, *entertaining*, so as to rival the assembly, or the theatre. The elaborate sermons which pleased our ancestors, have become like the armor of the old knights of the middle ages, which we preserve, and furbish up now and then, wondering all the while whence the gigantic race, that were able to wear it. One of those old sermons, to be found now and then in an antiquarian bookstore, or on the shelves of some old-world scholar's library, contains divinity enough to serve a modern clergyman a whole life-time for Sundays, and week-day and evening lectures to boot.

The religious *press* feels the same influence; echoes the popular sentiment; and is as superficial as the popular mind. Scarcely a question is solidly and learnedly discussed; very few of our theologians are up with the literature of their profession; fewer still are able to make any contributions to theological science. We every day value less and less sound theological knowledge. Our congregations cry out against *doctrinal* sermons; religious readers will hear nothing of controversial theology; and the conviction has become quite general, that it matters much less what one thinks, than what one feels; what are one's doctrines, than what are one's emotions. Hence the efforts of our religious teachers, whether from the pulpit or the press, are directed chiefly, not to instructing us in regard to the great doctrines, which grow out of the moral facts of the Gospel, and the great and awful mysteries of salvation through a crucified Redeemer; but to producing, by various and complicated machinery, by a sort of spiritual mesmeric passes and manipulations, certain emotions, or momentary states of feeling, mistaken for piety, which come and go, and leave the sinner not less a child of hell than before.

Nor is this all. While our religious teachers are busy with their spiritual mesmerism, contenting themselves with hurling now and then a feeble missile, like Priam's arrow,

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against popery; relating puerile anecdotes against infidels; and sending forth ephemeral tracts on the mere tithe-cum-min-and-mint of the law; there is a shallow, but reckless spirit, abroad, rashly at work with whatever is sacred, affirming and denying all with equal levity and equal reason. In the church itself, as it exists with us, all seems loosed from its old moorings, and is afloat, and floating—no one can say whither. All opinions are broached, asserted, denied, from the well-defined Catholicism of Anselm and Hildebrand, down to the feeble echo of Strauss, in the "Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion," in which naturalism and no-churchism are baptized, and it is virtually maintained, that it is a matter of no moment to the truth of Christianity, whether there was or was not such a person as Jesus Christ. We are in the midst of complete religious anarchy. No education that is not religious, is worth having; and yet our legislatures are forced to exclude religion from our common schools, so as not to let in sectarianism. We are agreed in nothing. Some of us contend earnestly for the church, and yet contend that men can be saved without, as well as within its pale; others assert, that it is a divine institution, founded by the Lord himself, purchased with his own blood; and yet are not a little afraid, that if it should have power, it would be tyrannical and oppressive; just as if God could tyrannize, or as if any thing divine could be otherwise than on the side of right and freedom! And what can we do to rectify these false notions, and to bring back Christendom to the unity of the faith, and to union with the one body of Christ? How do we meet this shallow and reckless, this irreverent and anarchical, spirit that is abroad?

In the midst of all this confusion and anarchy, a large class among us, who would be thought friendly to religion, stand in our way, and do all they can to prevent any thorough discussion of great and fundamental principles. They dislike controversy; persuading themselves that they are promoting peace, they block up our path, so that we cannot "follow after the things which make for peace;" under plea of religious liberty and toleration, they promote religious indifference, and bring about religious death. Among these we may reckon no small number of our statesmen and politicians, who applaud themselves, that they take no interest in religious discussions, and are able to look down upon the contests of churchmen from their serene heights of indifference, as upon the contests of a family of ants,

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thrown into confusion by the recent overturn of their hillock. Thus while overrun with churches and consecrated ministers of religion, we are virtually an atheistical people, struck with the curse either of fanaticism or indifference, and dying of spiritual inanition.

Whence the cause of all this? It is not difficult to discover. Our politicians want votes, and the votes of the various religious communions; and must therefore attach themselves strongly to none, and studiously avoid whatever might be offensive to any. Our authors want heterodox as well as orthodox, orthodox as well as heterodox, readers; and must therefore strike out whatever might be offensive to one or the other, and publish only the residuum. All comes from this tendency to defer to the mass, to make all depend on the favor of the multitude; or as we say in this country, *public opinion*, the virtue and intelligence, the honesty and good sense, of the people?

In *morals* we may trace the same tendency. But its most striking, as well as most dangerous, manifestations are to be seen in the *political* world. In politics the people are sovereign, nay, *sovereigns;* that is to say, each member of the community, is not merely an integral part of the collective sovereignty of the whole, participating in the sovereignty only so far as he is a member of the social organism, called the state; but a sovereign in himself, in his own right and person, as a simple individual man. The will of the people is that to which our loyalty is morally due, and this not the will of the people legally assembled in convention, and solemnly expressed through the constitution, and laws made in conformity thereto; but the informal will of individuals, collected, if collected at all, no matter how; in a word, the will of a *caucus*, which some are beginning to regard as paramount to the *convention*. Hence the chief merit of a public officer is said to be, to find out and conform to the will of his constituents, without inquiring whether that will is constitutional, just, or not; of a politician, to float on the surface of his party, and to obey any direction the political passions for the time may give him. The land, therefore, swarms with miserable demagogues, whose sole worth consists in the energy and distinctness, with which they are able to vociferate, "I am the servant of the people; I bow to the will of the people; I have no will but the will of the people. O the people, the dear, *dear* people, how I love them! How wise and virtuous they are! Their voice is the voice of God!"

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The conviction, or feeling, seems to have become quite general, that a public man should have no mind of his own, no will, no conscience, but that of his party. To disregard the wishes of one's party, when that party is assumed to be in the majority, though in obedience to the constitution, to one's oath of office, and conscientious convictions of duty, is proclaimed to be base, unpardonable treachery. But this is not the worst. We not only undermine all public virtue, not only convert the statesman into a mere automaton, a sort of people's smoke-jack; but we sweep away all constitutional checks and restraints on popular caprice, popular passion, and popular error,—leaving all the officers of the state, all the interests of the commonwealth, a prey to the undulations of the irresponsible will of the majority for the time, itself swayed to and fro by miserable demagogues, shallow-pated politicians,—or politicians, as old John Randolph wittily and felicitously described them, of "seven principles; that is, *five loaves* and *two fishes*." Alas, the tendency this way, throughout all Christendom is strong and decided. We have broken down the old nobilities, and hierarchies; we have abolished all that was formerly held to be noble and venerable, and made the scholar the moralist, the politician, and last but not least, the minister of religion, responsible to THE PEOPLE; that is, to public opinion. Whether we write, preach, moralize, or *politize*, we do it with the fear of the people before our eyes, and with the desire to obtain their approbation. In a word, it has come to this, our study is to *follow*, to *echo* the public opinion, not to *form* it.

Now, I do not say, that this tendency is accompanied by no good, nor that it has originated in a source wholly evil. So far as it has been effectual in elevating the great mass of the people, in actually ameliorating, in any degree, their moral, intellectual, or social condition, I certainly am not the man to declaim against it, but to thank my God for it. Whatever tends, directly or indirectly, to benefit the masses, so long neglected and down-trodden, however hard it may bear on individuals, I am prepared in both religion and morals to defend. But I deny, that this tendency has resulted in any general elevation of the poorer and more numerous classes, of those who hitherto in the world's history, have been "the hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the few. On the contrary, I contend that it has been for the most part exceedingly hostile to them, and tended to put

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far off the day of their complete emancipation. It is in their name, and in their interests, and not in the name or the interests of the aristocracy, with whom I have no sympathy, that I condemn it. I accept, with all my heart, democracy; but democracy, as I understand and accept it, requires me to sacrifice myself *for* the masses, not *to* them. Who knows not, that if you would save the people, you must often oppose them? No advance has ever yet been made, but it has been opposed by them, especially by those they follow as their trusted leaders. Every true prophet and priest, is at first martyred by them. They were the people, who condemned Socrates to drink hemlock; they were the people, who cried out against one infinitely greater than Socrates, "Crucify, crucify him." The real benefactor of his race, is always calumniated as a public enemy. Nor does it help the matter by saying, this is not the fault of the people themselves, but of those who have their confidence; for if the people were themselves as discerning, and as virtuous, as is contended, how should they come to confide in leaders, who would induce them to crucify their redeemers? The future is elaborated in the present; but its elaborators must work in dark laboratories, in silent retreats, wander the earth in sheep-skins, or in goat-skins, and dwell in the mountains, or in the caves, of whom the world is not worthy. It cannot be otherwise. They are of the future, and must look to the future for their reward. Their views, hopes, wishes, are dark mysteries to their contemporaries, and how can they be the favorites of their age, the men one meets at the head of processions, or in the chief seats in the synagogues? They are the prophets of a better age, of which they must be the builders, as well as the heralds.

You see then, my young friends, if ye will be scholars, and acquit you like men, what here and now, is your mission. You are *to withstand this levelling tendency*, so far, but only so far, as it is a tendency to level downwards, and not upwards. Do not, however, mistake, on this point, the real purport of your mission. Withstand no tendency to sweep away barbarous castes and factitious distinctions, which divide and make enemies of those, who else were friends and brothers; advocate no artificial inequality; contend for no privileged orders; but do all in your power to enable all men to stand up, side by side, with their feet on the same level. Consent never that a man, short by nature, shall plant his feet on your, or another man's, shoulders, draw himself

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up, and with great self-complacency, look round on the multitude, and exclaim, "See, how tall I am!" But, if when all men thus stand up, acknowledged to be men, with their feet on the same broad level of humanity, some are taller than you by the head and shoulders, envy them not; but thank God that your race is blessed with men taller than you. Nay, more than this. Though never suffer another man to stand out from, and above, the mass for his own private advantage, though never suffer another man to stand on your, or a brother's, shoulders, as a personal privilege, yet never, when it is necessary in order to scale the walls of ignorance, and error, vice, or tyranny, for the welfare of your country, or your race, withhold your shoulders from whosoever may need them as the stepping-stones, by which to rise to the height needed to perform the service proposed. There was nothing incompatible with their dignity as men, or as *free* men, in those old Franks, who raised one of their number on their shields, and said to him, "Be our chief."

But the tendency I ask you to withstand, is not merely a tendency to sweep away privileged orders, to bring down all who are elevated only for their *private* advantage, and to place all men with their feet on the same level; but it is a tendency to level from the other extremity, to obtain equality by lopping off all heads, that rise above the general average, and to resist the elevation of any to a sufficient height, to enable them to labor with advantage for the elevation of others. It is this levelling tendency, I ask you to withstand. But this tendency is so strong and decided, that you will find it no easy matter, no child's play, to withstand it. The public mind is unsound, the public conscience is perverted, and in order to set either right, you must appeal from the dominant sentiment of your age and country, to that higher tribunal, to which you and the public are both alike accountable. But this requires a degree of moral heroism, which it is as rare as refreshing to find. You are in danger of being yourselves carried away by this very tendency, which I am calling upon you to withstand. Your road to public honor lies through its encouragement, and worldly renown is to be gained, not by resisting, but by obeying it. I insist on this point, for I know the temptations of the scholar to court popular applause; and I know too how easy it is to win, ay, or to lose, popular applause. He who cannot, as it were, by the mere waving of his hand, compel, if he will, the crowd, as he passes by, to throw up

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their caps and hurrah, or to hoot and execrate him, has no reason to be proud of his ability, or his attainments, as a scholar. Do not yield to the temptation. Look always to a higher and a nobler plaudit, than that of the multitude, and for a more terrible execration than its. Seek the plaudits of the saints and martyrs around the throne of God, and fear only the terrible execration of Him, who is judge both of the quick and the dead.

Our old scholars, like Dr. Johnson, in the last century, congratulated themselves, that they had got clear of the noble, and the wealthy, patron, and had come to throw themselves on the public at large. Schiller makes it his boast, that he has had, and will have, no patron, but the public. With how much reason these scholars congratulated themselves on their new relations, may perhaps be determined by comparing the literature of the middle ages, or the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with that of the eighteenth or nineteenth. There is here all the distance between a thesis by Abelard or Saint Thomas, and an article in the penny magazine, between the Divina Commedia, Hamlet, or Macbeth, and a modern lyrical ballad by Wordsworth or Tennyson. There was no doubt something humiliating to the soul of the true scholar, in the patronage on which he depended after the suppression of the convents and monasteries, the nurseries and support of learning in the palmy days of the church,—something not a little derogatory to the freedom and dignity of letters; but nothing to be compared to the meaner servility we must cultivate, in order to gain the good graces of that nondescript patron, THE PUBLIC. A few well-turned phrases might sometimes conciliate your noble and wealthy patron, and leave you free to speak out, in strong and manly tones, your honest convictions, or the deep and thrilling experience of your life; but when it comes to the *public*, you can only ask, how much truth is the public prepared to take in? How much of what is deepest, truest, holiest in my experience, will the public heed, or appreciate? How much will the public buy? ay, and pay for, in SOLID CASH? Here is the secret of the thin, watery, vapory character of modern English and American literature. I must write for the public at large, and the public at large has no ability to sit in judgment on what is really rich, profound, and original in science or philosophy.

Here is your work. Here is the evil you are to with-

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stand, and to remedy. But do not deceive yourselves. You cannot remedy this evil by going back to any prior state of society, to any hitherto existing arrangement, how much soever you may regret, that the past has gone, and left us nothing better, nothing so good. There is no going back. Yesterday never returns. You must accept what is, and make it the stepping-stone to something better. Nor can you remedy the evil, by setting yourselves at work "with malice aforethought," to create a richer and profounder national literature; but, by taking high and noble views of the scholar's mission, of the scholar's duty, and responsibility, by ascertaining your own special work in the general progress of your kind, and then to go forth and do it; and to do it, if with the public approbation, well and good; if without the public approbation, just as well and good. He to whom solitude, poverty, social martyrdom, death on the scaffold, or the cross, has any thing appalling, has no right to ask to be enrolled as a free citizen in the republic of letters. Bind on, if need be, your tunic of coarse serge, and feed on water in which pulse has been boiled, as did Saint Bernard de Clairvaux, or sew you up a suit, "one perennial suit," of leather, as did the sturdy old George Fox, and putting your trust in God, thus defy the world, trample Satan and his temptations under your feet, and maintain, in all their plenitude, the freedom and dignity of scholarship. Ask not what your age wants, but what it needs; not what it will reward, but what, without which, it cannot be saved; and that go and do; do it well; do it thoroughly; and find your reward in the consciousness of having done your duty, and above all in the reflection, that you have been accounted worthy to suffer somewhat for mankind.

The evil is not in our devotion to the welfare of the mass; nor, indeed, in the fact, that we believe power may be diffused even yet wider through the mass with advantage to the commonwealth; but in the tameness, servility, time-serving and cowardly spirit, of the great body of those, whose education, position, and means, should make them deep thinkers, enlightened guides, heroic defenders of truth, justice, freedom, humanity, and against mobs, no less than against kings, hierarchies, and nobilities. The remedy must be sought in the increase of the number of genuine scholars, in raising up an army of thoroughly educated men, gifted with a brave, heroic, self-denying spirit, with no will but that of their divine Master, and knowing only to obey, to

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the spirit, and to the letter, even the least and the greatest of his commands, let obedience cost what it may.

But I am extending my remarks to an unreasonable length, and trespassing quite too far on your patience and good nature. I can only say in conclusion: Young men! God in his providence, has given you your birth and education, in a great and growing republic; in a land, won and defended by the hardy virtues of a noble and self-denying ancestry, committed to your charge, to be made the land of true freedom, religious, political and moral. It is yours to make this the first of lands, in freedom, in virtue, in true and manly principle; the first of lands, in literature and science, religion and philosophy, art and industry. It is yours to instruct and inspire your countrymen, in the great work of achieving true and enduring national glory and prosperity. It is for this, that you have had advantages of education, means of enlarging and cultivating your minds, which have been denied to many of your brethren. Be faithful, I entreat you in the name of God and of humanity, be faithful to your mission; acquit you like men. Feel that you are under a vow, consecrated from your cradles to be prophets and priests of your race.

Remember, young men, that it is not for your own advantage, your own pleasure, that you are educated, and are to live. Beware how you imbibe this false notion. Your profession as scholars, has fallen into disrepute, and colleges and universities are regarded among us with no friendly eye; for it has been felt, that young men are educated, not that they may the better serve the people, but the more easily, and in a more respectable way, get their living out of the people. Redeem the sacred character of the scholar, I beseech you, from this reproach, by devoting yourselves, heart and soul, to the progress of your race, to the moral, intellectual, and social elevation of all men, especially of the poorer and more numerous classes. In so doing you will magnify your profession as scholars, fulfil your mission, do honor to your country, and receive the approbation of your God.

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NECESSITY OF LIBERAL EDUCATION.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for April, 1844.]

A DEMOCRATIC friend, in one of the western states, sent us, some time since, this address by President Junkin, with a note condemning in severe terms its anti-democratic doctrine, and expressing a wish that we would seize an early opportunity, as they say, of showing it up. We have read the address with some care, and though we form no very high estimate of it as a mere literary performance, we assure our friend, that, with every disposition in the world to gratify him, showing up, in the present case, is quite out of the question.

Dr. Junkin opens his address with some *niaiseries* about self-love and selfishness, which he might have spared us; but his real purpose in his discourse is to defend the cause of liberal studies and sound learning,—a purpose which no one who looks a little below the surface of things, and who has the real welfare of the community at heart, can do otherwise than warmly approve. We do not think Dr. Junkin has been very successful in the execution of his purpose; his remarks are often in bad taste, and rarely rise above commonplace; he does not go to the bottom of his subject, and give us its philosophy, the foundation of his doctrine in the order of Providence and the nature of man; but he deserves honorable mention for the earnestness he displays, and the energy with which he protests against the popular doctrines concerning what he calls "college education." He, however, commits one mistake. He makes the question quite too special, by making it a question of *college* education. He should have proposed the question in its generality, namely, the bearings of liberal studies, of high literary and scientific attainments, in the few, on the welfare of the many. The question properly relates to the *education*, not primarily to the place or means of its acquisition. Grant us the education, and we will not quarrel with you about the conditions of obtaining it; whether it is obtained at college

* *The Bearings of College Education on the Welfare of the Whole Community. The Baccalaureate in Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. Delivered August* 10, 1843, by Rev. GEORGE JUNKIN, D. D., President.

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or elsewhere. The real question concerns the utility or inutility, in reference to the welfare of the whole community, of an educated class; that is, of educating a few to a much higher degree, than we do or can educate the many.

This question we ourselves took up, and treated with some little depth, from the scholar's point of view, in an oration which we gave at the commencement of Dartmouth College, last July, on the Scholar's Mission, and repeated before the Alumni and other Friends of the Vermont University, last August. Our purpose then, as we were addressing scholars, was mainly to make the scholar perceive and feel his duty to the people, and to stimulate him to its faithful and energetic performance, at whatever hazard to himself, to his own ease, wealth, or reputation. We wish now to consider it very briefly, from the point of view of the many, in its relation to the mass, the point of view from which the Address before us considers it.

We begin by assuming the necessity of education in general; that, whatever their native capacity, the mass are not competent to judge wisely and justly of the great matters which concern either their moral or material interests, without previous initiation, or preparatory discipline. It is on the assumption we here make, and on this alone, that is founded the necessity, the propriety even, not merely of colleges and universities, but of our common schools themselves. And yet, it is precisely this assumption of the necessity of education, that the popular doctrine of the day denies.

The eloquent, erudite, and philosophic historian of the United States, in an essay on the Progress of Civilization, contributed to the *Boston Quarterly Review*, seriously, earnestly, and enthusiastically contends, that "the natural association of men of letters is with the democracy," and on the ground that the great unlettered mass are better judges of truth in doctrine, of worth in morals, and excellence in art, than are the cultivated few. We ourselves, about the same time, without intending to adopt this doctrine to its fullest extent, nay, while actually denying it in general thesis, not unfrequently so far contradicted ourselves, as to give forth many sayings which implied it, in all its length and breadth. Nothing, in fact, is more common, than to hear whatever transcends the *common* mind condemned, not only as unintelligible to the common mind, but as unintelligible in itself, and, therefore, as worthless. "Why do you not write so as to be understood?" "Why do you talk so

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the people cannot understand you?" "If your thoughts are clear and intelligible to yourself, you can utter them so as to be intelligible to the *common* mind." What is more frequent than remarks like these? Now, in all this, it is assumed, that the common mind, without previous discipline, without any preparation, is perfectly competent to sit in judgment on all questions which, in any sense, concern the welfare of mankind. Hence, he who should tell the people that they must take time to study his doctrines, submit to previous discipline, receive the necessary initiations, before undertaking to judge of them, as whoso would comprehend the rule-of-three, must first become acquainted with the fundamental rules of arithmetic, would be looked upon as exceedingly arrogant and *aristocratic*. What right has he to pretend to be wiser than the *people*? What right has he to assume that he can understand what is unintelligible to the *people*? Away with the aristocrat, who would set himself up above the people, and require them to submit their judgments to his.

Now, at the bottom of all this, consciously or unconsciously lies the doctrine, that all real knowledge is spontaneous, that education is a deterioration, and that, as Rousseau says, "the man who thinks is already a depraved animal." Civilization, on this ground, results from and continues the fall. The nearer men approach to the state of nature, the wiser they are, the more confidence may be placed in their tastes and judgments. The child is nearer the state of nature than is the adult, and, therefore, the prattlings of children are profounder than the deliberate discourses of the matured intellect. Hence, the poet Wordsworth and the transcendentalist Alcott bid us sit down by the cradle of the infant, and learn the profound secrets of the divine Wisdom! Hence, on the one hand, the baby-worship, of which we have, within a few years, seen and heard so much, and, on the other, the profound deference to the superior intelligence and wisdom of the uneducated masses so strongly commended.

And yet, the very men who would thus raise the uncultivated understanding far above the cultivated, are great sticklers for common schools, for the education of the masses. Who more eloquent, than they, on the necessity of universal education, on the terrible evils the more favored classes have inflicted on the many, by leaving them in ignorance? Who more powerful declaimers, than they, against the barbarism

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that confined all learning to the few, and kept the mass from the schools? Who more loudly boast that "the Schoolmaster is abroad," that the friends of humanity, daring as Prometheus in snatching fire from heaven, have wrested the keys of knowledge from the privileged classes, and that now science and learning are beginning to be diffused through the mass? Strange inconsistency! Scholars decrying cultivation, and yet boasting its spread! Nay, scholars of no mean repute doing their best to demonstrate the worthlessness of scholarship, and almost succeeding; for what can better show the vanity of scholarship, than the simple fact, that scholars can seriously believe that the unlettered many are superior to the lettered few?

We have no space now at our command to trace this doctrine, which affirms the superiority, in all matters of morals, science, and art, of the uncultivated many over the cultivated few, to the false philosophy which has obtained since the time of Kant, and to the false theology, which asserts the native divinity of the human soul, and to show how it necessarily results therefrom. Those who are curious in these matters, will find that it is the offspring of German transcendentalism in philosophy, of democracy in politics, and of the theology introduced, and represented among ourselves, by the late pure-minded, eloquent, philanthropic, and gifted Channing. We loved and revered Dr. Channing too much, we feel too deeply the blank his departure has left in our community, and especially in the narrow circle of our own personal friends, to tread with the unhallowed foot of criticism on his new-made grave; but we believe, from the bottom of our heart, that his doctrine on the powers and worth of the human soul, *as understood by his disciples*, however it might lie in his own mind, has been, and cannot but be, productive of the most serious evils to the great cause of social and religious progress. It is part and parcel of the more general doctrine, that all knowledge, all science, no matter what its sphere or degree, is by *immediate* intuition, by what M. Cousin calls spontaneity, which assumes God to be present in the soul, and the author of all that is involuntary and instinctive in human life. But we leave this, for we have already discussed it at some length, and shall have occasion to refer to it again hereafter. Our present purpose is more immediately practical.

The popularity of the doctrine we combat has grown out of its being confounded with another doctrine, which, to a

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superficial view, may seem to have some analogies with it. A prejudice had sprung up in the popular mind against scholars, because it was felt that scholars used their superior advantages for their own private benefit, and not for the advancement of the people. If scholars had always comprehended and been faithful to their mission, as educators or as servants, of the people, the present doctrine would never have gained the least currency. The real thought which lies at the bottom of the doctrine in the popular mind is, that scholars ought to serve the people, to devote themselves to the progress of the masses. This is, undoubtedly, the true view of the subject. But to mistake this view for that which makes the scholar *defer* to the masses, and to consult them as his judges, was very easy, very natural, in the case of all who had a horror of nice distinctions, and who regarded all efforts to be precise and exact in one's statements, as merely efforts to split hairs,—unworthy the least respect from a man of plain, practical, good sense. Hence, what should have been stated, in this form, namely: "Serve the people by devoting to the amelioration of their condition all your genius, talents and learning," came to be stated in this other form, to wit; "Serve the people by deferring to them, taking the law from them, and never presuming to contradict them, or in any respect to run counter to their judgments, convictions, or tastes."

The difference between these two statements, when they are brought into juxtaposition, is very obvious. The first assumes that there is a work to be done for advancing the people, and that there should be workmen to do it; the second virtually assumes that there is nothing to be done *for* the people, that they are right as they are, and need nothing from individuals. In assuming this doctrine as your rule of action, you really assume that it is the scholar who is to be served, not the people. When Mr. Bancroft contends that "the natural association of men of letters is with the democracy," what is his secret thought? Is it that they are thus to associate with the democracy for the purpose of advancing the people, or for advancing themselves? Evidently, as the condition of advancing themselves; for he assumes the test of the excellence of scholarship to be in the popular taste and judgment. Scholars are not to associate with the people for the purpose of correcting or enlightening the popular taste and judgment, but for

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the purpose of correcting or enlightening their own. What advantage is this to the people? For what end would scholars exist? This would make the advancement of the scholar, not the advancement of the people, the *end*, and association with the people the *means*; which would be, under another form, the reproduction of the very doctrine intended to be condemned; namely, that the scholar exists for himself, and not for the people.

Assuming that the scholar is to defer to the people as the condition of serving them, he can serve them only by taking away what restrains them, not by adding any thing positive to their progress. The most he can do is to batter down whatever frowns above them, and clear away whatever obstacles the government, the laws, morals, religion, or education, may interpose in their path. This, to a certain extent, might be useful in given circumstances, but only where the whole moral, religious, and political order was wrong, and needed to be swept away. But in this case, he could render the people only a service of destruction, a negative service at best, and in a country like ours, where the established order is to be preserved and developed, not destroyed, no service at all, but a positive injury. We cannot, then, accept this doctrine, for it would impose on the scholar the duty of serving the people, by not serving them!

The other statement is the only one to be accepted. We are to serve the people, and, if need be, to devote ourselves to the cross for their progress. But this denies that progress is the result of the simple, spontaneous development of the divinity in humanity, and assumes it to be the result of long and painful elaboration. It assumes that there is a work to be done *for* mankind, a positive work, and which all, who can, are bound to perform to the utmost of their ability. Is any one prepared to contradict this?

"But, in assuming this, do you not depress the common mind for the sake of exalting that of the few?" Not at all. Nothing is here said against the common mind. We simply contend that the amount of knowledge actually attained to by the common mind, is not all the knowledge necessary to the well-being of the whole community. To carry the race forward, to improve the condition of the mass, requires profounder, more comprehensive views of truth, moral and political, scientific and religious, than the common mind has as yet attained to, and to which it cannot attain without thor-

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ough mental and moral discipline. This is what, and all, we say. Touching the capacity of the individuals composing the great bulk of the people to receive the discipline, and, through that, to attain to the requisite knowledge and understanding of the great problems of life, we say nothing; we only say they cannot understand these problems without the previous discipline, and that these problems be understood is essential to the welfare of the community.

If the question before us related to the capacity of the masses to receive the discipline, that is, the natural abilities with which they, whom we in a vague way term the masses, are born, we should recognize individual differences, indeed, but no difference of caste or class. We yield to none of our democratic friends in our belief in the capacity of all men for progress. They are all capable of being cultivated, and the children of one class, perhaps, not more or less so than the children of another. All need to be cultivated, and none can know and comprehend without cultivation.

"But, is not what we call the common mind, that is, the average degree of intelligence of the great bulk of mankind, amply adequate to all the demands of society?" We think not. If it were so, we know not why we should labor for the progress of science, or the diffusion of intelligence. We readily admit that the common intelligence is often sufficient to judge of the practical results of the profoundest science; but, if the science of the few had not surpassed this common intelligence, could those results ever have been obtained? The people can often understand the practical result, when they are wholly unable to comprehend the process by which the result is obtained. Was not the process necessary to the result? Now you have obtained the result, it may not be; but how could you have obtained the result without it? How large a portion of the people are able to comprehend the Kantian philosophy, in the light and spirit of which is written the "History of the United States"? Yet, without days and nights, weeks and years, of study of that very philosophy, wholly unintelligible to the great mass of his countrymen, the author never could have written it. And now that it is written, how large a proportion of the people, all popular as it is in style and expression, have sufficient knowledge to appreciate, we say not the labor of its preparation, but the thoughts, the principles, the doctrines, which the author has embodied in it, and of which it is the vehicle to those whose studies have initiated them into the

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author's modes of thinking? Who that has attempted discussions a little out of the common order, but has been taken all aback by the vacant stare of his auditory? It is not in the spirit of idle complaint, that he who attempts to discuss the more important philosophical, theological, or ethical problems, demands a "fit audience, though few." The want of a "fit audience" is the great difficulty and discouragement of every genuine scholar, who would speak as a master, and not as a mere pupil. Every great man is misapprehended, misrepresented, and, therefore, abused and persecuted, till he has succeeded in making to himself a public, disciplined by his labors to understand and appreciate him. It is often more difficult to communicate the truth than it is to discover it. Your words shall be crammed full and running over with meaning, and a meaning which embraces the universe, moves and agitates your whole soul, exalts you to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and yet to your hearers they shall be only the veriest commonplaces, which you would be ashamed to utter to an auditory of clever lads, a dozen years old. "O, you mean *only* this." "Yes, I understand you." "All very true, very true." The blockheads! they are as far from understanding you as Satan is from loving goodness. Tell them that your meaning lies deeper, and is broader, than they suspect, and forthwith they turn upon you, and demand, why you do not speak so that *they* can understand you. Alas! they little suspect that the darkness is in them, and not in you. The thought they *could* take in,—well, let it pass. Every man, who has any profound, or really valuable knowledge of his own, knows how difficult it is to make himself generally intelligible, that the best part of his knowledge he never can communicate, because, alas! his countrymen have not the previous mental and moral discipline necessary to enable them to understand him.

That often much passes for education which is not, that often men are classed where they do not belong, some with the educated who ought to be classed with the uneducated, others with the uneducated who ought to be classed with the educated, we by no means deny. All is not gold that glisters. That there are quacks with diplomas in their pockets, as well as quacks without diplomas, none but a quack would undertake to deny,—or to prove. But this has nothing to do with the argument. We care not what men are called; the question is, not what they are *said* to be, but

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what they *are;* and our position is merely, that, without discipline, somehow obtained, without extensive observation, long and patient study, they are not able to comprehend any of the great problems of life. We know colleges, sometimes, and not unfrequently, send out dunces; and that wise, shrewd men, profound men, learned men, able to instruct their age, are sometimes found among those who have had little *direct* advantage of the schools. But to say that these last are uneducated men, is absurd. Read the history of their lives, and you will find that they have been among the hardest students of their times.

Now, if we are right, in assuming the necessity of educating the common mind, in order to prepare it for the comprehension of the great problems of life, the real question before us is decided, and the necessity of liberal studies, and high literary and scientific attainments, is demonstrated. There cannot be education without educators. There must be some in advance of the mass, to be in some way, directly or indirectly, the educators of the mass, or the mass cannot be educated. Colleges and universities would seem, then, to be essential as the condition of educating the educators; at least, there should be some means provided for the education of the few above that of the mass; for if none rise above the level of the mass, there will be none to quicken and direct the common mind, which, in that case, instead of being progressive, must remain stationary.

"Then you would have a caste of scholars, raised above the people, to whom the people must submit?" Nonsense! Be not so afraid, that, if one happens to know more than his neighbors, you are forthwith to be saddled with an aristocracy. We demand education, and we demand, as the condition of the welfare of the whole community, that the few be educated beyond the degree to which is is possible to educate the many. The reason why the many cannot attain to the highest education necessary, need not be looked for in their want of natural capacity, but in their want of leisure and opportunity. "Then, why not extend the leisure and opportunity to all?" We should, unquestionably, do so as far as possible; but we cannot extend them in a sufficient degree to all, because the material interests of society, the industrial labor necessary for the support and comforts of life, will not permit it to be done. The merchant demands the practical results of the profoundest legal knowledge; require him to master the processes by which those results

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are obtained, and he must cease to be a merchant, and become a lawyer, for they demand the labor of one's whole life. The simplest communicant demands, for his spiritual nutriment, the results of the profoundest theological researches; but if he should go into these researches himself, who would cultivate his potato patch? The possibility of combining in the same person, from his youth up, the necessary industrial labors for his material interests, with the highest intellectual and scientific culture, though once a favorite dream of ours, strikes us as more and more problematical, the older we grow. No man can serve two masters. Either he will neglect his studies or his living. If he is to be a successful student, he must be free from drudgery the hours he devotes to relaxation from study.

"Nevertheless, you insist on an educated class." Certainly. But not on a class to be educated. The education determines the class, not the class the education. And here, again, is seen the popular character of colleges and universities, and why in republican countries they should be especially encouraged. Neglect your colleges and universities, and turn your whole attention to common schools, and you build up an aristocracy at once; for nobody can be really so silly as to suppose our common schools, which can at best give only a little elementary instruction, can ever be made to meet all the demands of a finished education. The higher, more thorough, and more finished education will then be possible only to the children of the rich. Then it will be not the education that determines the class, but the class that determines the education. The true interest of republics is to found, and liberally endow, colleges and universities, so as to bring the highest education within the reach of individuals from the humblest classes. The rich can educate their children without these institutions, by private tutors, or by private seminaries. Demolish these institutions, and the evil would fall very lightly on the wealthy, but with a crushing weight on the gifted sons of the poor.

"But, once more; you are for an educated class, which is to know more than the people at large." And what then? Is it a serious evil to those who know little, that there are others who know more than they do? Is a great, a wise, a learned man, a curse to us? Are we the worse for our Washingtons, Jeffersons, Adamses, Hamiltons, Websters, Calhouns? Out upon the slander! The people never think so. They are wiser and juster than they who profess to

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speak in their name. They crave the great man, and rejoice when they find one whom they may trust and reverence. So fond are they of the great man, the hero, that they will sometimes be carried away by his counterfeit. Let us have none of this feeling, that no one must be above us. It was the unwillingness to admit aught superior to himself, that converted Lucifer, the son of the morning, into the prince of hell.

"But you would deprive the common mind of its rights; you require the people to sustain a class to think for them, instead of thinking for themselves." Nonsense, again. Just as if a man, not a downright fool, could seriously propose that the people should blindly surrender their own judgments to anybody whatever! Do try to understand one a little better, and show, at least, that you have a judgment to surrender. In God's name, in humanity's name, let the people exercise all the mind they have, and their own judgments to their utmost capacity. All we ask of them is, that they seek to understand before they judge; and all we complain of in them is, that they undertake to judge without first having qualified themselves to judge, that they judge before knowing enough to judge wisely. We would have them understand for themselves, and what we want scholars for is, to assist them to understand for themselves. We certainly do demand teachableness in the people; a modest self-distrust, a willingness to suspend their judgments till they have become acquainted with the subject in question. We certainly do feel a little indignant when we meet a man, nominally educated or not, deciding, off-hand, on matters of the most momentous concern, on which he has never seriously reflected one half-hour in his life. We certainly have no very profound respect for the youngster hardly breeched, who undertakes to decide questions against him who has devoted a long life, rare abilities, and rarer opportunities, to their investigation, and we have an irresistible impulse to whip him back under the charge of his nurse. But we ask no surrender of the understanding. If the people will but exercise their understandings, so as to judge understandingly, we shall be satisfied. The evil is, they will not understand; they will not take the pains to inform themselves, and yet they insist upon it, that you shall have the profoundest respect for their crude notions, and their ill-formed judgments, although the result of an ignorance so profound, that you see, at once, it cannot be refuted.

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We ask, indeed, for an educated class, and we ask it not for the benefit of its members, but for the advancement of the general intelligence, as the indispensable condition of the progress of the people. We ask such a class in these times, as a feeble antagonist at least, to the all-triumphant money power. We would raise up MIND, high and thorough SCHOLARSHIP, against WEALTH. We demand it, too, as a barrier against the licentiousness of our times, the loose radicalism, the looser infidelity, and the still more destructive sectarianism, which are now threatening our country with ruin. The situation of our country is alarming. Dangers, numerous and threatening, hang over us, and we have no hope, but in the educated men, the SCHOLARS of the country. It is for them to come to the rescue. It is on their fidelity to their mission, and their boldness, energy, and devotion to truth and social progress, that the salvation of the country, under Providence, depends.

As to the charges of aristocracy, which sciolists and demagogues may bring against these views, we treat them with scorn. A man who has grown gray in the cause of the people, who is indebted to his advocacy of that cause for the place he holds, however unimportant it may be, in the hearts of his countrymen, is full as likely to remain true to it, as to desert it; and full as likely to comprehend the bearing of what he advances on that cause, as are these sciolists and demagogues themselves, who praise the people that they may the more successfully plunder them. We care not for their barkings, come they from what quarter they may. We say to the Scholars, do your duty. Remember that you live not for yourselves, but for the people, and the more of you there are, and the wiser and profounder you are, so much the better.

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MODERN IDOLATRY.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for July, 1845.]

THE position of a conductor of a Catholic literary journal in a country where the great mass of literature which must pass under his notice emanates from Protestant sources, is by no means a pleasant one. As a Catholic, he holds his religion paramount to every thing else, and must necessarily condemn every literary work he reviews, which contains any thing repugnant to the spirit and teachings of his church. Whatever is repugnant to his holy religion he must regard as repugnant to truth and goodness, and therefore to the true interests of his fellow-men, both for this world and for that which is to come; and he cannot fail to censure it and warn his readers against it, without sinning against his conscience, his God, and his neighbour.

Protestant life and culture are essentially anti-Catholic, and no Protestant writes a history, no matter of what people or tribe, in what part or age of the world,—a work on philosophy, morals, the fine arts, or on any subject, unless it be mathematics, or one or two of the physical sciences,—into which his Protestantism does not enter in a manner offensive to Catholic faith, morals, or worship. The Catholic critic sees and feels this, even when it escapes the design and the notice of the Protestant, and, as a conscientious man, he is obliged to withhold his approbation, and caution his readers against the poison of the work, whatever may be, in other respects, its literary merits.

In this country, the great mass of publications are Protestant, and we are obliged, as a reviewer, to be almost always dealing in censures, and can rarely find an occasion to exercise our good nature in commending, unless it be when we have under review a work from a Catholic author; we must necessarily, therefore, to the great body of our Protestant readers, appear ill-natured, harsh, and censorious, narrow-minded and bigoted, incapable of perceiving excellence out of our own church, and entirely wanting in literary taste and discrimination, with no other standard of criticism but

*The Æsthetic Letters, Essays, and the Philosophical Letters of Schiller; translated, with an Introduction, by J. WEISS. Boston: 1845.

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the fact that the work to be criticised is or is not written by a Catholic. This is unavoidable. It is more agreeable to approve than to condemn, and we always aim to discriminate where we can. But such is the character of Protestant literature, that we cannot discriminate. We may admit its ability, its genius, and often its excellence as to mere form; but its matter is always more or less objectionable. And this objectionable matter is not in a few detached passages, in a few details easily pointed out and expressly excepted to; but it is all-pervading, inherent, the groundwork, the life and soul of the whole.

Protestantism and Catholicity are two separate worlds, and Catholic and Protestant literatures belong to two distinct and separate orders. Literature is nothing but the exponent of the life of a people, the expression of its sentiments, convictions, aims, and ideals. Such your people, such your literature. Catholic literature expresses the life of the Catholic people, Protestant literature of the Protestant people; and as the life of the one is essentially different from the life of the other, so must be the literature of the one from the literature of the other. Catholic literature may have its faults, be exceptionable in detail; but it is, in general, in its generic character, Christian,—pervaded by a Christian thought, and imbued with the Christian spirit. It may, or it may not, borrow the forms of ancient classical literature; but whether it do or do not, its matter is always Christian. Protestant literature is essentially heathen,—a reproduction, under varied forms, of the literature of pagan antiquity. Its form is sometimes Christian, and so are some of its details and embellishments; but its groundwork, its main substance, is heathen. This is the radical difference between the two literatures. The Catholic often accommodates the Christian thought to the classical form; the Protestant, sometimes, the heathen thought to the Christian form. Thus the Catholic theologian borrows the logic of the ancients, because logic is formal, applicable equally to all subjects on which we can reason, and is necessarily the same, whatever the doctrines to be demonstrated or refuted; the Protestant theologian generally despises the logic, but borrows the *doctrines* of the ancients.

Here is the real difference between Protestantism and Catholicity. Protestantism is substantially heathenism, and, at best, Christian only in some of its forms and details. It was born in the epoch termed the *Revival of Letters*,—an

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epoch in which the literature of pagan Greece and Rome was not, perhaps, much more widely studied than it had been in the preceding ages, but in which the *systems* of the ancients began to be revived and believed anew; when the classics began to supply not merely the form, but the substance, of the new literature. And, at the present moment, we may find proofs not a few of the fact, that, at best, only the form of Protestant life and thought is Christian. Read our Protestant poets, and, if you know any thing of the ancient classics, you will feel the Protestant but echoes the heathen. There is the same worship of external nature, the same gloom over life, the same vanity of human pursuits, the same weariness of existence, the same uncertainty as to man's destiny, the same darkness brooding over the tomb. The lips may laugh, the eyes may sparkle with rosy wine, and from beneath the ivy-crowned brow; but there is no joy of the heart, no gladness of the spirit, no buoyancy of the soul, no cheerful hope. Read *Faust*, *Childe Harold*, *Cain*, *Heaven and Earth*, and persuade yourself that you are not back in heathendom, if you can.

Now, this being the character of Protestantism, it is easy to understand why its literature must, notwithstanding the ability and genius which we are far from denying it, be generally objectionable to the devout Catholic. We do not object to the study of the classics, in their place; for in them the heathenism, both as to matter and form, is expected, and the reader is on his guard. He is forewarned, therefore forearmed. But when we come to a literature professing to be Christian, using to a considerable extent the Christian terminology, and which in some of its details really is Christian, the heathenism is offensive, because out of place, because it is unavowed, because there is an attempt to conceal it, and because the simple and but partially instructed, not expecting it, are poisoned by it before becoming aware of its presence. For these reasons, there is and must be the same hostility between Catholic and Protestant literatures as between the Catholic and Protestant religions. We cannot conceal this fact, if we would; and we would not, if we could. We are familiar with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Protestant literature; we are not insensible to Protestant genius and talent; we trust we can admire excellence, wherever we can discover it; but we are certain never to find excellence in a Protestant not coupled with something which must offend us as a Catholic.

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One Protestant sect may approve and read with pleasure the literary productions of another; for all Protestant sects belong to the same family, and differ from one another only in a few details,—in the shade of the hair, the hue of the eyes, the shape of the nose or the mouth, the size of the bust, or of the hands and feet; but between Catholics and Protestants, there is a generic difference,—no family relation or likeness; and, consequently, in Protestant literature the Catholic can at best admire only individual traits, only a few details, while he does and must condemn it as a whole. This is no loss to the Catholic, for he has no need of Protestant literature. It can give him nothing that is true or beautiful which he has not already, and what is neither true nor beautiful he does not want. He may, therefore, leave to Protestants their own literature, and content himself with the richer, broader, truer, and more beautiful literature of his own. He may be accused of being narrow-minded, bigoted, exclusive; but he has for his consolation the fact, that he knows, without resorting to his Protestant neighbours, all they have that is worth knowing, while he has in his own literature, belonging to ages which he is but too ready to forget, vast treasures of which the Protestant has no suspicion.

We have been led into this train of remark, in part, by the work before us,—the work of a man who enjoys a high reputation as one of the most distinguished chiefs of modern German literature, and which has been admirably translated by a most worthy young man, whom we are happy to reckon among our personal friends. We should like to entertain for Schiller that respect which his countrymen and a great many of our own entertain for him, and, above all, should we like to commend any literary labor of our young friend, the translator; but we have no high admiration of Schiller; we do not like the spirit of his works; we do not like their doctrines or their tendency. Mr. Weiss has labored conscientiously on the work before us, and performed his duty of translator more than well. We have seen no translations from the German better, if so well, executed. The *Letters* and *Essays* do not read as translations at all; but have the clearness, distinctness, freshness, gracefulness, and ease of original compositions,—the highest praise to which a translator can aspire. Thus far we can commend the work, and wish the translator the success he has richly merited by his skill, his industry, and his pains; but further than this we

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cannot go. We acknowledge the high literary merits of the volume, we acknowledge the good intention and the philosophical ability of the author; but we regard the work as false in its leading doctrines, and unwholesome in its general tendency.

In his Introduction, the translator speaks of the comparison which people, and especially the Germans, are in the habit of instituting between Schiller and Goethe. We do not feel competent to decide which of the two must be called the greater man; but, for our part, we should never think of raising the question. Goethe was unquestionably a heathen, and we know not that he ever pretended to be any thing else. His works are none of them free from the charge of immoral tendency, and some of them are abominable; and yet he is the most readable of all the Germans of our acquaintance. He was an extraordinary man, of high and varied culture, and of correct taste in all that related to simple art. He was free from cant,—cant religious, cant political, cant moral, and, above all, from the cant of the radical and reformer. The ephemeral philosophers of his countrymen could not deceive him; the schemes and movements of the reformers, the pretended friends of the people, of universal freedom, clamoring and intriguing for an earthly paradise, and seeking to obtain it by means that would realize a hell on earth, could not enlist him; and none of the various forms of defunct or galvanized Protestantism could ever win his respect. He wanted faith, and he knew it; but he never sought to supply its place by any of the substitutes of the reformers, whether of the *genus* fanatic, or the *genus* infidel. We do not admire him, but we see and acknowledge what he was, and learn wisdom from his errors and blindness. But Schiller was an inbred radical. His soul spoke out in *Die Räuber*, in the hero of which he impersonated his own inner man,—a work not less reprehensible, to say the least, than the *Wahlverwandtschaften*. Subsequently, he grew calmer; "a change had come over the spirit of his dream;" but he remained ever the ingrained radical. He sought to chasten and legitimate his radicalism by his philosophy, we admit; but, in so doing, only labored to corrupt the principles as well as the passions of his countrymen.

As a poet, Schiller, to our taste and judgment, falls far below Goethe. He has, not unfrequently, earnestness, force, fine thoughts, and noble expressions; but he wants always

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the ease, the grace, the delicacy, the good sense, the keen insight, the sedate majesty, and commanding port of his great rival. He aims at more, but accomplishes less. Many of his poems, especially his minor poems, are hard reading. They fetch no echo from the heart or understanding. What Goethe does is always exquisite in its way, always a masterpiece of its kind. Goethe does not disdain the classics, and reproduces them often, but rarely except in what they have that is universal, as applicable to one age or one people as to another. Schiller is too often overpowered by classical antiquity, and actually worships in the old pagan fane. We turn away from some of his minor poems with sorrow and disgust, as we do from Crawford's *Orpheus*. What business have they here? Why galvanize the dead? There is life now as well as formerly; and do seek your inspiration from the spirit that never dies, and do try to embody the living, not the defunct, beauty. What is Crawford's *Orpheus* to me? It is a wonderful creation of genius, you say. Doubted, or, rather, denied; for your first impression, on seeing it, is, that it is about to tumble over. But admit all you claim for it, it but embodies a heathen thought, unconnected with Christian life, and having no relation with the humanity that now is, save on the side of a passion which were better left unsung and unsculptured, for it makes us full trouble enough when not artificially inflamed.

But we have no intention of entering upon a critical estimate of the merits of Schiller, and we could not do so if we would; for, though we certainly have read his principal works, we have never studied them, and have never had any disposition to study them. He has never struck us favorably. This may be our fault, and perhaps it is; but, if so, we cannot help it. We have not read the whole volume before us. We have, however, we think, mastered the *Æsthetic Letters*. They are intelligible enough to those who have some tolerable acquaintance with the Kantian philosophy; not that they are constructed on pure Kantian principles,—for they are not,—but nevertheless assume Kantism as their point of departure. They are, as a whole, heavily and painfully written. We see the author laboring as the slave at the oar, putting forth all his strength, making his utmost efforts, to bring out and make intelligible his leading thoughts, which, after all, are rather commonplace so far as true, and when not commonplace are radically false. The *Letters* appear to have been written at the time of the French revolution,

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when all Europe was in a ferment, with all manner of notions fermenting in its brain as in one great fermenting vat; and the aim of the author seems to have been to discover some way of bringing order out of the confusion in the midst of which he lived. His great merit—and it was a merit at that time—consists in his clearly perceiving that the world was not to be reformed by the principles of the French revolution, which sought to realize an earthly paradise merely by modifying the external condition. He saw that these principles, if acted upon, left the intellectual and moral man uncultivated, and therefore could generate only a state of barbarism. He further saw, that a purely intellectual culture, confined to the inner life of the individual, would be insufficient, because it would lead to no practical result in the world of reality. If we confine ourselves to the outward, we lapse into barbarism; if to the inward, we effect no progress in our condition, no practical amelioration of our race. The two must be combined, and work together. But to this a third term is necessary. The problem is, find this third term by which the inner life and external condition may be united, and both peacefully and effectively carried forward.

This third term is the ideal or beauty; not beauty as the mere object of sense and imagination, not merely intellectual beauty,—but beauty, so to speak, as the ideal of all the faculties, responding to man's whole nature. This beauty is to be sought in every department of life, and the aim of all culture should be to reveal and realize it. Hence all culture is to be æsthetic, and through æsthetic culture, or the revelation and realization of the beautiful in every department of life, order will be brought out of confusion, the world will be saved, on the one hand, from lapsing into barbarism, and, on the other, from wasting itself in an intellectual culture which leads to no practical results, and the human race will be carried forward to the realization of its destiny. Such, in general terms, appears to us to be Schiller's solution of the problem.

In descending to particular doctrines, he must place virtue in inclination, in an affection of the passive nature, rather than in an affection of the active nature, and require truth and goodness to be presented always under the form of beauty, and because beauty wins love, enlists instead of repelling sense and imagination. He demands in all room for what he calls, after Kant, the *play-impulse*, which, if we

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understand it, is best expressed in our language by the word *love*. We are, then, to do our duty, not merely from the conviction that it is our duty, from the stern sense of its obligation, as Kant contended, but from inclination, from love of it. His theory, therefore, practically resolves itself into the *Theory of Attraction*, the basis of Fourierism.

The translator commends him for this, and thinks that Schiller, in diverging from the asceticism of Kant, has given a more Christian statement of duty; but we question this. Duty cannot in this world be made play. In play, we act to please ourselves, because what we do is pleasure to ourselves; in duty, we act to please God, because what we do is his will. This, instead of being a pleasure to ourselves, is often a crucifixion of ourselves; for *sapientia carnis inimica est Deo; legi enim Dei non est subjecta: nec enim potest.* Or, as says our blessed Saviour, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." "Christianity is," not, as the translator says Schiller asserts, "the moral imperative (that is, obligation) transfigured by love," unless we understand the love of the Lawgiver, which provides for the remission of the guilt of the transgressor through the merits of Jesus Christ, on condition of faith and repentance. This is a sufficient refutation of Schiller's doctrine, so far as it concerns morals.

There is in these times a great deal of nonsense babbled about love. The rage is to have all things "made easy." We have all sorts of learning, and even thinking, by means of newspapers and other contrivances, "made easy"; and we would fain have duty "made easy," and we therefore seek to transform it into love. But it is not *love*, in its ordinary sense, the Gospel demands, but *charity*. Love is a fact of the passive nature, charity of the voluntary nature; love is a natural affection, charity a supernatural affection. Yet nearly the whole Protestant world, especially the more advanced portion of it, confound the one with the other, or, rather, raise love above charity. But the heart which God demands is the voluntary heart, over which we have control; and the love he requires is the love yielded by the will, not the love yielded by the passive or sensitive soul. Sensible, sentimental, or passional love is worth nothing, adds nothing to the merit of the act it accompanies, and takes nothing from the merit of the act it does not accompany. On this point our enlightened and liberal Protestant Christians have not a little to learn; for, with all the marvellous progress

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they have made, they do not seem to have attained to any clear or definite conceptions of the nature of duty. Duty is what God commands, and is to be done solely *because* he commands it. It is not enough that we contrive, in some way, to get what God commands done; we must do it solely and simply for the reason that he commands it. Its whole merit is in this alone. The intrinsic character of an action, aside from the motive of the actor, has nothing to do with its merit; for its merit is solely in the fact that it is done as an act of allegiance to the sovereign. The act of the slightest intrinsic importance, in itself considered, is meritorious, when done simply as an act of allegiance. "Whosoever," says our blessed Saviour, "shall give to one of these little ones but a cup of cold water, amen, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." On the other hand, the act, the most serviceable to the cause of our country or the church, is without merit, may even be our condemnation, if done without reference to God, and merely to please ourselves.

It would do our Protestant friends, who are earnestly striving to discover some way by which duty may be "made easy," no harm to bear this in mind. They fancy, or seem to fancy, that nothing is or can be meritorious, unless it be done, not from charity, but from love, or accompanied, at least, by a sensible affection. They feel, for instance, no inclination to pray, find no love for prayer, no sensible delight in praying; then they will not pray, must not pray, for their prayers would be mockery. Prayers which do not please themselves cannot please God! Do they pray to please themselves, or to please God? If to please God, what prayers can be more pleasing to him than those which are offered solely to please him,—solely for the purpose of doing his will? These same *enlightened* Christians, who charge Catholics with placing religion in mere forms and in sensible emotions, seem to place religion entirely in feeling, in sensible affection, and to suppose one repents only as moved to tears, and loves God only as he feels a sensible affection for him. But this sensible repentance and this sensible devotion are worth nothing, and are often hindrances rather than helps to true spiritual life. What our God demands is the homage of our higher nature, that we give him our reason and our will. But this is rarely, if ever, done, without a struggle with the sensitive soul, nor often without the crucifixion of this very love for which these modern *improvers* on the Gospel of our Lord contend.

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Schiller's theory makes all depend on culture; but what provision does it make for obtaining, always, adequately qualified cultivators? The good to be effected is to be effected by æsthetic culture, by art, that is, art understood in its sublimest sense. Be it so. But art will require artists, and artistic culture artistic cultivators. Whence are these to be obtained, and what guaranty can you give us that they will always present the true ideal, and so train men that they will always perceive, love, and obey it? This question is pertinent; for Schiller himself admits that artists have heretofore erred, have taken a false beauty for the true, and that thus far art has rather tended to hasten the decline of virtue, than to arrest it. Do not tell us that what has been called art was false art, art that consulted only the external form, or merely sense and imagination, not the sublime beauty you propose; for what we want is your protection against this very false art, and your guaranty of true art. It is not enough to say, that, if men forsake the worship of the lower beauty and apply themselves to the worship of the higher, they will avoid such and such evils, and practise such and such virtues; for this is only saying, with our friend Parker, "If you are good and do good, you will—be good and do good." Where is your power to secure always the revelation of the true ideal, the representation of true beauty to the mind of your æsthetic cultivators of the race? If artists have erred, why may they not err again? If æsthetic culture has, in different ages, tended to hasten the decline of virtue, why may it not again? Have you infallible artists, an infallible academy of art, under an infallible president?

Schiller's doctrine, that the race are to be lifted out of their present condition, and placed on the level of their destiny, by æsthetic culture, is, after all, but a theory. It is a mere fact of the intellect, and therefore, according to his own principles, must be barren of practical results. Even admitting it, then, to be true, as a theory, what advance has he made? Where is the *play-impulse* to set it in motion, to sustain its practical operation, and to secure its realization in practical life for the advancement of the individual and society? Alas! it is a mere theory, and has no hands and cannot work,—no feet, and, like the constitutions of state turned out in such numbers in the French revolution, can't go, can't be got a-going.

But the theory is not true, even as a theory. It proceeds

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on the assumption, that the end to be gained is the natural development and perfection of man, the realization, so to speak, of the potentialities of human nature. This is the common error of all modern systems. With them all, the *end* is the fulfilment of man's natural capacities; and hence the *method* they all propose is the cultivation or complete education of all our natural powers and faculties, and the *means*, such as will effect this cultivation or education. The old French infidels sought these means in the abolition of the church and religion, and in the revolution and reorganization of the state after their own fanciful and absurd theories; Schiller seeks them by an appeal to the *play-impulse* of human nature,—in art, or the representation of all that can affect human life under the winning and pleasing forms of beauty; Fourier, and the socialists generally, in so reorganizing society, considered as lying back of the state, as to give free play to all our primitive passions in their essential nature; the New-England abolitionists and Come-outers, in overthrowing the state and the church, in breaking up all organizations, and abolishing all law, save the law each individual is unto himself; and various other classes of pretended reformers have each their own peculiar nostrums, or, as Carlyle calls them, "Morrison pills." But all, however they may differ as to the *means*, proceed on the assumption, that the *end* to be gained is the realization of the potentialities of man's nature, or the perfecting of man as a being of his kind.

Now, we must, in our reasonings on this subject, accept the Christian revelation, or reject it. If we reject it, we can affirm nothing of the destiny of man, one way or another, —and can have no certain criterion by which to determine whether our systems are true or false, good or bad; for we defy any man to conclude logically, from what he can ascertain by the study of man and nature alone, to even man's natural destiny. But if we accept the Christian revelation, we know that the development and fulfilment of the potentialities of man's nature are not his destiny, for he has *no* natural destiny. According to the Christian revelation, Almighty God never made man for a *natural* destiny, but for a *supernatural* destiny,—a destiny *above* nature, and, since the derangement of nature by sin, in many respects *against* nature; and if man fails of attaining to this destiny, he fails entirely of attaining to the end for which he was made, and for ever falls below what we may imagine would

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have been his natural destiny, in case he had been created for a natural destiny. It is essential, that, in all our schemes for human amelioration and growth, we keep this fact in mind, and never forget that we have NO *natural* destiny.

This granted,—and it must be, if we follow Christianity, the only light to enlighten us concerning our final cause,—the *method* of attaining to the end for which we were made, and which we are always to propose as the end to be sought in all our efforts, is not, and cannot be, the harmonious development and fulfilment of our nature, is not natural culture, whether sensuous, intellectual, or æsthetic. The method, following the same light, is submission to the will of God, and the entire renunciation and crucifixion of nature. The *means* of attaining this submission, this renunciation, this crucifixion, are not the means of natural culture and training, but the grace of God, not attainable by natural culture, but ordinarily attainable only through the sacraments of God's church, the visible channel of invisible grace, and by prayer, meditation, and mortification. According to our reformers,—no matter of what class,—all depends on nature, and the study must be to provide, from the moment of conception, or at least from the birth, of the child, for the free and full development and play of nature; all must be arranged so as to repress nothing, but to bring out all in its natural purity, freedom, strength, and beauty. According to Christianity, from the same moment, from birth to the grave, the study is to repress nature, to restrain it, mortify it, and to bring the individual into complete and entire subjection to God. Christianity wages an unceasing war with nature. It educates, it cultivates; but not to produce natural virtues and graces, but supernatural. It puts off the old man, which is of the earth, earthy, and puts on the new man, which is from heaven, heavenly, and forms Christ within, the hope of glory. The two systems are, then, right in opposition, the one to the other. Hence, Christianity has and can have no fellowship with these reformers; and this is seen, also, in the fact that they all make war on the church of God, and none of them accept the Gospel, save as they explain away its sense, and reduce it to a system of mere naturalism.

Schiller proceeds on the assumption, not only that the *end* to be sought is the natural perfection of man, but that the *means* to be adopted are such as man himself can originate and put into practical operation. This is also the case with

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all modern reformers, whether religious, political, or social. But if the end is supernatural, as we have seen, the means must also be supernatural; for there must be some proportion between the means and the end; but between natural means and a supernatural end there is and can be no proportion. The true end, therefore, is never to be gained by natural means, by any set or series of causes man himself is naturally able to put in operation.

This is a conclusion we wish to press upon the serious consideration of our modern reformers. We do not suppose any man, at all imbued with Christian charity, can be satisfied with things as they are. The condition of our fellow-men, even so far as regards this world, is truly heart-rending. On every hand, are wrongs and outrages. The strong oppress the weak, the cunning circumvent the simple; the state becomes an organized machine for taxing the people, and for aiding the few to plunder the many; and the general tone of society, and of nearly all its vaunted institutions, is corrupt and corrupting. But what is the remedy? Whence the help? There is no help from man, no remedy of human origin and application. All labor directed to discover and apply a human remedy is worse than lost. You may as well crack your brains and waste your substance in seeking to invent a perpetual motion. Who of you can lift himself up by his own waistbands? The thing is as impossible in morals as in mechanics.

But can we do nothing? Must we sit still and bear the frightful misery of our lot, without making any effort to relieve it? We say not that. Man may work; but, if he is to work with success, he must work in God's way. When you wish to erect a mill, you study to erect it so that nature herself shall work for you, and drive your machinery. In morals you must follow the same method, only you are here to seek to avail yourself, not of nature, but of grace. You must work, but you must work to let God himself work in and for you. He has provided for the redemption of man from all evils, and your business is to accept and conform to his provision; and then it is no longer you that work, but he that worketh in you and for you.

But your error is in this very fact, that you reject the means Almighty God, in his infinite love and mercy, has provided, and seek to find out and apply some remedy of your own. Schiller feels the necessity of a force to unite and direct the intellect and sense, to harmonize man with

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himself and with nature, and direct all human forces, both individual and social, to the realization of our destiny. He seeks this force in the *play-impulse*, which is still a human force. This force is to be set in motion by beauty, the ideal, which is not man's creation, but something independent of man, and which his nature is fitted to perceive and love. But this force has always been an attribute of man, and this ideal beauty has always hovered over and before him; and yet he has fallen into the deplorable condition from which these are assumed as sufficient to raise him! How with unvaried factors do you propose to obtain a varied product? Evidently you must vary one of your factors, introduce a new factor, or not change your product.

This ideal beauty you talk about, we have no faith in. But be it all you allege; as ideal, it is unreal, and therefore inoperative; for only what is real can operate. It must be realized, then, before it can set the *play-impulse* in motion. But it cannot realize itself; for it must be real before it can act. Then a power foreign to itself is needed to realize it. This power must be human or divine. If human, it will not answer your purpose; for the human force which you must assume as the force to realize it is set in motion only by this very ideal beauty, which can produce no effect till realized. If, then, you assume man's power is adequate to its realization, you assume its realization as the condition of its realization! Here is a circle out of which no human power can extricate you.

If you assume the power is divine, then it is God that realizes it, and his realization of it must necessarily be the organization or embodiment of it in an institution capable of acting on man, and directing all his activities to the proper end; that is, in principle, the church. You must, then, have a divinely constituted church, as the condition of getting your ideal beauty into the condition in which it can set your *play-impulse* in motion, as we proved to you, in the Essay, *No Church, no Reform.** But God has already founded the church, and for the express purpose of man's redemption. Place yourself in that, and you have the power you need; for through that flows the stream of God's grace needed to drive your moral machinery.

But you reject the church, and herein is your folly and your condemnation. Your *folly;* for, if the church be not

*Brownson's Works, Vol. IV., p. 496.

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a divinely founded institution for the redemption of man, you have no means of effecting that redemption, and therefore it is idle to attempt it. Your *condemnation;* for the church is such an institution, and you reject it, and seek to gain your end without and in opposition to it,—which is to seek to gain it without and in opposition to God himself. In the one case, your conduct is folly; in the other, it is criminal, high-treason against God.

But no, you are *liberals*, you are for freedom, and you will not submit to the church, because that would be to abjure yourselves and become voluntary slaves to absolute power. The church claims to be supreme under God, because through his supernatural gifts she is infallible, we admit; and you are required to submit to her as an infallible authority, which may on no account and in no respect be disobeyed. So far as this is slavery, you unquestionably become slaves in submitting to the church. But do you help the matter by rejecting the church? You must assume absolute infallible authority somewhere, take what hypothesis you will. If you take the sceptical doctrine, and plunge into universal doubt, you still assume your right to doubt, and your absolute, infallible right to doubt. But there is no absolute, infallible right, where there is no absolute, infallible authority; for authority is the basis of right. But where there is no absolute, infallible right, there is no absolute infallible freedom. Therefore, you must assume absolute, infallible authority somewhere, as the condition *sine qua non* of absolute, infallible freedom. This absolute, infallible authority you must place in the individual, in the state, in public opinion, or in the church; for in any other alternative it will be, for us, only ideal, and, for all practical purposes, as if it were not.

Is the individual absolute, infallible? Dare any man assert it, since all are acknowledged to be fallible? Is the state absolute and infallible? Who will pretend it? Certainly no friend of civil freedom. Is public opinion absolute and infallible? Does it never err, and may it never be rightfully resisted? What is public opinion, but the opinion of those individuals, more or less numerous, who give the tone to the public? These are confessedly fallible; how, then, can they originate an infallible public opinion? Say not, blasphemously, *Vox populi vox Dei;* but say, rather, if you say any thing, *Vox populi vox diaboli.* Who condemned our blessed Saviour to the cross,—Socrates to drink

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the hemlock? who has, in every age, persecuted the brave, the true-hearted, and the saintly? who burnt our convent at Mount Benedict, burnt our churches and seminaries in Philadelphia, shot down our brethren in the street, and screened the criminals,—but your wise *vox populi*, who, we will maintain against all challengers, is as arrant a knave, as vain, fickle, conceited, malicious, and murderous a rascal, as ever walked the earth? If you attribute absolute and infallible authority to these, you know you attribute it to what possesses it not, and has no right to claim it. Yet to one or another of these you must attribute it, if you reject the church; and be it to which you will, you yield yourselves up to a master who has no right to your service, and make yourselves slaves in very deed. What do you gain, then, even on the score of freedom, by rejecting the church? Nothing at all. Be the church precisely what you falsely allege, you, in rejecting her, to use a homely proverb, do but "jump out of the frying-pan into the fire."

If you reject the church, you are slaves, without the possibility of becoming free; this you cannot deny. But if you accept the church, there is a possibility, to say the least, of freedom. It may be, the church is what she professes to be. If so, submission to her is not slavery, but freedom; because what she teaches and commands is absolute truth, and the truth makes free,—*et veritas liberabit vos*. True freedom is in entire submission to the will of God, and nowhere else. In abjuring yourselves, to submit to God, you do but abjure the tyrant, the usurper, in order to come under the dominion of the legitimate sovereign,—an abjuration, to say the least, more to one's honor than to his dishonor. There is no occasion, then, to seek out new and human methods of reforming the world. The world cannot be reformed, unless by the ministry of just such an institution as the church declares herself to be, or, at least, one exactly equivalent to it. If she be not what she professes, you have nothing to do, for there is nothing you can do; and your efforts will result only in your own disgrace, and the aggravation of the evils you seek to remove. If she be what she professes to be, it is your duty to submit to her, believe what she teaches, do what she commands, and then the evils of which you complain, so far as they are evils, will be removed.

We speak on a subject of this sort with some degree of personal confidence; for we have devoted more than twen-

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ty of the best years of our life to its investigation. We have abated nothing of our young zeal for reform, nor are we conscious of having lost the ability or the disposition to make as painful sacrifices for the amelioration of our brethren even in this life, as our contemporaries are prepared to make; but we cannot make brick without straw; and we have learned too much from our past experience to be willing to erect a mill where we can have neither wind nor water, nor even steam, to drive its machinery. No permanent or solid good is obtainable for man, either for this world or that which is to come, but through the ministry of the Holy Catholic Church,—the Holy *Roman* Catholic Apostolic Church, we mean. She alone has authority to teach; she alone has charge from God of the culture of individuals and nations; and she alone has received the authority and force necessary to educate and direct all man's faculties and sentiments so as to bring order out of the confusion ignorance and sin have generated, and to fill the earth with love, peace, and joy. Reluct who will; but he who seeks to gainsay this statement, or by other means to work out man's redemption, shall find himself realizing the old myth of the Titan doomed ever to roll his huge stone up the steep hill, and ever to have it, ere it reach the top, roll back with thundering rebound.

In these somewhat desultory and disconnected remarks, we have, of course, had no intention of confining ourselves to a critical examination of Schiller's work. We have made his volume of æsthetic prose the occasion of some suggestions which we have felt were not uncalled for by the spirit of our age and country. In the dominant tendency of the age and country we see only unmixed evil, and we are obliged to place ourselves in direct opposition to what the great mass of the active and, if you will, philanthropic portion of our countrymen are pursuing as the supreme good. We cannot coöperate or sympathize with even our own former friends, and are obliged to wage war against the thousands of ardent minds and generous hearts who are but following the very tendency they at first received from ourselves. This painful position we must assume as the penalty of our own former heresies and errors. The tendency of the age is *humanitarian*, and the avowed object of those who stand, in their own judgment, at the head of the "movement party" is to instaurate the "religion of humanity." Humanity is put in the place of God, and it, instead of God, are we profanely

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called upon to worship, trust, and obey. It is the most dangerous species of IDOLATRY ever invented; for it is the most seductive, the least flagrant. Our modern philosophy, poetry, literature in general, politics, and institutions are rapidly conforming themselves to it, and preparing to embellish, and sanctify, and sustain it. The appeal through all is to the "mighty heart of humanity"; the orator and the poet gather their inspirations from "the upheavings of universal humanity," and command us to bow down and adore before "the onward movements of the masses." Alas! how little do they who are burning incense to "the masses," singing the praises of "humanity," and exulting in what they call the "triumphs of man," know of what horrible idolatry they are guilty, into what unknown depths of sin and misery they are plunging this poor human race they profess, and many of them, no doubt, honestly profess, to serve! God forgive us for having been once one of their number!

The devil disguises himself as an angel of light, and would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. Under the maddening cry of "humanity," "liberty," and "social reform," words so magical to every generous spirit, he seeks to entice the faithful from their allegiance, and "to place himself in the seat of God, and to make himself worshipped as God." All who really love our Lord Jesus Christ, all who would really serve their race, and work out for man a greater measure of good even for this life, must "watch and pray lest they enter into temptation." The enemy with whom we have to contend is as subtle, as artful, as he is wicked. He can appear in any shape and under any disguise he pleases. At present, his favorite disguise is that of LIBERAL, PHILANTHROPIST, and REFORMER, and in this disguise he is more successful than he ever was in any former disguise he has ever adopted. We have not yet seen the end of his career under this disguise. He is yet to convulse nations, and, in many countries, to break up society to its very foundations. He seduces thousands upon thousands from their allegiance, and with his lying promises ruins them here, and effects their damnation hereafter. Brethren, be on your guard. Remember the admonition of the apostle, "We are of God. He that knoweth God heareth us. He that is not of God heareth not us. By this we know the spirit of truth from the spirit of error." Know that every spirit that separateth from the church, that abid-

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eth not in her doctrine and communion, whatever high-sounding names it may adopt, whatever seducing forms it may bear, whatever kindling speech it may use, is not of God, is the spirit of error, is Antichrist, is of the devil. Believe it not. Go not after it. Listen not one moment to its flattering promises. Nothing will come of them but disaster and ruin here, and eternal death hereafter.

Yet be not alarmed. More are they that are for us than they that are against us. We know in whom we trust, and that he is able to thwart all the wiles of the adversary, and to keep what we have confided to him unto eternal life. Be constant, be vigilant, be watchful unto prayer. Be content to worship the God of your fathers in the way they worshipped him, the way of Jesus Christ and the apostles, the way of the saints and martyrs, who, with white robes and palms in their hands, now celebrate their victories, and offer up their prayers as sweet incense for your final perseverance and ultimate triumph. With holy faith, and unwavering hope, and charity that believeth, hopeth, dareth, endureth all things, hide yourselves in the temple of your God, in his holy tabernacle, in the secret of his pavilion, till the danger be past.

SCHILLER'S ÆSTHETIC THEORY.

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for April, 1846.]

Mr. Weiss, the translator of Schiller's *Æsthetic Prose*, dissenting from our remarks on Schiller's æsthetic theory, in our *Review* for July last, has sent us a communication in its defence. He contends that we were wrong in representing that theory as repugnant to Christianity; for, in his judgment, it "not only sacrifices no Christian principle, but rather corroborates and sustains them all; being, if rightly understood, the *ally* and the *harbinger* of Christian culture."

If we adopted his reading of Christianity, we might, perhaps, admit this; for we confess we see no essential difference between Schiller's æsthetic theory, and that liberal Christianity, of which our friend is a worthy and devoted preacher. But when we speak of Christianity, we of course mean Christianity as the church teaches it; for we admit no

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Christianity, properly so called, independent of the church; and it is with the Christianity inseparable and indistinguishable from the church, that we maintain Schiller's theory is utterly incompatible.

Schiller's theory is invented as a new theory of moral and social improvement, and, as such, arrogates to itself a part, at least, of the work which we are taught to ascribe to Christianity. This is alone sufficient, be its character in other respects what it may, to stamp it as anti-Christian; for Christianity is sufficient and exclusive, and demands, and can admit, in the work of moral and social improvement, no rival and no ally. Any new theory in regard to such a work, or any theory outside and independent of Christianity, though really intended to be auxiliary to Christianity, must always be set down as repugnant to Christianity. Man cannot, without culpable presumption, attempt to do the work of God. When and where God speaks, he must be silent.

Schiller addressed his *Æsthetic Letters* to a nobleman of high rank, who was enamoured of the principles of the French revolution, or rather who was carried away by the vague notions of liberty and felicity to be realized on earth, so rife throughout all Europe during the latter half of the last century, and still entertained by our young dreamers, socialists, radicals, and disorganizers. Schiller appears to have been as radical as any of his contemporaries in regard to the end they contemplated, though differing from many of them as to the proper method to be adopted for its realization. He, as well as they, believed in the possibility of a return of the age of gold, of recovering the Eden forfeited by sin; and the real question which agitated him, and determined the tone and direction of his speculations, was, What are the practical means of reproducing this age of gold, or, in other words, of introducing and maintaining universal, social, and political freedom? He begins by assuming that this freedom, or the right constitution and healthy action of the state, depends, as its necessary condition, on the inward or personal freedom of the individual. In this he differs from the French republicans. They said, the freedom of the individual is the end, and the freedom of the state is the means; reform the state, as the condition of reforming the individual; and therefore they made the revolution, deposed and beheaded their sovereign, and guillotined such of the noble, the beautiful, and the good, as

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preferred their recollections to their hopes. Schiller recoiled from this, as well he might. He reversed the maxim, and said, the freedom of the state is the end, that of the individual the means; reform the individual, as the condition of reforming the state; and gave us his æsthetic theory. This sounds much more philosophic than the formula of the French republicans, but in reality is less so. The republicans made the state exist for man, and man for himself; Schiller made man exist for the state, and the state for—nothing; since, if the individual be able to attain to the freedom supposed without the state, the state is superfluous.

But having assumed that the freedom of the individual must be the foundation of the freedom of the state, Schiller's problem became, How shall the citizens or subjects of a state acknowledged to be corrupt and tyrannical be emancipated, and established in that personal freedom which is the prerequisite to social and political regeneration? This, if we have not totally misapprehended it, is his real problem. The answer, as we gather it from himself and his translator, is, that "the medium of this emancipation is the cognition of beauty," that is to say, the fine arts, artistic or æsthetic culture.

Man, according to Schiller, in his rude or primitive state, prior to æsthetic culture, is, in the category of nature, subject to the law of necessity. This necessity is twofold,—the necessity of his condition, and that of his own nature. He is in this state not properly a *person*, but a *thing*, and subjected to natural laws as are other things. He can act, indeed, but to an end, not for the sake of an end,—instinctively, but not from reflection and volition,—and therefore is incapable of performing what are strictly speaking human acts,—*actus humani*. The first thing to be done, then, is to emancipate him from the thraldom of nature, to constitute his personality, and place him in the condition in which he can act freely, from reflection and volition. That is, he must be translated out of nature into humanity. This translation out of nature into humanity, or this constitution of the personality, is the evolution of what Schiller terms the play-impulse (*Spieltrieb*). How is this to be done? By the cognition of beauty, or æsthetic culture. Hence the mission of art. It is art which liberates man from the thraldom of nature, creates him man, harmonizes all his faculties or impulses, and constitutes him master of his condition and himself.

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We understand this doctrine very well, but have now neither time nor space to enter into its full examination. It will suffice for our present purpose to consider it under its more popular aspects, and to indicate some of the points which are hostile to our holy religion.

1. The fundamental assumption with regard to the free and happy order which may be realized on this earth is false and unchristian. At the bottom of all Schiller's speculations lies the assumption, that there is, as it were, a heaven which we may realize in this world and from this world; that it is possible to introduce and maintain a political and social order in which all our natural wants shall be satisfied, in which we shall be free from all constraint, exempt from all troubles, disappointments, and vexations, in which there shall be no disturbing forces, no anxiety, no sorrow, no wrath, no bitterness, but all shall be peace, plenty, love, and joy. But this, Christianity teaches us, is neither possible nor desirable, and therefore is never to be proposed as an object of pursuit. In assuming it, and proposing it as an end, Schiller is, then, at war with Christianity, as are all classes of socialists of the present day. The Christian looks upon this life as intended by Providence to be a penance, a probation, a trial, a discipline, and places his hopes of happiness exclusively in the world to come. It is idle to deny this. Christianity was not given to remove the evils and misery of this life, but to teach us patience and resignation under them; and to enable us to convert them into the richest blessings, by humbly submitting to them for God's sake. It sanctions none of the maxims of the socialists, but reverses them all. God's ways are not man's ways. When he comes to redeem us, he comes not in the greatness, majesty, and glory of the Godhead, but with his divinity veiled under a human form,—not with the lofty step of the conquering hero, or the pomp and state of the earthly monarch, but as a servant in lowly life, the son of a poor virgin, living in poverty and want, and followed only by fishermen and publicans, and at last dying on the cross. Even now, when he comes upon our altars or communicates himself to the faithful, to gladden the heart, strengthen the soul, and give us a foretaste of heaven, he conceals not only his divinity, but also his humanity, and appears under the ignoble forms of bread and wine,—teaching us that our greatness is in our littleness, our strength in our weakness, our glory in our

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humility. He comes not thus, as mad dreamers allege, because his mission is specially to the poor, because he comes merely, as we hear it blasphemously taught, as a modern socialist, radical, leveller, or democratic revolutionist,—but to sanctify poverty, to abash the pride of the world, and to show us that our good is not in that which the nations seek after, but in that which they despise; for the poor man, that is not also poor in spirit, is no dearer to him than the rich man "faring sumptuously every day." It is through much tribulation and suffering that we must enter the kingdom of heaven. Therefore it is that the saints always turn their backs on the world, trample its riches and luxuries beneath their feet, and make themselves poor and afflicted, that they may have true riches and joy with Christ in heaven. All this may be foolishness to our socialists and conceited reformers, but the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men. Salvation comes from the humility of the cross. What the Christian looks for in this world is not earthly felicity, is not that he may be full with the goods of this world, and have his "eyes stand out with fatness," but that he may sacrifice the sacrifices of justice, and hope in God for his reward hereafter. He believes that blessed are the poor, those that suffer, and those that weep; for the afflictions of this life are designed by our merciful Father to prepare us for the beatitude of the life to come. He thus seeks the cross, and embraces it with the most ardent affection; and, in so doing, receives the highest good he is capable of receiving.

The error of our socialists on this point is one of no small magnitude. They all—and in this respect we do not see that Schiller differs essentially from them—regard our true good as realizable on earth, and in some way or other dependent on our external condition. In this they show clearly their hostility to Christianity. Our real good is not realizable in this life, save by promise; for we do not and cannot accomplish our destiny here. We live here by hope, not by fruition. Then, again, what is really for our good here is in no case and in no sense whatever dependent on our external condition. It is, in all cases, independent of circumstances. We need no change in our external condition and circumstances, in order to receive the highest good of which we are capable. God may be found by the humblest and most abject slave, as well as by the proudest poten-

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tate of the earth; and the soul that finds God, or to whom God reveals himself, has all good, even the supreme good itself. While we are seeking to better ourselves by bettering our condition, to prepare ourselves for virtue and happiness by struggling to create a new political, social, or industrial order, we overlook this fact, draw our minds off from God, fix our affections on things of the earth, and lose for ever our true good. Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for the meat that endureth unto everlasting life. If you would be truly wise, seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and fear nothing for the rest. If you believe not this, have at least the manliness to avow that you believe not Christianity.

2. But we cannot accept Schiller's account of the rude or primitive state of man. Man is not primitively a thing, but essentially a person. There is no such necessity of nature as is alleged, from which he needs to be emancipated. Man, we admit, is enslaved, is a slave to his condition, and to his appetites, propensities, and passions; but if there be any truth in Christianity, this slavery is voluntary, not necessary,—the effect, not of his want of freedom, but of his abuse of his freedom. So far as this is not the case, he is never, and can never, be emancipated. As long as he lives, he must be affected in both his intellect and his sensibility by the objective world; for he does not and cannot make the world in which he lives; and so long as he remains here, concupiscence remains, against which he must struggle. We deny, on the one hand, that man is subject to such a necessity of nature as Schiller assumes; and, on the other, the possibility of such a liberty as he contends for.

3. So far as man is voluntarily enslaved, he needs to be emancipated; but we deny that the emancipation implied is effected or can be effected by the cognition of beauty, or even of truth and goodness. The simple cognition is never sufficient to liberate the soul, and place man, in his interior nature, above himself and his condition. If there be any thing certain, it is, that Christianity teaches that this liberation is possible only by divine grace infused into the heart, elevating and strengthening the will, and inclining it to God. So far as the evolution of Schiller's play-impulse designates a state of freedom not purely imaginary, but possible and desirable, it is to be effected, not by æsthetic culture, but by the infusion of divine grace and by *Christian* culture, or ascetic discipline.

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These three considerations are sufficient to justify our objections to Schiller's theory on the ground of its repugnance to Christianity. But Mr. Weiss thinks that it is, nevertheless, the ally and harbinger of Christianity. His view, if we rightly seize it, is, that the evolution of the freedom Schiller intends to express by the word *play-impulse* is the necessary preparation for Christianity, or preliminary condition of its operation and influence. It is, therefore, necessary to Christianity, the "prime condition of the embodiment of Christianity in the life of men." If Schiller's account of the rude or primitive man were to be received, some preparation for Christianity would undoubtedly be necessary, for Christianity can do nothing for man before he exists. Man must be, before he can be the subject of Christian influences. But if this account be rejected, and man assumed to be in all states what Christianity represents him to be, no such preliminary work is necessary or admissible. No preparation for grace is admissible, because grace must go before all efforts at our emancipation, or else those efforts will be unavailing. It can go before, for we know it can begin to operate from the first moment of our existence, since the holy prophet Jeremiah and St. John the Baptist were each sanctified from his mother's womb, and since infants from the moment of birth are regenerated in holy baptism.

But it seems that we were wrong, according to Mr. Weiss, in identifying Schiller's play-impulse with love, and also in ranking Schiller among modern idolaters. Possibly we were; but it may be well to bear in mind that the complaints of misrepresentation, which theorists and their friends make whenever their theories are represented in an unfavorable light, are, as a general rule, to be received with some hesitation. For ourselves, we are much inclined to believe that whoever will set forth any modern theory, German theory especially, in its true light, will be accused by its friends of ignorance, of misapprehension, and misrepresentation. The modern mind, the modern German mind in particular, is remarkable for its subjectivity, and the universe it explains by its theories is never the universe existing objectively *in re*, nor even in the conceptions of the general reason, but the universe which exists in the individual reason, imagination, fancy, or idiosyncrasies of the theorist himself. The theorist constructs his theory, not from *data* furnished him by the objective world, the world which exists alike for all men, but from *data* which are furnished by the world which exists

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for him alone, or the few who may be able to content themselves to see all with his eyes. This is especially true of nearly all our modern German theorists. Though boasting of their universality and "many-sidedness," they are remarkable for their narrowness, "one-sidedness," and egoism. Their eyes are always fixed on their own individual *Ich*, or *me*, and rarely in their speculations do they ever get out of its sphere. It is this fact which makes it so extremely difficult for them to explain themselves to scholars of other schools, and which makes them fancy, whenever their theories are translated by scholars of broader and more comprehensive views, that they are misrepresented. The fact is, that, when their theories are exhibited to the general intelligence of mankind, they do not recognize them, because they are then necessarily divested of what they had received from the idiosyncrasies of their framers. This æsthetic theory of Schiller, for instance, is deduced from another theory entertained by its author, and this other theory, not from man and nature as they really are, or as they are in the general intelligence, but as they are in Schiller's own *Ich* or *me*. But in explaining it, we must not explain it from Schiller's point of view, for that he himself has done, and our explanation would be no explanation at all; but we must explain it from the point of view of the universal reason, or of objective truth. In doing this, we necessarily and very properly eliminate all that is idiosyncratic, all that depends on Schiller's own peculiar mode of seeing reality, and retain only what may be made intelligible to all men, and without Schiller as well as with him. But we cannot do this without making the theory appear very different, and apparently another theory, from what it appears to him and to his friends. Yet we do not thus misrepresent it, but truly represent it.

In the brief exposition we gave of the theory in question, we aimed simply to present its leading features in the light of general philosophy, or its essential principles in such a light as to be truly apprehended by the general intelligence. We sought, in a word, simply to translate the theory out of Schiller's private reason into the reason of the race; and we have seen, as yet, no ground to think that we did not render him truly and faithfully. That Schiller used the term *play-impulse* to designate the freedom or state which he assumed to result from the cognition of beauty or æsthetic culture, we were not ignorant; but we identified it with love, for the very reason that he gave it as the *effect* of the cognition

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of beauty. If Schiller relied on this effect as the condition of virtue, he relied on sentiment, or an affection of the passive nature, which we term love, as distinguished from charity, because it can be nothing else. Thus we reasoned, and if Schiller himself reasoned differently, that was his fault, not ours. Schiller certainly relies on art or æsthetic culture to evolve that inward state which is to him the condition *sine qua non*, at least, of all virtuous action. But the subjective principle of the power or influence of art is the sensibility. The province of art is to embody or reveal the beautiful. The intellect apprehends the beautiful, which affects the sensibility and produces a sentiment which, in our language, is called *love*. Here begins and ends the whole influence of art. Here is the whole sphere of the influence of æsthetic culture; for any culture extending beyond this sphere is not æsthetic, but moral, religious, social, or intellectual. Then, in making the cognition of beauty the medium of the liberation of the individual from the thraldom of nature, and of placing him in the condition to do his duty, or to be virtuous, Schiller necessarily relied on love. To excite this love by appeal to the sensibility, and to evolve the play-impulse, are precisely one and the same thing, as all must admit. Where, then, is our error in identifying the play-impulse with what we term love?

We are not quite ignorant of the German æsthetic theories in general. We know very well that many among ourselves, half germanized, regard man as endowed with a faculty distinct from intellect, from will, and from sensibility, to which art addresses itself,—a faculty which they cannot name, define, nor describe, and the existence of which no sound psychologist can admit. There is no peculiar mystery in the influence of art. Such is our nature, that, when we have intuition of the beautiful, it moves our sensibility, attracts us towards it, and affords us a sensible delight. This is all. Beauty appeals, as beauty, not to the intellect, not to the will, but solely to the sensibility. In relation to the intellect it is truth, to the will it is goodness. But art, as art, deals with beauty alone, and its aim is to affect the sensibility. It may affect it, and turn it towards what is true and good, and then it aids intellectual and moral culture; or it may turn it in an opposite direction, and then it becomes the minister of vice and corruption. In the former case, it is commendable and useful; in the latter, it is not. But it is as much art in the one case as in the other. There

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is more perfect art in the *Elective Affinities* than in the *Wilhelm Tell* or the *Wallenstein*.

Nor is it true that the general tendency of art, or æsthetic culture, is to liberate the mind. The panders to vice know very well that art is one of the most effectual means of enchaining their victims, and do not fail to enlist architecture, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, in their service, as is but too well known; and we may lay it down as an invariable rule, that art uniformly tends to corrupt, when not *preceded* and accompanied by high spiritual, or moral and religious culture. Art, in the hands of the saint, ministers to virtue; in the hands of the sinner, to vice. The soul must have been liberated, the will elevated, its affections purified, by other than æsthetic influences, before æsthetic culture can aid moral progress. The "love of show and finery" is not a proof of that inward freedom desired, is not a preparation for the gospel of truth, as our friend imagines; but is itself a vice, and the indication of a soul already enslaved by a hateful passion. Certainly we cannot regard those of our sisters, or our wives and daughters, who manifest the love for show and finery in the highest degree, as being the nearest the kingdom of heaven, or as being in the best possible state to listen to the Gospel, and to yield to its self-sacrificing precepts.

That we were wrong in classing Schiller with modern idolaters, we do not admit. Modern idolatry does not consist in worshipping wood or stone, four-footed beasts, the stars of heaven, or images made with men's hands; but in worshipping humanity itself. For charity it substitutes the sentiment of love, for the love of God the love of man, for heaven the earth, and for revelation the instincts of the race. It makes man the beginning and end, the *a quo* and the *ad quem* of all right action. From man, too, it looks for all its strength, all the force or power requisite to work out our true good. All its theories presuppose the sufficiency of man, and its study is to find out how man, by exerting his own energy, may effect the end he holds to be desirable. It may admit in words a supreme being, but this supreme being is to be found only in the fixed and invariable laws of nature and the human soul, and aids us only because such is the character of these laws, that, if we conform to them, we shall find ourselves better off than if we neglect them. To obey him is simply to follow nature, to conform to the natural order,—the old Epicurean doctrine under a new dress, en-

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tirely excluding providence, and all active interference of the Creator in the government of the world. God has made the world, and leaves it to itself. If it recognizes Jesus Christ, or, out of deference to the prejudices of the age, resolves to *patronize* him for a time, it is simply as a brother man, who is worthy of our respect, inasmuch as he has suggested some wise rules for the regulation of life, and has set us in his own life an example of a very high order of excellence, worthy of our imitation, and serving to show us what we may ourselves be and do if we choose.

Now, it was well known that Schiller was no Christian, or may be known by any one who will read his *Philosophical Letters*. He was in his way a reformer, and sought to remake man; but all his theories imply that he did not look beyond man himself, and that man is his own beginning and end. His love was for man, his hope was placed in man, and out of man, by aid of æsthetic culture, was to arise the new and brilliant social order he contemplated. He therefore belonged to the class of modern idolaters, and we were not wrong in designating his theory as one of the forms of modern idolatry. Practically, it would prove to be one of the worst of these forms, because it places first in order of time and rank, and as the foundation of all other culture, æsthetic culture; which is to place the sensibility above reason and will. To place sensibility above reason and will, when it comes to morals, is to place the inferior soul above the superior, the flesh above the spirit.

There are several other matters on which Mr. Weiss, in vindicating Schiller, touches, that we must reluctantly pass over. He has travelled and can speak of art from personal observation, an advantage we cannot claim. But, with all deference, we must doubt the superiority in all respects of Grecian over Christian art, or of the Greeks as a race over the Jews. We do not think it is really a matter of regret that our Lord did not choose to be born of a Greek virgin instead of a Jewish, or that in this respect the supreme Wisdom committed a blunder. We are far also from believing the Gospel would have been improved, even if "some green peak from the Olympic ridge" had overshadowed the cradle of Bethlehem. The Greeks have unquestionably contributed somewhat to the artistic culture of the race, but we owe far less to this vain, fickle, turbulent, faithless race, than is commonly imagined by scholars. Of what is valuable in modern civilization, which we have retained from the ancient hea-

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then world, a much larger part is due to the ancient Romans than to the ancient Greeks. The Greek mind was subtle, but sophistical. It wanted the balance, the sober common sense, and the firm grasp of principle, which belonged to the Roman mind. But this is a topic we cannot now discuss.

Schiller's translator thinks that the nearer inclination and duty coincide, the nearer do we approximate the Christian type; that is, we advance in Christian perfection in proportion as we find in our flesh less and less opposition to duty. There may, perhaps, be a sense in which this is true; but we confess we do not know in what sense. As long as we live in this world, concupiscence remains, and there must be a struggle, a warfare, between the flesh and the spirit; and the more we advance in sanctity, the higher the degree of perfection to which we attain, the more severe does the struggle become, because the more acute is our perception, on the one hand, of what is good, and, on the other, of what is evil. The greater the saint, the greater the struggle; and hence it is that the saints always regard themselves as the greatest of sinners, and are the most deeply affected by a sense of their imperfections, the most convinced of the necessity of mortification, and of the assistance of divine grace to keep them from falling. That, in proportion as we advance, the inclinations of the will coincide with duty, is true; but that the inclinations of the flesh, the inclinations in question, do, we have not yet learned, and do not believe; for the saint must always say "in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing, for it is not subject to the law of God, nor indeed can be." Hence, the combat must be maintained, and, till we are raised in glory, ever will it be necessary to chastise our bodies, to mortify the flesh, and to be assisted by supernatural grace, to prevent the flesh from gaining the mastery over the spirit.—But we are probably talking of matters foreign to the ordinary thoughts of our liberal Christian preacher, and of which we ourselves are but poorly qualified, neophyte as we are, to speak at all. We leave the subject, confident that we have said enough to justify us in asserting as we did, that Schiller's *Æsthetic Theory* is incompatible with Christianity. It is one of the numerous theories invented in modern times to supersede the Gospel of our Lord, and therefore we cannot entertain it, cannot afford it any countenance, but must, whatever the genius or ability it indicates in the author, condemn it as a theory, and without reserve.

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THORNBERRY ABBEY.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for October, 1846.]

This makes the fourth number of *Dunigan's Home Library*, and, as a literary production, is the most finished of any number of the series which has yet appeared. It is reprinted from an English work, founded on incidents supplied by the recent extraordinary movement in the Anglican establishment. Though we take a deep interest in our own literature, and are ready to welcome any work of merit from an American author, we think Mr. Dunigan has done well to depart from his original intention, of confining himself to domestic productions, and to include this interesting tale in his series of works for popular reading. Mr. Dunigan is one of our most liberal and enterprising publishers, and he has a laudable desire to encourage native talent, and to call forth a domestic literature for the Catholic public; but we are inclined to think his attempt somewhat premature. For the present, better works, works far better adapted to nourish and strengthen the Catholic life, may be obtained from Ireland and England, or by translation from the French and German, Italian and Spanish, than we can ourselves produce.

The time is not distant when we may engage in the work of producing a national literature in earnest and with success. There is to be an American literature which will compare favorably, and more than favorably, with the most admired literatures of the world, and this literature is to be the product of Catholic America. The present national literature is virtually infidel, and must be short-lived; Protestantism, which is a reaction against Christianity, must soon burst and vanish in thin air, with its works; modern civilization, as distinguished from the ancient Greek and Roman, is Christian, has been the work of the church, and is informed with the Catholic spirit, and will not assimilate to itself what is not Catholic. It may receive it as an indigestible mass for a time, but must, sooner or later, expel it as a foreign substance. The heathen and the utmost parts of the earth are given to our Lord for his inheritance and possession, and no

* *Thornberry Abbey: A Tale of the Times.* New York: 1846.

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attempt to wrest them from him will succeed. They must all come under his law. Catholicity is the only living or lifegiving principle in the world, and no national literature not Catholic can really flourish, and attain a permanent growth, or a respectable rank among the living literatures of the world. There need be no question, then, as to the fact that Catholic America will be the author of our national literature. This we look upon as settled.

But, at present, we are not in the condition to make any important contributions to this national literature. National literature is the expression of the national life, and follows the formation of the national character. The Greek character preceded Greek literature, and the Roman character was fixed centuries before there was a Roman literature. Our national character is not yet formed. What we term our national character is merely provisional, and will disappear, or be essentially modified, when the mass of our people cease to be Protestants and infidels, and place themselves in harmony with Christian civilization. The real American character is yet to be formed, and to be formed under Catholic influences. It is to Catholic America we are to look; for it alone is living and has the promise of the future; and Catholic America as yet hardly exists. Our Catholic population is not yet homogeneous, has no common national character. It is Irish, French, German, and each division retains the national peculiarities of the country from which it has emigrated. There has been, as yet, no time to melt down the mass, and combine its separate elements in a new national character, neither Irish, nor French, nor German, but composed of the real excellences of each. The portion descended from the early American settlers are themselves as far as either of the others from possessing what is to be, ultimately, the American character; for, as to their social habits, literary tastes, their general culture, as to all, in fact, not strictly of faith, they are Protestant rather than Catholic. Now, till this fusion takes place, till national diversities and peculiarities lose themselves in one common national character, with common habits, views, tastes, and feelings, we have not the indispensable conditions of a national literature. The native American portion demand a literature which smacks of the provisional national character; the Irish require their national tastes and peculiarities to be addressed; and the French and Germans cannot be pleased to have theirs neglected. All this is natural and inevitable. It im-

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plies no reproach to one or to another. Nobody can blame the German because his affections cluster around his fatherland, and his heart is moved by the songs of the Rhine, as it cannot be by those of the Ohio and the Mississippi; the Irishman is not censurable because his heart turns to "the Green Isle of the Ocean,"—all the dearer from the memory of her wrongs,—and because no strains can touch him like those to which he listened in his childhood; nor any more the native American for finding dearest to him those accents which soothed him in the caresses of his mother. Cold is the heart that does not beat quicker at the mention of its native land, and that does not linger with its sweetest affections around its early home, the only home it ever finds in this wide world. Dear to us is that home of our childhood, and fresh are the breezes which come freely over the green hills which skirt it. No sky is so serene as that which bends over it; no sun so bright as that which shines on it; no air so pure as that we breathed when in it, before the wanderings, the turmoils, and cares of life began. We love that mountain home; we love its very look, its tone, and its simple manners, and we find elsewhere nothing to compensate for their loss. We complain not that the emigrant turns fondly to his fatherland, and clings to the life he received from it. No people ever becomes great which is not thoroughly national, and which cannot more easily part with life than with its nationality. All we say, or mean to say, is, that our Catholic population is collected from different nations, with diverse national characters; and while they are so, before they become homogeneous in their character, we cannot find in them the *public* requisite for the creation and growth of a national literature. This, however, is only a temporary obstacle, and will soon disappear. But while it remains, we cannot do much for a *national* literature, and must content ourselves with such works as address themselves to the intellect alone, or to those sentiments and affections which are common to all men, whatever the diversity of their national origin or breeding.

But even if we had the public, we have not the authors. This is yet a missionary country, and the clergy, on whom the literature of every country mainly depends, are so few in proportion to the number of the faithful who need their services, their professional duties are so great, so pressing, and so arduous, that they have little leisure for purely literary pursuits. The field of their labors is in the obscure

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courts, the dark lanes, the damp cellars, the unventilated garrets, in the hut of poverty, by the side of wretchedness and grief, administering to the sick and dying, fathers to the fatherless, friends to the friendless, pouring the oil and wine into the broken heart, and binding up the bruised spirit; and we would not see them abandoning this field for the low and comparatively unimportant calls of literature and science. They have the learning, the genius, the ability, for a rich and living literature; but they have a higher vocation, more glorious duties, and too deep a love for souls to neglect them.

After the clergy, where are our authors? The literary portion of the nations which have furnished us our Catholic population do not emigrate. The mass of emigrants are from the poorer and less educated classes, with some individual exceptions, surely; and their motive for emigrating is, not to call forth an American literature, but to better their worldly condition, and to leave a richer worldly inheritance to their children. The laity born among ourselves, whether of later or earlier emigrants, educated as they are in a Protestant atmosphere, with literary habits and tastes formed on Protestant models, are but poorly qualified to give tone and character to Catholic literature. They may be able to write well in exposition and defence of the faith, if they take the pains to inform themselves, and do not feel themselves too proud to submit what they write, before going to press, to the criticism and revision of the authorized teacher; but the moment they attempt to go beyond what is set down for them, aspire to be original, and to speak out from their own spontaneous life, as every man must do if he is to attain to any literary excellence, they betray their Protestant tastes and associations, and exert an influence altogether unfavorable to the growth and purity of Catholic life. Our own schools and colleges will, in time, correct this evil; but as yet they have not corrected it. Most of them are of too recent origin to have exerted much influence, and none of them have sent out many *Catholic* scholars who have remained in the ranks of the laity. But few Catholic parents have been able to educate their children abroad, and it cannot be denied that the education of our laity, thus far, has been but partially Catholic. Even our schools have been for Protestants as much as for ourselves, and, through a real or supposed necessity, we have had to submit to all the evils of a mixed education, alike unfavorable to Catholics and

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Protestants. Hence, those among our laity who are educated have more or less of a Protestant incrustation, and, when it comes to pure literature, write as much in the Protestant as in the Catholic spirit.

We speak of literature proper, of works intended for popular reading. These are the works which need the most to be looked after. The most influential writers, whether for good or for evil, are those who are taken from the ranks of the people, and who write for the people. They may exert an influence wholly repugnant to our holy religion, and do immense harm, without departing in a single instance from the strict letter of the faith. We have ourselves had frequent occasion to examine books professedly Catholic, and designed for popular reading, which, though we could not lay our finger on a passage absolutely heterodox, breathed a purely Protestant tone and spirit, wholly offensive to the Catholic instinct. The tone and spirit of a book intended for the people is the main thing. The distinct and formal statements of a popular book are not what produces its effects on the mass of readers. It is the unconscious life of the author diffused through the work, and which he could not avoid diffusing through it, if he would, that determines its influence for good or for evil. Hence the reason why the church is so strict in her discipline, and shows so little mercy especially in the purely literary works of heretics. She knows that a literary work of any worth, in a literary point of view, must be, to a considerable extent, the expression of the life of its author, and therefore, if the author be a heretic, it must contain a secret poison which will prove at least hurtful to the purity and strength of the Catholic life. This same poison may be imbibed by a Catholic who lives and breathes in an heretical atmosphere, and be diffused through his works as well as through those of a Protestant, and will be none the less dangerous because he is a Catholic.

We all know that Protestantism at present predominates in this country. Those of our laity most likely to write for the people are those among us who are most exposed to its influence, and the most likely to be affected by it. They are not exactly scholars by profession; they have not received a thoroughly Catholic training; they are persons of general information and of general reading; but they are readers of modern, and chiefly Protestant, literature. They are, no doubt, firm Catholics, and would sooner die than

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knowingly depart from the faith; but, half protestantized in their views of things in general, and taking it for granted that all the difference between Catholics and Protestants lies in the formal differences between their respective creeds, they write in a tone and spirit which can do no good, and which can hardly fail to do immense harm. We are not censuring them. They cannot make themselves other than they are, and they cannot write without writing themselves. No man can. We only say, they cannot write books which it is always safe to circulate among the people, and cannot create and build up a *Catholic* national literature. Their works have a natural tendency to lower the Catholic tone, to relax the Catholic spirit, and to sully, if not corrupt, the virgin purity of the Catholic soul. Hence, where their works circulate, we miss the high and lofty, stern and uncompromising, Catholic public sentiment which is needed, both for our own sakes and for the sake of those who are without. A low and half-compromising tone among Catholics is of the greatest disadvantage to Protestants, for it tends to confirm them in their fatal errors. When we were ourselves Protestant, we were accustomed to hear our friends remark on the character and spirit of Catholics in this country. "Catholics, here," they were accustomed to say, "live and breathe in a Protestant atmosphere. They may retain the forms of their faith and worship, but they soon lose the Catholic spirit. They become assimilated to us in tone and sentiment, and their grandchildren are sure to be absorbed in the Protestant community." Protestants are thus led to think only of seeing Catholics assimilating to them, and not at all of the necessity of their becoming Catholics. There is more foundation for their remarks than there should be, and our grandchildren will be more likely to be Protestants or infidels than Catholics, unless Catholics are on their guard against the fatal influences in the midst of which they live, and, for the present, must live. Their best protection, after placing themselves under that of God and his holy mother, is to dare be Catholics, and to assert and maintain a free, high, and uncompromising Catholic spirit, to refuse all assimilation with Protestantism, to derive their ideas on all subjects from Catholic sources alone, and to distrust every thing, however harmless it may appear, that has an heretical origin. The truer, firmer, more devoted, more *exclusive* Catholics we are, the more influential we shall be, the more respect shall we command, and the

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more agreeable will be our social position. No man need lose caste in this country by being a Catholic. Let him be true to his church, and no harm can befall him, even in his temporal life.

We shall not be misunderstood. We do not contend that Catholics should, on all occasions and in all companies, obtrude their faith and church. There is a time for all things. There are the common courtesies of civilized life, there are the reciprocal obligations and the kind offices of good neighbourhood, which, of course, are never to be neglected,—a respect for the rights and the honorable feelings of others, which are always to be scrupulously observed. But what we urge is, that we remember always that the church holds the first place in every Catholic's affections, and that all in life is to be subordinated to the one great end of pleasing God and gaining heaven. This should always be present to our souls, and influence or determine the spirit of all we do or say. In regard to literature, we do not ask that the Catholic always wield the tomahawk and battle-axe of controversy, that he be ever formally stating the claims of his church, and denouncing all who are not within its pale. There is enough of all this in our literature as it is. But what we do want is the Catholic soul, the Catholic spirit, which shall unconsciously pervade all we write, and inform every sentence and word, so that whoever takes up one of our works, at whatever page he opens, shall feel that its author could have been none other than a Catholic. It is this which gives such power and unction to the writers of the ages of faith. They say little of the church, little of religion unless treating it professedly, make no professions of faith or piety, but every word betrays them, and the very servant-girls take notice that they have been with Jesus, and must have been genuine Catholics. It is this which makes them so precious and edifying to the Catholic, and so insipid or offensive to the Protestant. We would see this revived. Would that forty years of heresy had not forbidden us, personally, to hope to be able, before dying, to write, as a Catholic should write, out from a life that had never been sullied by a single Protestant association! But, alas! this cannot be. We can only stand as a beacon of warning to others. We can see and feel what should be; the power to produce it has been thrown away, and, for our punishment, is not to be recovered. But how much so ever of our former Protestant life we may yet retain, we

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can clearly see that the Protestant life and the Catholic are of two distinct orders, and cannot and will not assimilate; that what is agreeable to the one will be offensive to the other; and that the man who makes up his mind to be a Catholic must make it up to be not a Protestant, and to take his stand in the Catholic world alone, for life and for death.

With these views of the present condition of the Catholic population in this country, of the influences to which we are necessarily exposed, the sort of literature we are able to produce, and of that which we need, or which alone could do us any good, we confess that any direct efforts to call forth a domestic literature, a popular literature, we mean, strike us as premature, and not at all desirable. When our colleges have got fairly into operation, and become colleges chiefly if not exclusively, for Catholics, and have sent out one or two generations of scholars, trained from childhood, under strict Catholic discipline, then we may do something; but till then, the most we can do to advantage will be to guard ourselves and others against fatal tendencies, to set forth and defend our faith, and prepare the way for the complete triumph of the church. Other nations will supply us with books, and better books than we can write for ourselves.

But we have forgotten the little book before us. It is, we have said, a reprint of a recent English work. When we had read only a few pages, we thought it must belong to the category of books we have been censuring, and be written by some Puseyite, who, through mistake, had got into the church without stopping to doff his Puseyism at the door; but as we read on, we became interested, and finally laid the book down with an impression much in its favor. In fact, though it reminded us, now and then, of Father Dominick's rhapsody in the *London Tablet*, on Littlemore, in which he exhorts the English Catholics to aspire to the *sanctity* of that heterodox establishment, or, at best, parody on a Catholic monastery, we were forced to like it, and we cheerfully commend it to our readers. It has one or two literary faults, common to most productions of the kind, such as efforts at fine writing, and wearisome descriptions of natural scenery and external objects, which are uncalled for, and only interrupt the narrative, and one or two opinions incidentally expressed, which are very questionable, and which might have been left unexpressed; yet it is one of the best little works, treating important matters in a popu-

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lar manner, we have recently met. It is written with fair artistic skill, the characters are well sustained, and the controversy is managed with adroitness, delicacy, and success. The tone of the book is mild, gentle, but firm and uncompromising. The author writes without any fear of the English establishment before his eyes. He does not allow it the merit even of being schismatic; for he does not allow it any church character at all. It has no orders, no altar, no sacrifice, no sacraments, but that of baptism, which may be validly administered even by a pagan. It is an empty form, and has no worth, no vitality, no connection with the church of God. We like this: and, after Charles Butler and Dr. Lingard's *History of England*, it is refreshing, and proves that the spirit of good Bishop Milner is not all extinct. It is such language as this in the mouth of English Catholics that leads us in very deed to hope for England's conversion. English Catholics have been proverbially timid and compromising, and, in more instances than one, have shown that they preferred their king or their queen to their God. If they had had a little of the old uncompromising Catholic spirit of their Irish brethren, England would have been converted long ago, nay, would have never ceased to be Catholic. But, God be praised, a better spirit is beginning to manifest itself among them; they are beginning to rise from the dust in which they have so long slumbered, to assume a bolder and a more truly Catholic tone, and there is clear evidence that Almighty God is visiting them in mercy. It does one's heart good to hear them tell the establishment to her face that she is no church, no reality,—that she is, as Carlyle would say, a mere *sham;* for it is the truth, and the sooner the Anglicans are told it, and told it in tones that ring through their very souls, the better will it be for them, and for all who speak the English tongue. There is joy in heaven when our good old Anglo-Saxon is made once more the language of Christians, and lends its rough energy to give force to truth and holy religion. Shame is it that so noble a tongue should ever have been spoken by the enemies of God and his church!

The work before us is controversial, but it confines itself to the few, yet all-important, points of difference between us and the Anglo-Catholics, as they call themselves. It treats these deluded individuals with great tenderness, handles them softly, as though it felt they were made of frail

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materials; but, while recognizing frankly their Catholic tendencies, tells them plainly that they are less consistent than their Evangelical brethren, and place themselves in the most untenable of all conceivable positions. They are condemned by their own communion, while professing to love and obey it; they are condemned by the church, because they refuse to enter her fold; are, indeed, condemned by all parties, can find support nowhere, and must balance themselves on nothing. Yet they are to be compassionated, not upbraided. They really see that there should be, somewhere, a reality; feel that *sham* will suffice neither for soul nor for body; and regret, deeply regret, that their fathers cast away the reality for the *sham*. This is something, and with the stronger of them it is not without result, as the large number of converts from their ranks who have so gladdened our hearts fully proves. But, having inherited the sham from their fathers, although they see and admit it to be a sham, they fancy that by one means or another it may be made a reality. Alas! their task is more hopeless than that which St. Anthony imposed upon his disciple, Paul. Sooner shall one plant dry sticks, and, by watering, make them sprout and grow, than Anglicanism ever be made any thing but a miserable sham.

After all, we do not think the controversy with the Oxford party very important. Anglicanism itself is hardly worth opposing. Those of its members who awake to the importance of living a religious life soon discover that it is an empty form, and enter the church or seek refuge with the Evangelicals. The real enemy, the only enemy in a religious guise, worth fighting, is Calvinism. It has, in some of its forms, a hold on the people, and sustains itself by the adhesive power of hatred. We should like to see our controversialists turning their attention more generally to this enemy of truth and justice, and attempting to rescue its followers from their fatal delusion. We know they are far gone; we know they are bound in terrible thraldom by their ministers; but we do not believe that they are wholly beyond the reach of truth. Calvinism demolished, Anglicanism is no more.

The author of the work before us, we have said, confines his controversy to the differences between us and the recent Oxford divines. He has the appearance of regarding the concessions made by these divines as concessions made by Protestants generally; but we cannot so regard them.

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They abridge the controversy between Catholics and Protestants only in the case of those who make them. Protestants are not one body bound together by common principles, which all feel themselves alike under obligation to maintain. Each fights on his own hook, like the tall Yankee at the battle of Yorktown, and will acknowledge no concessions which he does not personally make. Tell him other Protestants have conceded the point, and he replies, "What then? *I* have not conceded it; and you must defeat *me* personally before I yield you the victory." Protestants are a heterogeneous mass of individuals, without any common principles or bond of unity. The refutation of one amounts to little, so long as there remains one who has not been personally refuted. The refutation of Jonathan will not be taken as the refutation of Obadiah, though both adopt precisely the same views. There is not a point in Protestantism which some eminent Protestant has not conceded, nor an article of the church which some eminent Protestant has not defended; and yet the controversy goes on as ever, and over the same ground. If we drive Protestants from one principle, they fly to another; and if we drive them from that, they return without shame to the first. Refutation does not silence them,—

"For e'en though vanquished they can argue still."

They are not fair and honorable opponents, and it were to be generous at the expense of justice to treat them as such. They disdain all the ordinary rules of controversy, and to adopt them in our controversy with them would be like the European generals employing their science and tactics in a warfare with North American Indians. Their method of warfare is their own. It consists in making false charges, and in *ignoring* their refutation. They have no principles of their own at stake. They are not obliged to stop and inquire what principles their charges involve, and they are free to make charges which imply contradictory principles. If we show them their charges refute one another, it is to no purpose; they pay no attention to us, but go right on and reaffirm the same charges, as if nothing had been said. They know their charges are false, but by throwing them out they hope to create prejudice against us, and to screen themselves. Surely Catholics must be horrible creatures, or so much would not and could not be said against them; and by keeping Catholics employed in

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repelling these charges, they can keep them from exploring and exposing the weakness and wickedness of Protestantism. They can keep us on the defensive, and thus escape our attacks.

Now we do not think Catholics are bound to treat Protestantism with any indulgence, or to give it any advantage. It is, as all Catholics know, the enemy of God and men, the contemner of God's church and the reviler of his saints, and charity, even common humanity, forbids us to show it any favor. We have no right to stand merely on the defensive. We cannot consent to let our neighbour rush into the flames without making an effort to hold him back, merely because he does not try to drag us in with him. We are bound to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to be ready at any moment to die to save him. All who persist in adhering to Protestantism are out of the way of salvation. Can we see them destroy themselves without doing all in our power to save them? These millions of obstinate Protestants are our brethren; Christ died for them as well as for us; they are our neighbours,—many of them are our near and dear friends,—and must not their perilous state touch our hearts and compel us to do all in our power to overthrow this Protestantism which deludes them, and is leading them down to everlasting perdition? We are bound, then, to attack Protestantism with all the ardor of Christian zeal, and with all the weapons to be found in the armory of the Gospel.

We have no occasion to stop to defend ourselves or our church. She is immaculate, lives a divine life, is under divine protection, and has Almighty God for her defender. Whatever she teaches is the infallible word of God, and whatever discipline she approves must be pure, holy, and salutary. Neither her doctrines nor her discipline stand in any need of human defence. Let the world rage, she is proof against all the wrath of man and the malice of hell. The false charges against Catholics can do us no harm, unless we suffer them to frighten us and induce us to stop and repel them. "Blessed are you when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, because great is your reward in heaven." We may turn a deaf ear to all these revilings, or rather rejoice in them and be exceeding glad. They should pass us by as the idle wind, and never engage a moment of our time or attention. The enemy only seeks to divert us, by their means, from exposing his own weakness and wickedness.

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We must not suffer ourselves to be caught in his snare. We must leave the defensive to God and his saints, think not of ourselves, but of the precious souls Protestantism is destroying. We must attack the enemy's camp, and arraign Protestantism herself. She, not the church, is in question; she, not the church, must be put on the defensive. We must demand of her by what right she pretends to be a religion, by what right she assumes the name of Christ to take away her reproach, and by what right she dares to seduce souls from their allegiance to God, and peril their salvation. She must be made to stand forth and show cause why judgment shall not be executed against her. We must drag her from her covert, force her into the light, and compel her to stand and make her defence. Strip her of her disguises, tear off her meritricious ornaments, and show her to her deluded followers for what she is. What is she? What has she? What can she give these millions of famishing souls, trying in vain to draw nourishment from her dry and withered breasts? Answer, thou who art no mother. O the cry, the shriek, of the souls thou hast damned! We have thy answer; that we hear, and with that ringing in our ears and rending our hearts, we care not for thy revilings, thy calumnies; we have but one thought, one wish, one firm resolve, which is to do what man may do with the help of God to save the precious souls for whom our God has died from thy delusions.

Protestantism has been treated too tenderly; she has been allowed advantages to which she had no claim, and the world suffers from the indulgence. Protestants are dear to us; we love them as we do ourselves, and we cannot, in common humanity to them, forbear to do all we can to deliver them from the destroyer. We cannot stop to ward off attacks. Our duty calls us to act on the offensive, to expose the sorceress, to show what it is that has bewitched our brethren and holds them spellbound. Protestantism is strong only when she is suffered to attack and keep Catholics on their defence. Attacked herself, she is as tow at the touch of fire. What we ask of our controversialists is that they carry the war into her camp, and employ against her every spiritual weapon Almighty God has furnished us. Heed not her clamors, heed not her revilings, heed not her calumnies,—they are harmless,—but press home upon her with the sword of truth, and her days are soon over, and the places which have known her shall know her no more for ever.

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RELIGIOUS NOVELS.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for January, 1847.]

Mr. Dunigan's design in issuing this series of neatly executed little volumes is to furnish Catholics with useful and attractive reading, which may lessen their temptation to resort to the light and mischievous literature with which the press is flooding the country. This design does him great credit, and he spares no pains or expense in its execution; but its execution is a matter of no little difficulty and delicacy. The works published must be attractive, and in some degree adapted to the prevailing taste, or they will not be read by those for whom they are more especially prepared; and must be moral, Catholic in tone and influence, or they will not be preferable to the literature it is hoped they will supersede. But to produce books which combine at once both of these qualifications requires a combination of piety, talent, and genius, which is not always to be had for the asking. Yet, when the intrinsic difficulties of the design are considered, we are bound to say that it has thus far been executed with much more success than was to have been anticipated. All is not done that we could wish; but much has been done, for which we are grateful to Mr. Dunigan and the contributors to his series.

These contributors appear to have regarded the religious novel as the literary form the best adapted to their purpose; and in this they may not have judged unwisely. The religious novel is just now the fashion; it is a form of composition which allows the author a large degree of liberty, enables him to make an attractive book without a too heavy drain on his learning or his thought, and permits him to discourse on matters and things in general, without confining himself to one thing in particular any longer than he finds it convenient, and to be grave or gay, to appeal to reason and learning, or to imagination and sentiment, according to his humor. But something may also be said against it. It in general is made up of two dissimilar parts, and it may be questioned whether the graver part, when read for the sake of the lighter, the religious for the sake of the sentimental,

* *Dunigan's Home Library.* Nos. I. to VII. New York: 1846.

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is likely to produce so much effect as the author contemplates.

Most Catholic novels which have fallen under our notice are made up of two distinct and separable portions, the sentimental story, and the grave religious discussion. The latter, which is the more important part, is in general what may be found in any of our elementary works intended for those disposed to inquire into the claims of our holy religion, and is often copied *verbatim* from them; and the sentimental portion, as far as it goes, is very much what is found in novels in general. Now these works are designed for Catholics, for Protestants, or for both together. If for Catholics alone, this graver portion is hardly needed, for they know it already, and the novel will interest and attract them only in so far as it is light and sentimental. If they are designed for Protestants, to instruct them in our faith, to remove their prejudices, and to induce them to examine into the claims of the church, they contain too little solid instruction, pass over too many important points, and dismiss in too summary a manner the real difficulties to be solved. If for both together, they fail, in failing to meet the peculiar wants of either. They offer a certain quantity of light and sentimental reading, on condition that one consents, without a wry face, to take a certain dose of theology, which, if he is well, he does not need, and which, if he is sick, is not enough to do him any good. Moreover, it may be set down as a general rule, that they who are seriously disposed would prefer taking the theology by itself, and those who are not so disposed will skip it. The one class will regard the light and sentimental as an impertinence; and the other, the grave and religious as a *bore*.

The authors of religious novels seem, in general, to take it for granted that the appeal to the sentimental, to the class of passions and interests appealed to by novelists in general, is harmless, if made in juxtaposition with an argument for religion. But we cannot but regard this as a mistake. Is not this appeal essentially the same, whether made by a Catholic or a Protestant? Wherein is a Catholic, in so far as he relies on the sentimental for the attractiveness of his work, better than the Protestant who does the same? The sentimental *is* the sentimental, let who will employ it; and it is to the employment of it at all, as the source of interest in a literary work, that the moralist objects, not to the naked fact that he who employs it is out of the church. The age

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in which we live is a sentimental age, and sentimentalism is the deadliest enemy to true piety, and to all real strength or worth of character. It enervates the soul, subverts the judgment, and lays the heart open to every temptation. The staple literature of our times, the staple reading of our youth of both sexes, is sentimental novels and love-tales, and the effect is manifest in the diseased state of the public mind, and in the growing effeminacy of character and depravation of morals. Nature herself has made ample provision for the passion and the sentiment of love, and they cannot be excited to an unnatural activity by the charms of imagination and the magic of poetry, without involving the most grave consequences. The early Christians chanted the praises of virginity, and employed their imagination and poetry to win souls to God, not to madden two young persons with a blind and often a fatal passion for each other, and we do not well in departing from their example.

All books which seek the sources of their interest in the passion or sentiment of love are to be distrusted, and so indeed are all which, no matter in what degree, foster a sentimental tendency. The more delicate and refined the sentimentality, and the more apparently innocent and pure it may be, the more really dangerous it is. Works which are grossly sensual disgust all in whom corruption has not already commenced; but works which studiously avoid every indelicate expression or allusion, which seem to breathe an atmosphere of purity itself, excite no alarm, are read by the innocent and confiding, insinuate a fatal poison before it is suspected, and create a tone and temper of mind and heart which pave the way for corruption. Corruption generally, if not always, begins in the sentiments, and in sentiments which in themselves are free from blame, and which apparently cannot be too strong or active. The devil, when he would seduce us, comes, usually, disguised as an angel of light. If he came in his own shape, in his real character, we should at once recognize and resist him; but coming disguised under the appearance of something which is held to be innocent and worthy to be encouraged, he is able to destroy the equilibrium of the character, to produce a morbid state of the affections, and to take from us all power to resist in the hour of trial.

We speak not, of course, against genuine warmth of heart, real tenderness of feeling, and strength of affection. Nay, we are pleading their cause. The sickly refinement, the

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morbid sentimentality, which the popular literature of the day has such a direct tendency to foster, is no less fatal to them than to piety and charity. Your inveterate novel-reader cannot love, in any worthy sense of the term. Her heart is *blasé* before she is out of her teens. Her whole being, body and soul, heart and mind, inside and out, from top to bottom, is diseased, full of wounds and putrefying sores. She has no health, no soundness, no strength to bear even the application of a remedy. She may talk charmingly, vent much exquisite sentiment, but if you want to find true warmth of heart, genuine affection, or a noble and disinterested deed, go not near her. It is this morbid sensibility, this enervating and corrupting sentimentality, which the popular literature of the day encourages, that we oppose, and every enlightened censor of morals does and must oppose.

Now, the question seems to us pertinent, whether religious novels themselves, in so far as they are sentimental, do not, in their degree, tend to produce the very evil to which we refer, and which they are designed to cure. They contain, in general, we grant, sound doctrine, and so far as formal teaching is concerned, correct morals; but do they, as a rule, concentrate the interest on the doctrine or the morals? Does not the interest, for the most part, turn on the sentiments and passions and fate of the principal personages introduced, and is it not precisely of the same order as that of novels in general? Is not a love-story a love-story, when told in connection with an argument for Catholicity, as much as when told in any other connection? And so far as it is a love-story, are not its effects precisely the same? Is there not truth as well as point in the remark which some one makes, that religious novels are usually wretchedly dull as novels, and miserably defective as moral essays or theological treatises, wanting the chief attractions of the popular novel, and obnoxious to most of the objections urged by moralists against it? We confess we cannot see how one is improved by reading a so-called religious novel, when he is induced to read it by what it contains of the sentimental, more than he would be by any other novel,—or how, in proportion to the quantity of sentimentality it contains, he is less injured by it.

We regard it, moreover, considering the end for which we need a popular literature, as a defect in the works which have fallen under our notice, that they nearly all appear to

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be written on the principle, that they must be filled with arguments for the church, or have a good Catholic moral tacked on to the end, or they will not be recognized as Catholic. But, unless we are very much mistaken, a book may be recognized as Catholic by its spirit and temper, by the kind of interests it appeals to, the emotions it excites, and the general impression it leaves on the reader, as well as by its formal teaching. We have in our mind, just now, a very neatly executed little work, recently published, which contains an unanswerable argument for the church, and yet contains not a sentence which a Protestant, having one or two of our more widely circulated elementary works before him, could not have written, if so disposed. One does not like polemics everywhere, and on every occasion. Why can we not have books which shall be attractive to the general reader, and be strictly Catholic, too, in their tone and influence, but which shall nevertheless be free from polemics? A book may be as truly Catholic by what it leaves out as by what it takes in, by refraining from appeals to those passions and interests which our religion teaches us to subdue or subordinate, as by its pitched battles for the faith. The *Tales* of Canon Schmidt, so far as we have examined them, are illustrations of our thought. The *Tears on the Diadem*, by Mrs. Dorsey of Baltimore, in its general design, though not in its execution, is a specimen of the kind of religious novel we have in our mind, and should like to see flourishing among us. It seems to us we might have novels and popular tales which should have a high moral aim, a really Catholic influence, and be made sufficiently attractive by appeals to those interests and affections which the church approves and consecrates, without set arguments for religion. They could and would be read with pleasure and profit by those who are not quite zealous enough, nor quite serious enough, if you will, to be always delighted with religious controversy.

Good books in defence of our holy faith, adapted to all tastes and capacities, are no doubt desirable; but whether a work, one-half of which is a sentimental tale, and the other a brief, imperfect, and one-sided argument for Catholicity, comes within the category of such books, may be fairly questioned. Nor is this all. Desirable as such books are, they are not the books which we most want. We want books for those who are within as much, to say the least, as for those who are without. In this reading age, Catholics

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must and will read, and, if they do not find reading to their taste in the church, they will be tempted to seek it out of the church. The class of Catholics, whose welfare is in this respect to be especially consulted, are not the earnest, serious, and devout members of the church, who are prompt to their duties, and find in religion itself all they need even to amuse them; but that large class who think very little of any thing beyond the passing moment, and find no interest in moral lectures or religious discussions. We want books for these, even more than for the conversion of those who are without. Catholic literature should be written primarily for the Catholic community, and adapted to its wants. Living as we do in a Protestant community, where the wealth, the influence, and the worldly respectability are in great measure on the side of those who, unhappily, are opposed to the church, we are prone to underrate our own importance, and to place too little reliance on our own people. We should be glad to see Protestants converted, but for their sake, not for ours. They have nothing to give us, nothing we want, and our first duty is not to them, but to our Catholic population. Indeed, the best and speediest way of bringing about their conversion, and of making this country truly Catholic, is for us to rely, after God and our Lady, on ourselves, and to consult, and as far as we are able provide for, our own wants. We have enough in the simple fact that we are Catholics to be thankful for. This simple fact gives us a wealth and a nobility which make all else in comparison poor and mean. Let us know, that, with God's blessing, we are sufficient for ourselves, and think full as much of the importance of providing for the wants of those who are liable to stray away from us, as of meeting the wants of those who are already opposed to us.

Our readers must not understand us as intending to imply that the little works included in *Dunigan's Home Library* are doing nothing to meet the wants of these. They do much, perhaps all that we could reasonably expect, but they do not do all we wish. They do not seem to us to be sufficiently adapted to those among us who are thoughtless and giddy, trifling and vain, and careless of what is serious and holy. We want books which these will be induced to read, and which they may read without injury, and perhaps now and then with profit. We do much when we keep them out of harm's way, out of the way of temptation, or of that which would be likely to corrupt them. Mr. Dunigan's

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publications, excellent as they may be in their way, look rather to the conversion of Protestants than to the preservation of Catholics, and therefore, though looking to a good end, do not look to that which is at present perhaps the more important and pressing. A Catholic young lady wrote us the other day to send her some books to read. She is sufficiently instructed in her faith not to need the more elementary books written to explain and teach it, and not sufficiently devout to read only ascetic books. What were we to send her, which would supply for her the place of the popular literature of the day? This case explains precisely the want to be supplied. But how this want is to be supplied we know not, and that it can be at once supplied from among ourselves, without borrowing largely from the literature of other nations, we very much doubt, as we have said on a former occasion.

We trust to the good sense and good nature of our readers not to misunderstand or to misapply our strictures. We are not insensible to the merits of the excellent men and women who are laboring assiduously in the cause of Catholic literature, and our real motive is not to discourage but to encourage, not to depreciate but to aid them. We have not devoted the last twenty years to literary pursuits without learning how easy it is to find fault, and how difficult it is to attain to real excellence; and though we fill the critic's chair, we are not exactly without a human heart. We know something of what it is to struggle, and have not forgotten how hard it is to have one's honest and earnest efforts treated lightly, or to be told, after one has done his best, how much better he might have done, if he had had the ability. It is easy to suggest an ideal; it is not always easy to realize it. But, if we have the matter in us, even the severe handling we receive from the critic, good-natured or ill-natured, will do us no harm. No man, says Dr. Johnson, was ever written down, but by himself. We think, however, our authors, even those we are most disposed to censure, have the power in them to give us something better than we get, and that, if they would change somewhat the character of their productions, they could easily render them more excellent. We do not ask them to drop the religious novel, for it is perhaps, notwithstanding our strictures, the most convenient literary form which can now be adopted. But we do wish them to forbear seeking to reconcile opposites in the same work. The religious will not neutralize the sentimental, and the

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sentimental is the worst possible preparation for the religious. They who would profit by the grave portions of the religious novel do not need the sentimental; and they who cannot be drawn to read religious controversy without the aid of the sentimental will not be drawn by it; for the sentimental of itself indisposes them to whatever requires steady thought and sober judgment. We would, therefore, recommend the discontinuance of such religious novels as seek to entice, through interests which centre in love, to the meditation of what is serious, pious, and holy. Let the love-story be omitted, and the appeal be made, not to interests which it excites, but to interests and affections which Catholic piety and charity do not require us to subdue. The love-story is the chief thing for which young people read a novel, and, if retained in the religious novel, it will be the chief thing for which the religious novel itself will be read. The religious novel, then, becomes only a mere vehicle of sentimentalism.

Love and marriage are important matters, no doubt; but they are not the whole business of life, nor are they so essential to usefulness or happiness as novels in general lead the inexperienced to imagine. Undoubtedly there must and will be marrying and giving in marriage, and this is well enough; but there are men and women,—very respectable people, too,—with warm and loving hearts, who continue to live, without love and marriage, very useful, and apparently very happy, lives. They remember their Creator, their Redeemer, their neighbour; and the poor bless them, the orphan clasps his tiny hands in prayer for them, and God loves them; and they have joy in hoping, though hoping in fear, that they may at last be received into mansions prepared for them eternal in the heavens. There is not less to attract, to charm, to fix attention, in the love and espousal of the soul to her heavenly than to her earthly lover. Leave out, then, the earthly, and confine yourselves to the heavenly.

We have read in our day a few novels, perhaps more than a few; but we have found a higher and a more intense pleasure in the lives and legends of the saints than we ever did in the novels even of the Magician of the North; and it was a pleasure which we enjoyed without finding ourselves wearied and jaded in our feelings, ill at ease, and looking upon ourselves as in a false position, without place or duty in this low work-day world, and with no opportunity to bring out the power within us; but which refreshed and

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invigorated us, made nothing seem mean or low, every place the right place, every duty the proper duty, every hovel a palace, every dunghill a throne; for in it we felt God was everywhere present, could be loved everywhere, in one place or from one position as well as from another, and that every place could be made sacred, every duty be ennobled, every soul be heroic, royal. There was no occasion for shifting one's position, or changing one's state in life. Communion with the saints very soon teaches one that he may be above or time or place, and while in this mutable and transitory world, in some sort, live in the eternal and immutable. Can our writers find nothing here to enliven their works, to attract, charm, and elevate their readers?

But this it may be said is too high, too grave, and it is necessary to descend to the earth, and appeal to a lower order of interests. We grant it. But cannot this be done without becoming sentimental? Amusement, relaxation, has its place, and may be innocent and salutary. But the sentimental is no relaxation, is no amusement. It kills amusement, and substitutes the heart's grief for the heart's joy. Why not give us the heart's laughter instead of its tears? Better, far better, to laugh than to sigh and mope. Old Chaucer, who belonged to England unreformed, to "Merry England," is too broad, and by no means free from grave faults, but his faults flow from his exuberance of life and health, and his influence is a thousand times less immoral than that of your Bulwers, Disraelis, L. E. L.s, Tennysons, and Nortons. There is always hope of the heart that can laugh out and overflow with mirth. It is the heart oppressed with sadness, overclouded with gloom, that starts back with horror from a little fun and frolic, that is to be dreaded, both for its own sake, and that of others.

The Catholic is serious, for he sees a world lying in error and wickedness,—serious, for he has his own sins to lament, his own soul to save, and he sorrows; but never does he sorrow as one without hope, and his sorrow is less of the sensibility than of the will, less in what he feels than in what he wills. He is always free, calm, rational, possessing his soul, and overflowing with health and gladness. His free and joyous spirit he impresses on his literature. Catholic literature is robust and healthy, of a ruddy complexion, and full of life. It knows no sadness but sadness for sin, and it rejoices evermore. It eschews melancholy as the devil's best friend on earth, abhors the morbid sentimentality which

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feeds upon itself and grows by what it feeds upon. It may be grave, but it never mopes; tender, affectionate, but never weak or sickly. It washes its face, anoints its head, puts on its festive robes, goes forth into the fresh air, the bright sunshine, and, when occasion requires, rings out the merry laugh that does one's heart good to hear. England is sad enough to-day, and her people seem to sit in the region and shadow of death; but in good old Catholic times she was known the world over as "Merry England." It is on principle the Catholic approves such gladsome and smiling literature. It is only in the free and joyous spirit that religion can do her perfect work; for it is only such a spirit that has the self-possession, the strength, the energy requisite for the every-day duties of life. Mrs. Dorsey has admirably illustrated this in her *Sister of Charity*, in the contrast she draws between the sisters, Cora and Blanche Lesley. Cora is all light and life, never sad, always joyous, and always prepared for whatever is to be done, and able to do it; while poor Blanche is so full of sentiment, feels so much, that she is never able to do any thing that is painful or disagreeable.

The contrast between Catholic literature and Protestant is striking. There is a deep melancholy that settles upon the world as it withdraws from Catholicity. All Protestant nations are sad. Their literature is dry and cold, or the wail of the stricken heart, whose ever recurring burden is, "Man was made to mourn." Their epic is one long monotonous plaint of woe, or unearthly howl of despair. Read Milton, read Byron, read whom you will, it is always a lamentation. There is no laughter, but the frightful Ha! ha! of the maniac. There is no bounding of the heart, no sparkle of the eye,—unless over the wine-cup; no fulness of life, no exuberance of health, no glorious heaven above, no flowery earth beneath, no sweet music from the grove. All is cheerless and dark. Man's life is short and full of care and trouble. Whence comes it? Why is it? Whither tends it? How could it be otherwise? How should they chant in hope who hope have not? How should they exult in joy who joy have none? Even the Protestant ascetic literature is cold and forbidding, makes one feel that God is hard and austere, cruel and tyrannical, taking pleasure only in the sufferings of the creatures he has made and hates. It presents us no Father's love, awakens no filial affection, never invites us to run with open hearts and joyous faces to our Father's arms, to hang on his neck, and in our childish

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prattle tell him all we think, all we feel, all we fear, all we wish. The very thought of doing so would scandalize it. Just as if the more tender, the more affectionate, the more familiar and self-forgetting our confidence, the less respectful it is,—and as if naturalness, simplicity, confidence, familiarity, are not what our good Father most loves in us!

Now against this pagan gloom, doubt, despair, and this morbid sentimentality, not pagan, but of modern growth, the curse of the literature of the age, it is necessary to be on our guard, both as authors and readers. If we must have a literature for those who are not serious, for the weak and vain, let us have it, but let it be free, healthy, and joyous. Let it laugh out from the heart, the free, unconstrained laughter of innocence and gladness. Let it throw the sunlight over all the relations of life. If it will unveil the heart, let it be the heart's mirth, not its grief; and if it will parade the merely human sentiments, let it deck them in gala robes and crown them with fresh-gathered flowers. Let it beat the tambour, sound the trumpets, ring out the merry peal, and go forth with fun and frolic, in the exuberance of joyous spirits, if it will; but let it, in the name of all that is sacred, never sigh, and mope, and talk sentiment.

We have reserved but brief space in which to speak of the little works before us. The first four numbers have been noticed in the former series of this Journal, and need not to be noticed again. The best which has yet appeared is *Zenosius*, the first of the series, by the Rev. Dr. Pise, of New York, and is not obnoxious to the strictures we have made. It is what it professes to be, and the interest it excites is of the same order as its formal teaching, and the heart and understanding of the reader are moved along together to the same end. There is no linsey-woolsey in it. Its author is one of our best writers. His works are always sure to be chastely and gracefully written, sound in doctrine, pure in sentiment, and healthful in their influence. We regret that they are so few, and yet, with the author's known devotion and fidelity to the calls of his sacred profession, sufficient for any ordinary man, we are puzzled to understand how they can be so many.

The *Sister of Charity*, Numbers V. and VI., is by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey, of Baltimore, a talented lady, and a convert to the faith, who appears to devote all her time and thought to the cause of religion. The work has some faults; the only ones worth specifying are that it contains a love-

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story, and, what is worse, the lovers are cousins, and apparently first cousins, and are married without even a hint that their marriage must be null. The work, however, is in the main free from sentimentalism, for the main interest of the story is not concentrated on the lovers. It is written with a good deal of power, and is highly creditable to the excellent authoress, and to the *Home Library* in which it appears. The character of Cora Lesley is admirably conceived and well sustained throughout. She is a character worthy to be a wife, or, what is more yet, a SISTER OF CHARITY. Excepting the matter of the cousins, we recommend it very cordially to our readers, whether old or young; they will find its perusal pleasing and not unprofitable.

The seventh number is entitled *Julia Ormond, or the New Settlement.* We do not know the author or authoress. It deserves a respectable rank among works of its class. The controversial part, however, is not felicitously managed; and the work would better please us, if Abel had been converted without first falling in love with Julia, and if he had become a priest from a higher motive than that of his admiration of an excellent young lady, and his determination to prove himself worthy of having been her proselyte. We know not on whose corns we may be treading, nor how many smart gallants will spring up to challenge us, and we do not pause to inquire; but this mixing of love and piety, and employing beautiful and fascinating young ladies for the conversion of sentimental young men, the common practice of lady-theological writers, is not altogether to our taste or to our judgment; and we think the effect of the work would have been better, if Abel's objections had been silenced by the father's logic, instead of the daughter's beauty.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for April, 1847.]

CANON SCHMID'S tales are said to be for young persons, but they may be read with equal pleasure and profit by young and old, learned and unlearned. They are simple and unpretending, but exquisitely beautiful, and replete with the unction so peculiar to Catholicity, and which is attainable only by those who have long lived under Catholic influence, and been subdued by the holy discipline of the church. They have almost a sacramental virtue, as have the writings of all saintly authors, and elevate their readers to those pure and serene regions where the soul enjoys a rich foretaste of heaven. Would that we had more of them.

Lorenzo is evidently by a convert, but is, nevertheless, a very interesting and valuable little book, though far inferior to the inimitable tales of Canon Schmid. It wants the ease, simplicity, naturalness, and unction of the good canon, and its author does not appear to be quite at home in the order of characters to which he wishes to introduce us. He tells us, indeed, of the power of religion to overcome the repugnances of nature, to enable one to sacrifice all that is dearest in life, and life itself, to save even an enemy,—to give calmness and joy in the midst of the severest trials and sorrows, the heaviest calamities and distresses; and what he tells us is literally true; but he does not write as one who has realized it in his own spiritual life, and he introduces too much physical weakness, too much nervous sensibility, and too much sighing and weeping, to permit us to believe him on his simple word. The Christian hero counts no sacrifice; his loss is his gain; and if he laments any thing, it is that he can make no sacrifice, for in every attempt to make one Almighty God prevents him, and overloads him with rich rewards. In general, however, saving the marriage of cous-

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* 1. *The Chapel of the Forest, and Christmas Eve.* From the German of CANON SCHMID.

2. *Lorenzo; or the Empire of Religion.* By a SCOTCH NON-CONFORMIST, a Convert to the Catholic Faith. From the French; by a Lady of Philadelphia.

3. *The Elder's House, or the Three Converts.*

4. *Pauline Seward; a Tale of Real Life.* By JOHN D. BRYANT.

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ins, and of the faithful with heretics, we can cheerfully recommend *Lorenzo* as interesting and edifying.

The Elder's House does not appear to be by a Catholic. It wants the Catholic accent, even where its doctrine is not objectionable. The author writes with ease, sprightliness, and occasionally with beauty and strength, and the argumentative part indicates learning and ability. Yet he does not appear to have learned that marriage is prohibited within the fourth degree, and that the church abhors the marriage of the faithful with heretics. He shows too much favor to the demon revenge, and makes the good fathers of the Society of Jesus spend much more time in the families of rich heretics than is their custom. His Catholicity smacks more of Oxford than of Rome, and his book indicates quite too much hankering after the great, and fawning around the rich. It recommends, indeed, tenderness to the poor, but fails to make us feel that poverty in itself is no evil. Catholicity teaches us not merely to be tender to the poor, but to respect them, and to feel that they may have all that is truly respectable or desirable without ceasing to be poor. We regretted to find the author so familiar with Byron and Bulwer, and that he could represent a well-instructed Catholic as making love to an heretical young lady in the language and superstition of idolatrous Egypt and the East; and we were even scandalized that he should make Florence Ruthven, intended to be a perfect model of a Catholic lady, fall in love with an heretical or infidel scamp, and break her heart and die because he married another. There may be such Catholics as the author introduces, but they should be held up to our pity, not to our approbation.

Pauline Seward is a work of some pretension, and not without solid merit. The author, we have seen it stated, is a convert,—a fact we should readily infer from the book itself. It is no easy thing for us, who have had the misery to be brought up out of the church, to conceal the fact. Our speech betrays us, and we show in our accent that we are naturalized citizens, not native-born. Judging from internal evidence, we should presume the author to be not only a convert, but a recent convert, and that, in sketching the conversion of his heroine, he is portraying the principal features of his own. He is evidently a man of good natural gifts, a scholar of respectable attainments, a cultivated mind, and serious and noble aims. His novel possesses more than ordinary interest, and contains passages of rare beauty and power.

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After taking it up, we found ourselves unwilling to lay it down, before reading to the end of the second volume. It is, upon the whole, the most interesting and the least objectionable of any of the popular religious novels, written on this side of the water, that have appeared since *Father Rowland*. Nevertheless, it is not without its faults. As a work of art it cannot assume a very high rank. The characters want individuality, and the dialogue is frequently stiff and awkward. There is too frequent a recurrence of the same epithets, and a little too much *dearing*, embracing, and kissing. An author may leave some things to be supplied by the knowledge or imagination of his readers. The incidents, some of which are very interesting in themselves, are often superinduced upon the main design, instead of being developed from it. The argument is sometimes needlessly minute, at other times quite too summary, and the whole work wants originality. The serious portion is avowedly copied from very common books of controversy, and the romance is hashed up from Bulwer, James, Dickens, and others.* The author, moreover, looks with too much forbearance on the marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant, and, in one instance, at least, not necessary to specify, makes a concession to Protestants which is fatal to his whole argument, if strictly taken. But, notwithstanding these faults, the work, as the times go, is very creditable to the author, and leads us to hope for better things from him hereafter.

The last two works we have mentioned belong to that class of religious novels which we criticised with some severity in our last *Review*. This class of works, under the relation of art, are as offensive as a picture in which the painter joins on the beautiful head of a maiden to the body and tail of a fish. They are literary hybrids, formed by the union of the modern novel or novellette with the theological tract or pamphlet, and as such we have no toleration for them. What we think of them as romances we have here-

* The author of *Pauline Seward* has represented himself to us as aggrieved by our remark, that the romance of his work was "hashed up from Bulwer, James, Dickens, and others;" for he says he had never read the authors named prior to writing his own work. He has taken our remark too literally. We did not mean to say, that he had actually, as a matter of fact, taken the romance of his work from those authors, but that it was precisely similar in its spirit, character, tendency, &c., to what is to be found in them, and may be read there in substance, as well as in *Pauline Seward*. We hope this explanation will be satisfactory to the author.—July, 1847.

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tofore told our readers. But it is not merely as romances, or works of art, that they are to be considered. They have another and a higher aim; and it is in relation to this other and higher aim that we wish now to examine their claims on the Catholic public. Waiving their character of romances, they pertain to the department of polemical theology, and are designed to set forth, recommend, and vindicate the Catholic faith. This is their principal aim. It is proper, therefore, to consider them in this latter character, and to examine with some care their probable influence, supposing them to be extensively read, both on those who are without and on those who are within. If, under both or either of these relations, they are fitted, here and now, to exert a favorable influence, we must approve them, whatever may be our objections to them as mere romances or works of art.

1. In relation to those without, these works do not seem to us to be of the sort we want. The very fact that they mix up a love-story with the controversy is a drawback upon their good influence. They who are not sufficiently interested in the questions discussed, to read the arguments without the story, will hardly be sufficiently interested by it to read them with profit. They will read for the story, and, if they read the arguments, it will, in general, be as if they read them not. But those who are sufficiently interested to read the discussion with profit would read with more pleasure and profit the same matter without the story. The tone of these works is also against them. Protestants expect us to be less worldly-minded, and to possess more evangelical simplicity and humility, than they, and they are repelled from us just in the same proportion as they find us like themselves. The worldly and aristocratic tone which these works breathe, the hankering after wealth and fashion they exhibit, the care taken to introduce no Catholics upon the scene but such as are rich, learned, refined, or fashionable, in a country like this, where it is well known that the great majority of the faithful belong to the poorer and humbler classes of society, are more likely to disgust and repel intelligent Protestants, already prejudiced against our religion, than to charm and attract them to the church. They show us too much like themselves for them to draw an inference favorable to Catholicity. These works would have a far better influence, if they laid their scene in some damp cellar, some miserable garret, or wretched shanty, and contrasted the poor Catholic, exiled from the land of his birth and all the cherished asso-

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ciations of his childhood and youth, in the midst of poverty, sickness, labor, destitution, and death, purified, sustained, consoled, made cheerful, joyous even, by his holy religion, with some rich and voluptuous heretic, surrounded by his troops of satellites, educated, learned, refined, with all that wealth and luxury can give, yet tortured by a gnawing within, weary of himself and the world, with no sweet recollection behind, no inspiring hope before, and seeking to drown the present in gay dissipation or in vice and crime. He who has been an inmate in the houses of our rich and luxurious heretics, undazzled by the splendor of the outside, and able to look beneath the veil of elegant manners and refined hospitality, and who has also witnessed the simple faith and fervent piety of our poor Irish Catholics, sat down with them in their scantily furnished dwellings and shared their warm household affections, loses for ever all his hankering after high life, wealth, fashion, and feels his heart melt in unaffected pity for all whom the world envies.

It is also an objection to these works that they seek to present Catholicity in its resemblance to, rather than in its contrast with, Protestantism. The aim appears to be to make the faith as much like heresy as it can be, and still be called faith. This is very questionable policy, and betrays no profound knowledge of human nature in general, or of American Protestant nature in particular. In proportion as we diminish the differences between Catholicity and Protestantism, we should remember, we diminish, in a country like this, where all the worldly advantages are on the side of the latter, the motives there are for one to embrace the former. The Protestant does not become a Catholic in order to retain what he already has, but in order to get what he has not; and to arrest his attention and induce him to investigate the claims of our religion, we must hold out to him, not what we have in common with him, but what we have which he has not, and cannot have, unless he becomes one of us. Assuredly, few men in this country will abjure Protestantism for the sake of receiving it back under the name of Catholicity.

On this point the works in question seem to us to commit a grave mistake. They adopt too low a tone, and seem to be afraid to present the church in her imperial dignity and glory, as claiming always to be all or nothing. They appear to wish to conceal, rather than display, her exclusiveness,—forgetful that it is her recommendation to those with-

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out as well as to those within. Men of the world, cold and indifferent as they are, will not listen to the church unless she speaks in a tone and language which none of the sects can or dare adopt. The sects are proud and arrogant, but they are also timid and cowardly. When it comes to the point, their courage oozes out, and their speech falters. Not one of them dare say that out of its bosom there is no salvation. They rely, and they know they rely, on man for their support, and they are always in trepidation lest they should say something which may be offensive to the human pride and prejudice on which they depend. The church relies on God, and has no fear of men or devils. She speaks in the calm tones of authority whatever she has been commissioned to speak, and remains quiet as to the result. It is this which, more than any one thing else, penetrates the hearts of heretics, and makes them feel that she is not one of the sects, but something totally distinct and diverse from them all.

The great mass of Protestants, as we have known them, of all denominations, have a lurking suspicion that Protestantism is a nullity,—what Carlyle calls a *sham*, and they cling to the *simulacrum*, only because they persuade themselves that there is nothing more real or less empty to be found. Their position is by no means what they wish it; but they are unwilling to change it, because they have concluded that there can be no other position less unsatisfactory. They place Catholicity among the sects, and look upon all sects as substantially alike; wherefore, then, should they change? It is to this state of mind the Catholic controversialist must address himself, and his first and chief care must be to show that Catholicity cannot be included in the category of the sects, that her Christianity is *generically* distinguishable from that of each and all the sects, from Puseyism to Straussism, and that, under the relation of Christianity, she knows no one of the sects, or if so, only as St. Polycarp knew Marcion as *primogenitum diaboli*. She will be all, or she will be nothing; and as such should always be presented to the public. When so presented, doubtless the Protestant's first impulse will be to reply with a sneer,—Let her be nothing; but his second impulse, as he reflects on the nullity of his own faith, what he knows of her past history and present condition, the wants of the soul, and the goodness of God, even as manifest by the light of nature, will be to inquire, if, perchance, she may not, in

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very deed, have the right to be all. It is always better to present the church in her strength than in her weakness,—as she is and has the right to be, than as shorn of her glory, and compressed into the smallest possible dimensions, for the sake of eluding the attacks of her enemies. There is always less to be apprehended from offending Protestants than from failing to arrest their attention and engage them earnestly in the work of investigation.

These works, furthermore, assume too much as already accepted by Protestants. It is a mistake, rather than charity, to assume that Protestants in general are in good faith and really concerned about their salvation, and therefore are to be treated always as men who are willing to hear reason and yield to the force of argument. We make also an unwarrantable assumption, when we assume that they generally believe that our Lord has made a revelation in the strict sense of the word, and instituted some sort of a church for its dispensation. Individuals there are, among them, who, indeed, believe this much; but, in general, if not always, these are to be regarded as persons who have received a special grace, and who are already on the highroad to Rome, whither they are sure to arrive, if they persevere. The bulk of the Protestant world have no solid belief in the fact of revelation, and really admit nothing like a church in any sense intelligible to a Catholic. There is a *differentia generis* between the views of even your high churchmen and those of Catholics; Dr. Pusey's notions approach no nearer to Catholicity than the vegetable oyster does to the animal; and, for the most part, one must reason with a tractarian as if he were a no-churchman.

It is never safe to assume, whatever a Protestant may profess to believe, that he believes any thing with sufficient firmness to warrant us in taking it as our point of departure in an argument against him. The majority of Protestants, it may be, still profess to believe the primary articles of the creed, and we do not question but they really believe that they believe them; but, if we wish to deduce from these articles consequences in favor of the church, or in favor of any conclusion they are not prepared to believe, we shall find they deceive themselves, and that we are to make no account of their profession. Their belief might be strong enough to bind them by consequences they wish to believe, but never strong enough to bind them by consequences, however legitimate and necessary, to which they are op-

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posed. This cannot surprise us; for we know, and it is one of our strong arguments against heretics, that they who reject the authority of the church necessarily deprive themselves of all possible means of firm faith, even in those articles of the creed which they may flatter themselves they still retain. We ought, therefore, never to expect them to be bound by the consequences of their own avowed principles. If they cannot deny the necessity of the consequences, we may be sure they will escape conviction by casting doubts, in their own minds, on their premises.

To proceed prudently in our arguments against Protestants, we must reason against them as if we were reasoning *contra gentes*. We must first demolish their idols, show them the vanity of their superstition, and the absolute nullity of what they call their faith; and then begin and build up an argument for the church from the very foundation. We can presume nothing. It is labor lost to quote the Holy Scriptures against them. They are too far gone to be affected by prophet or apostle. They will dispute the application of the prophecy, and gravely tell you, that, in their opinion, the apostle, if he agrees not with them, was mistaken, or did not fully understand the doctrine he was inspired to teach!

Nor must our readers suppose that this is true only of those commonly called *liberal Christians*. What we say does not apply only to Unitarians, rationalists, and transcendentalists in New England. These are as good Protestants as there are in the country, and though they may be a little bolder in their statements, or less disposed, or less able, to deceive themselves, they are far from differing generically from Protestants in general. We shall look in vain for an essential difference between Andover and Cambridge, Professor Stuart and Professor Norton, or between these and Dr. Strauss and his followers at home or abroad. Dr. Potts of St. Louis even quotes with approbation Michelet and Edgar Quinet, two notorious infidels. There is more unity in the Anticatholic world than we always suspect. Go where we will, whatever the form professed, at bottom we shall find the same want of that firm adhesion of the mind which Catholics understand by the term faith. It is true, converts from the ranks of Episcopalians and Presbyterians may be disposed, in some instances, to question this statement; but the testimony of converts in favor of their former associates, as well as against them, is to be taken with

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some grains of allowance. They know what was true of themselves, and from that they are too apt to conclude what is true of those with whom they were associated,—forgetting that themselves received special grace, which gave them, if not faith, at least a certain preamble to faith, and that they have been brought into the church, while the others have remained outside. We rest our conclusion not on the testimony of converts, nor on our own individual experience while a Protestant. When we find men avowing principles from which the church is logically inferable, and yet refusing to admit it when it is clearly shown to them to be so inferable, we attribute it, not to the inability to perceive the legitimacy and necessity of the inference, but to a secret distrust of the premises from which it is drawn.

In consequence of overlooking this fact, these works, as controversial works, have but little value. They do not go to the root of the matter, and reach the real difficulty under which the Protestant mind labors. Indeed, this may be said, to some extent, of all the works in our language on the points controverted between Catholics and Protestants. None of them are ultimate enough, and, unhappily, the greater part of them are directed specially against Anglicanism, which, if the most vulnerable, is by no means the dominant form of heresy among Protestants. They all, or nearly all, seem written for a bygone age, and to proceed on the hypothesis, that the old Protestant formulas have in general some significance for their adherents. This is a serious defect; and if we are to have controversial works, their authors should study to give us works adapted to the present state of opinion and prejudice in the Protestant world,—at least, to what it is when they commence writing.

A still more serious objection to these works is, that they make no account of the necessity and agency of grace in the fact of conversion. To read them, one would think conversion is a purely rational or human process, and that nothing is more simple and easy than to convert a Protestant. The facility with which they effect conversions—on paper—is marvellous. Rich heiresses, crabbed old papas, and sour old uncles, and wild young men, and giddy young girls, are all subdued by a few commonplace arguments, and made devout and edifying Catholics. But conversion is no merely rational or human process. In vain we reason, in vain we prove every point, in vain we refute every ob-

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jection, if grace be not present to open the understanding and incline the will. Till grace operates and dispels the mist which the devil throws before the eyes of his children, they can see nothing opposed to his kingdom, though as plain as that two and two are four. They have eyes, but they see not—ears, but they hear not,—hearts, but they understand not. Converts whom God has, in his great mercy, brought from darkness to light, from death to life, are prone to forget this. We fancy the path by which we came was plain and smooth, straight and continuous, and that nothing is easier than to point it out to our neighbours and persuade them to walk in it; but we overlook the fact, that it was grace which made it so, and enabled us to walk in it without stumbling. Where grace is operative, all is indeed smooth and easy. It is marvellous how readily all difficulties give way, how obvious and beautiful the truth appears, how suddenly, and of themselves, all objections vanish. Strange we did not see this before! How could we be so blind? How could we regard that objection as pertinent, or that argument as solid? It is grace, not human reason, that makes the crooked straight, and the rough even. How, then, without grace, shall the unbelieving or the misbelieving feel the force of our arguments? Or why shall we be astonished that they see not as we see? When we were in their shoes, we saw no more than they do; and why should we ask them to see what, when we were as they, we saw not?

But grace is always ready to assist all, if they wish it. Undoubtedly, and therefore all may see and believe if they will, and it is purely their own fault if they do not. But they cannot do it without grace, and whatever tends to make them rely on the rational process hinders, instead of furthering, their conversion. Their present difficulty is, that they rely on this process, and, not finding it leading them to the church, conclude that the church is against reason, and that they are justified in refusing her obedience. These books, by overlooking or making no account of the necessity of grace, have a natural tendency to confirm them in this conclusion, and therefore as fatal a tendency, so far as concerns those without, as they could possibly have.

There is no use in presenting arguments to one who is not predisposed to listen and receive the truth. Prior to faith, there must be a preparation for faith; and till there is this preparation, the arguments we present for faith it-

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self will have no weight, for the mind is blinded to their conclusiveness. The first thing to attempt to produce, in the case of those not already prepared by their interior disposition to receive the truth when clearly presented, and with sufficient motives of credibility, is this interior disposition itself, which is the work of grace only. The motives to be presented in their case are not motives to believe, but motives to seek by prayer and humiliation the grace that disposes to believe. The necessity of this grace should always be insisted on, its readiness and willingness to aid all who do not resist it should be set forth, and the means of coöperating with it explained and pointed out, and their adoption seriously and solemnly urged. Conversion, if conversion, is no human work. "Convert us and we shall be converted." We do not come, we are brought; and in a way which is always a mystery unto ourselves. We cannot explain the process. All we can say is, Whereas we were blind, we now see. It is not our doing, but God's doing, and his alone be the praise and the glory. This fact needs to be known by those without, that they may be induced to look not to themselves, but to God, for illumination.

It is true, these works, in general, recognize the necessity of some preparation for receiving arguments for the faith; but, unhappily, they seek the predisposing cause where it is not, and cannot be. They seek it in the human affections, in love, friendship, sympathy, social or domestic influence,—all of which are human, unable to generate grace, and, when sought without grace, are only an obstacle to its operation. It is impossible by these to prepare the mind and the will to receive the truth; for their tendency is oftener to blind and pervert than to enlighten and correct. The motives to be urged are not to be found in the modern novel, but in ascetic theology. And here is the grand mistake of our authors. If they sought to combine the ascetic or the moral with the dogmatic, if they sought the interest of the story in moral or ascetic truth, instead of love and romance, their works would have, with the blessing of God, a tendency to predispose the will to coöperate with grace, and consequently a favorable influence in effecting conversions. But as they are, they seem to us better adapted to keep men out of the church than to bring them into it.

II. Nor are these works better adapted to exert a wholesome influence on those within. Controversial reading is

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not, in general, that which is the most edifying to the faithful. The constant reading of controversial works tends to withdraw their attention from the practical part of theology, and to fix it on the speculative; to cultivate acuteness and strength of intellect, rather than pious affection; to make them able and skilful defenders, rather than devout followers of the faith,—hearers, rather than doers of the law; and it requires more than ordinary grace to be able to withstand its dry and withering influence. Controversy is not the genius of Catholicity. It may sometimes be necessary, and when and where it is, she does not shrink from it; but she refers it to those whose special vocation it is, and would, in the main, confine to them the task of defending the faith, and of guarding the flock over whom the Holy Ghost has placed them, against the subtlety and craft of their enemies. She has no desire to see the great body of the faithful become able and expert disputants, for she knows that it is no gain to a man to be able to argue convincingly for the faith, and to silence the heaviest batteries of its enemies, so long as he does not practise it. It suffices for the faithful at large to know their faith and to obey it. Prayer, meditation, frequenting the sacraments, visits to our blessed Redeemer who abides in our tabernacles to enlighten, console, and bless us, and works of charity, mercy, and mortification, are the best arguments for the truth, and their surest safeguards against error.

It is worth remarking, that they who fall away fall not from the faith till they have first fallen from its practice. Prayer is neglected or cut short, the confessional is forsaken, assistance at mass becomes irregular and infrequent; then doubts begin, bad books and evil companions are relished, faith is abandoned or stifled, and the apostate fancies that he is emancipated, and, because his vision is narrowed or blinded, that he is enlightened, that he is a philosopher, one of the free and choice spirits of the age. Now he talks largely of ignorance and craft, bigotry and superstition, looks with contempt on the simple faith and holy life of his fathers, sneers at holy church, and speaks big words in swelling tones to the priests of God's house, becomes deaf to the voice of conscience, and rushes on in mad license, through Protestantism or infidelity, to hell. Such is the process by which one loses his faith and his soul,—not because he did not know his faith, not because he was unable to answer the objections raised against it, but because he would not obey it; because

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he yielded to the temptations and seductions of the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is pious affection, not intellectual acuteness and strength, that is most needed; and this is seldom, if ever, promoted by controversial reading.

What we say of controversial reading in general, we may say *a fortiori* of the class of works, in particular, on which we are commenting. They are evidently written on the principle of the "sliding scale," and tend to turn the mind outward, to fix it on our religion as it is likely to be regarded by its enemies, and, in our age and country, to reduce it to its minimum. This is a grave objection. The disposition to ask, How little will answer? can be excused in those who are investigating the claims of the church, but it is always inexcusable in the faithful themselves. There are, as every Catholic is presumed to know, some things which, though the church does not positively command them, it is pious to believe and do, and our good mother is always pleased to see in us the disposition to believe and do them. The pious son or daughter is never willing to stop with what is positively commanded, but seeks always to be more perfect than the law, and to do not only all that our dear mother bids, but all she wishes. The disposition to be more perfect than the law is peculiarly Catholic, and every one who is livingly a Catholic manifests it always, and in all directions. Is there any thing more than is commanded which the church would be pleased to have him do, he runs to do it; any thing more than is strictly enjoined that it is permitted to believe, that it is pious to believe, that she wishes him to believe, his mind and his heart leap to embrace it. His faith is broad and generous, and tends ever to a sublime excess. Those who are without regard him as of too easy a faith, and sneer at him as credulous; but this does not affect him; for he does not look to them for instructions, and they are the last people in the world he would resemble, or whose judgments he would respect. This disposition, the mark of a lively faith and an ardent charity, is most consoling to our dear mother. It gladdens her maternal heart to see her children manifest it everywhere and on all occasions, as it does the hearts of our natural mothers to see us eager to do not only all they bid, but all they wish; and she is grieved to see them manifest a contrary disposition, showing themselves close and stingy in their faith, love, and obedience, and careful always to inquire, How little will do? How far can this article be pared down without incurring

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censure? Such a disposition indicates that faith is weak, that charity is cold and languid, and excites the apprehension that both in the hour of trial may be found wanting. Our good mother does not grieve that we do no more, but she grieves at our disposition to do no more, at our willingness to persuade ourselves that we have done all when we have done only the least that is required or that will be accepted.

This uncatholic disposition to ask, How little will do? and to be satisfied with ourselves when we have done only the least, is, to some extent, characteristic of our times and country. It is one of the principal temptations to which we are exposed, one of the most formidable enemies we have now and here to combat. There are too many among us who seem to cultivate it on principle, and who approach as near the confines of heresy as they can without overleaping them. They appear to study to make Catholicity as near like Protestantism as they can without destroying her identity. They confine her long, flowing locks beneath a close Quaker cap, force her feet into a little pair of Chinese shoes, compress her waist in stout whalebone stays laced up by machinery, bid her put on a demure look, and mind and not speak above her breath, and, placing her a low stool in the obscurest corner of the drawing-room, turn to receive their gay, fashionable, and accomplished heretical friends. If one of these, in walking about, chances to espy her, they exclaim, "Don't be alarmed, dear friend, she is on her good behaviour. She can't bite or scratch. There can be no huge teeth in that pretty little mouth, so like the mouth of one of your own high-bred and gentle daughters; and her nails, you see, are pared down to the quick. Don't be alarmed."

These worthy people feel that it is necessary to keep their religion always in proper trim to be presented to their respectable heretical friends and visitors. They are people of the world, and they share in the passions and tendencies of their age and country. They are liable daily and hourly to hear their religion reviled, their children jeered because children of Catholic parents, and objections urged, many of which it is not pleasant to hear, nor always convenient to stop and answer. Why should they not, then, seek to make Catholicity present as few points objectionable to her enemies as possible? Some of them have a very dear friend, a father, a mother, a wife, or a husband, who is a heretic, yet

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perhaps, humanly speaking, warm-hearted, kindly disposed, whose feelings and prejudices must be respected, and with whom they would live in peace and love. How can they adopt, or be willing that others should adopt, a high, stern, and uncompromising Catholic tone? Perhaps the matters they hear most frequently objected to do not appear to them to be of vital importance. Why, then, insist on them? Why be always bringing out those very things which our "separated brethren" are the most prejudiced against? What need of being so bigoted and unyielding? These peculiarly offensive things may be well enough where there are none but Catholics, but here they only add to the unpleasantness of our position, and widen the breach between us and our "dissenting Christian friends," and can only do harm. You are imprudent, and drive them away from us by your ultra-catholic tone and sentiments. They are very respectable people, very sincere Christians in their way, and no doubt would be very good Catholics, if they only had the opportunity of learning the truth. We must be charitable and conciliatory. Some of them even speak well of us. Only the other day, the distinguished Mr. Goldencalf was heard to say he "did not think Catholics were so bad as they had been represented," and Master Goldencalf said he "did not care a fig whether one was a Catholic or a Protestant," and Miss Goldencalf is actually receiving her education in one of our academies for young ladies. The country is becoming every day better disposed towards us. There is a more liberal tone. The age itself is growing more enlightened and tolerant; old animosities are passing away, a better feeling is springing up between Catholics and Protestants, and we trust that we shall prove, in this enlightened and happy country, that Christians, though they cannot all think alike, can agree to differ, and live in mutual peace, love, and esteem.

Now, in a country like this, there will always be large numbers of people who will think and speak in this manner, without once suspecting that they are only repeating the Socinian and liberal cant of the day. Peace is beautiful, and we are always to follow after the things which make for it; but peace is founded in truth and justice, and there is and can be no peace out of Jesus Christ. It is the peace of the Lord which was left with the faithful, and which they are to study to merit and preserve. The church, in this world, is the church militant, and does and must wage a

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deadly warfare with falsehood, error, heresy, sin, iniquity; and her children forget their love and fidelity to her, when they shrink from this warfare, seek to divert her from it, or show the least disposition to strike hands or sound a parley with her enemies. All the faithful are soldiers enlisted for the fight, during the war, and not one of them can retreat without dishonor, not one of them ever hope to be able to put off his harness and ground his arms, so long as life remains. The victor's crown is only for those who persevere unto the end.

Nevertheless, such people as we have described there are, and probably always will be,—for scandals will remain unto the end of the world; and these will always study to conceal their cowardice, their lukewarmness, or their indolence and love of ease, under the respectable names of prudence, liberality, and sometimes even that of holy charity. They will be an incubus on the breasts of their more zealous brethren, and justify themselves on the ground that they are conciliating and winning over those without, when in reality they are only ceasing to offer them any opposition. They will consider their faith, almost exclusively, as something to be presented to others, and made as unobjectionable as possible to the world in which they live. Naturally, then, and with perfect consistency, taking their point of view, must they always ask of each article of faith, of every statement of Catholic doctrine, How will this strike our separated brethren? What must they think of it? What can they say against it? What will they think of *us*, if told that *we* hold it? Anxious to avoid opposition, to have the task of defence as light and as easy as possible, they will necessarily study to explain and qualify away all the peculiarities of their faith, because it is precisely the peculiarities that are objected to; and thus be always laboring to reduce Catholicity, as we have said, to its minimum.

This tendency is already strong. Pour in upon us now a mass of books which spring from this tendency, which are written in perfect harmony with it, which never protest against it, never even intimate that it is dangerous, or not strictly and genuinely Catholic, and which keep our minds turned outward, not to oppose the enemies of God and his holy spouse, but to conciliate them by showing them that we are not so far gone as they suppose us, and have more in common with them than they give us credit for,—presenting always the faith as something objected to, not as some-

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thing which one already has, is to keep, be contented with, and to enjoy,—and it is easy to see what must be their influence, so far as they have any, and that they cannot fail to be deeply prejudicial to Catholic faith and piety. Such are, in general, the works we are considering; and hence the reason why, in our judgment, they are as little adapted to the edification of the faithful as to the conversion of the unbelieving and heretical world around us.

Nor is this all,—*Facilis descensus Averni.* The momentum we acquire in descending to the minimum may, if we are not on our guard, carry us below it. When we proceed on the principle, not of arraigning the enemies of our faith, attacking them in the very principle of their objections, and of compelling them to defend themselves against the charges of rebellion, malice, and falsehood, but of explaining and qualifying our doctrine so as to elude their objections to it, we are in great danger, unless we are learned and exact theologians, of going beyond the line. The declivity is so steep, and we descend with such fearful rapidity, that it is not always easy to arrest ourselves at the precise moment, and at the precise point. If we are not much mistaken, so far as concerns the general reader, and as they are sure to be interpreted by the latitudinarian tendencies of the age and country, these works sometimes arrest their descent not until it is too late, and not till they have descended into the abyss below. In explaining and qualifying such articles as are peculiarly offensive to Protestants, they not unfrequently weaken, if not entirely destroy, their force and meaning, at least to the great majority of their readers.

We do not recollect one of these popular works which ever ventures to say, "Out of the church there is no salvation," and there stop, as does the church herself, as does our holy Father, Pius IX., in his encyclical letter; but all of them, whenever they have occasion to introduce this dogma, are careful to accompany it with an explanation, which, in our age and country, eviscerates it of all its Catholic significance for the people at large, whether within or without. Thus, in the second work on our list, we read,—"We know that out of the church there is no salvation; but many are they who, by want of opportunity of learning the truth, innocently adhere to error, and *thus are in spirit members of the church.*" Here the qualification to the general reader negatives the dogma, and makes the assertion that out of the church there is no salvation appear a mere rhetorical

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flourish. There are few people, not versed in the distinctions and subtilties of the schools, who in these latitudinarian times can read this qualification, expressed here in its least exceptionable form, and not gather from it a meaning wholly repugnant to faith. The conclusion the author draws, moreover, is not warranted by his premises. Undoubtedly men may innocently adhere to error,—but it does not *therefore* follow that they are in spirit members of the church; for a man, though not in sin by reason of his error, may yet be in error by reason of his sin. It may be, that, if he had complied with the graces given him, and which are given to all men, he would have had the opportunity of being enlightened and brought to the knowledge of the truth. It is possible, then, that the reason why a man is not an actual member of the church is his own fault,—not, indeed, the fault of not knowing what he had no opportunity of learning, but of not complying with the graces given him and with which he was bound to comply,—and we presume no one will pretend that he is *in spirit* a member of the church, who through his own fault is not an *actual* member.

We are, indeed, authorized by our religion to judge no one individually, and we never have the right, without a special revelation, to say of this or that man that he is eternally lost; but faith declares that out of the church there is no salvation. We are all commanded to hear the church, and Almighty God gives to all the grace needed to obey his commands; and the presumption is, therefore, always against all who live and die out of her visible communion. Certainly no one will ever be condemned for not doing what it was never in his power to do, or for not believing the truth he had never had the opportunity of learning; but, since the providence of God in this matter must count for something, and we are never at liberty to take the simple human element alone, it is not easy to say precisely what is or is not the extent of the possibilities in the case. In no case is the opportunity of learning the truth ever furnished except by the providence of God, and it costs him nothing to furnish it whenever and wherever he sees that it will not be rejected. You must suppose the man prepared in his interior disposition to embrace the truth as soon as it is presented to him, or you cannot claim him as a virtual member of the church; but when you have supposed the disposition, are you sure that you have the right to suppose the non-possibility of the opportunity? If the opportunity

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is withheld, can you say it is not withheld because there was no disposition to profit by it? Can you adduce a case of a man having the disposition and dying without the opportunity? Such a man, you say, had no opportunity of hearing of the church, and yet he had the disposition. How know you that he had the disposition? From his own statement, and the fact that the missionary found him with it. The missionary found him, then? Then the opportunity was furnished, and your case is not in point. But if the man had died before the missionary came——. How know you, that, supposing his good disposition to remain, it was possible in the providence of God for him to die before the missionary came? It may be that God would not let him die before, any more than he would holy Simeon before he had seen his salvation, and that he would not is presumable from the fact that he did not. You say there are large numbers in schismatical and heretical communions who are not guilty of the sin of schism or heresy. Be it so. But how know you that God will ever in his providence suffer any of these to die without an opportunity of being formally reconciled to the church,—or that, if he suffers one to die in those communions, without such opportunity, it is not because he is in mortal sin?

As Catholics, we know nothing of the fiction of an invisible church, for which heretics in our day contend, and which is composed of the elect of all communions,—the subterfuge to which they were driven, when pressed to tell where their church was before Luther and Calvin. The church which Catholics believe is a visible kingdom, as much so as the kingdom of France or Great Britain, and when faith assures us that out of the church there is no salvation, the plain, obvious, natural sense of the dogma is, that those living and dying out of that visible kingdom cannot be saved. This is the article of faith itself, what we are bound to believe under pain of mortal sin; it is what the fathers taught.—*Habere non potest Deum patrem*, says St. Cyprian, *qui ecclesiam non habet matrem*;—and where this is concealed or explained away,—as in the grand duchy of Baden, for instance,—faith becomes weak, charity languishing, and Catholicity hardly distinguishable from one of the sects. Theologians may restrict the language of the dogma, they may qualify its apparent sense, and their qualifications, as they themselves understand them, and as they stand in their scientific treatises for theological students, may be just and

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detract nothing from faith; but any qualifications or explanations made in popular works, as the general reader will understand them, especially when the tendency is to latitudinarianism, will be virtually against faith; because he does not and cannot take them in the sense of the theologians, and with the distinctions and restrictions with which they always accompany them in their own minds. We never yet heard a layman contend for what he supposed to be the theological qualification of this article of faith, without contending for what is, in fact, *contra fidem*. We can teach the whole faith, and must teach the whole faith; but, do our best, we cannot teach the whole of theology to the common people. They may be firm and enlightened believers, and that is enough for them; but they cannot become exact and accomplished theologians. There are a great many truths, and important truths to the scientific, which we can teach only to those who, by previous moral and mental discipline, are prepared to receive them. We may suppose we are teaching these truths to others, but we deceive ourselves; for the truth in our mind becomes falsehood in theirs. This deserves more consideration from some from whom we look for better things, than they seem, if we may judge from their writings, to have given it.

We do not dispute the doctrine intended to be taught in the extract we have made from *Lorenzo*. We are not theologians by profession, and it is not our province to decide theological questions. Indeed, the gist of our complaint is, that popular writers do undertake to decide them, instead of confining themselves, as they should, to the simple dogma as the church propounds it, concerning which there is, and can be, among Catholics, no dispute. The theological doctrine, as understood by those *theologians* who contend for it, we respect, as in duty bound. It is not to it as they understand it, that we are objecting, but to it as understood by the people at large, who learn it, not from theological works where it is treated at length, and the proper restrictions are made, but from brief, loose, and unqualified statements in popular novels, periodicals, newspapers, and *manuals*,—for, unhappily, many of these last are not always careful to distinguish between the dogma and the theological opinion. As hastily caught up from these, by careless, half-educated, and unreflecting readers, already deeply imbued with the prevailing latitudinarianism of the day, it becomes practically false and hurtful; for it is practically understood as if

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it meant that a man may be saved in any communion to which he is sincerely attached, and whose teachings he does not doubt.

Indeed, the plea of invincible ignorance is not unfrequently so extended as to cover the case of every one in any communion external to the church, who could hope to be saved according to the teachings of that communion itself. *Thornberry Abbey*, in many respects an excellent little book, represents the good priest as sorely distressed, because he had, in a conversation not of his own seeking, pointed out to a Puseyite young lady the invalidity of Anglican orders. He was afraid that he had gone too far, and had endangered the poor girl's salvation by taking away the invincibility of her ignorance! The authoress of the *Catholic Story* makes no bones of sending to heaven as rabid an old heretic—to all appearance—as ever lived,—one who was filled with hatred of Catholicity, who withdrew his love from his wife, and refused to speak to, or even to see her, after her conversion, thus violating even the law of nature; and who, when his only daughter, to whom he had transferred his affections, was also converted, became perfectly frantic with wrath and hatred, made himself sick, and went off and died, without the least sign of repentance, regret, or forgiveness. And yet the Catholic wife is made to say, and to defend it as Catholic doctrine, that she had no doubt that he had gone straight to heaven, for she was sure he would have embraced the truth, if he had only had an opportunity of learning it! And this is to be said of a man of rank, of education, of extensive reading, living close by the church, and having a wife and daughter converted and instructed in his own house! Far be it from us to judge the old sinner, but if he was in invincible ignorance, we should like to know who, not brought up in the church, may not be, if he chooses; and if such a man, dying unchanged, goes straight to heaven, what is the use of hell, or even of purgatory? The poor authoress had heard something about invincible ignorance, and persons who, though out of the visible communion of the church, are yet in spirit members of the church, and only half understanding what she heard, broaches a doctrine which makes the dogma, out of the church there is no salvation, perfectly ridiculous. The article entitled *Reasons for adhering to the Roman Catholic Religion*, to be found in the *Garden of the Soul*, the *Ursuline Manual*, *Key of Paradise*, and we know not how

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many more of our popular manuals, goes almost as far. As understood by theologians, it contains nothing formally *contra fidem*, as is to be presumed from the fact that these manuals are published with episcopal approbation; but we have had it frequently quoted against us by persons in and out of the church, in support of a doctrine of which the best we could say was, that it was *not* Universalism, but which reminded us too forcibly of the latitudinarianism we preached when a Unitarian.

"I believe I have been wrong," said a Catholic lawyer and politician to us the other day; "we have, some of us, been laboring here, for some time, to liberalize the church. It occurred to us, that the church, having grown up in other countries and other times, might have incorporated into her constitution many things, which, since they are opposed to the genius of the age and country, and are those things most frequently thrown in our faces, she might consent to modify or reject altogether. We wished her, in a word, to conform to the enlightened and liberal spirit of modern society; and we regretted to find the authorities opposed to us, and, while there was progress everywhere else, absolutely refusing to admit any progress into the bosom of the church herself. We were honest and sincere. We really believed that the policy we recommended would diminish the repugnance of the people to becoming Catholics, enable us to take a more active part in the movements of the age, and accelerate the spread of Catholicity through the land; but I begin to suspect that we were wrong, and that, since the church is of God, the true policy is to labor to bring the people up to her, not her down to the people."

Our legal friend characterized precisely the spirit and tendency these popular works seem to us to encourage, and against which we seek to place our readers on their guard. The church, however, we admit, adapts herself to time and place; but in a contrary sense. Her spirit is always to insist with the greater firmness and energy on that particular truth which the genius of the age and the country most opposes. She concedes that peculiar tendencies demand a peculiar application of truth; and hence what she requires of us, here and now, is to bring out and state, in the greatest prominence possible, those very truths which stand opposed to our dominant errors and tendencies; because it is only these truths which can resist them, and because these are precisely the truths which here and now we are the

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most liable to lose sight of. To throw these truths into the background, or to bring out in bold relief those views which offer no special resistance to the reigning errors and tendencies, however wise it may seem to men of the world, is a base desertion of the post of danger, and even a narrow and short-sighted policy; for the public mind may change to-morrow, and a new set of errors and tendencies be uppermost. There may be times when it is not necessary to repeat the dogma, out of the church there is no salvation, because there may be times when everybody believes it, and there is no tendency to doubt it. In such times the theological explanation even may accompany it; for then no one will misinterpret or misapply it. But when, as with us, the tendency is all in the direction against it, the dogma requires to be stated in the broadest and most unqualified terms the truth permits; for it is only when so stated that it does not convey to minds in general less than the truth.

The temptation to conform to the spirit of the age, we know, is strong, but we must be firm against it. The age boasts of liberality, but under this liberality we see the curse of indifferency. The real tendency is to the conclusion, that salvation—if salvation there be—is attainable in any form of religion or in none. The tendency we have pointed out among Catholics, and which seems to us to be encouraged by the popular explanations and qualifications of the dogma of exclusive salvation, is in the same direction, and, at bottom, identical with it. It is, therefore, a tendency to be resisted, not fostered. Nothing can be more fatal, and it is not we alone who say so. God himself, speaking by his vicegerent on earth, in the recent encyclical letter, addressed to all the patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and bishops of the world, and through them to all the faithful, has pointed this out as one of the special and formidable evils of our times, and commanded, nay, entreated, us to resist it with all our strength and energy. Now, all this ingenious speculation, all this refining on faith, and refusing to present the dogma which is opposed to this formidable evil without so explaining and qualifying it that it offers no longer any opposition to it, is not only not resisting it, but actually encouraging and augmenting it. We take up our popular publications, we look for some condemnation of the evil, for some bold proposition of the faith against it; but, alas! we look in vain. We find, perhaps, a glorification of the age,

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or a side blow at the earnest-minded Catholic who, in the simplicity of his faith, protests against it,—rarely any thing better. Our authors have nothing to say against the fatal latitudinarianism now so rife, but waste their time and strength in denouncing bigotry and intolerance. Yet bigotry and intolerance are not the besetting sins of the times, and what we have to say against them is much less likely to moderate them in our enemies than to produce laxity of doctrine in the faithful themselves. There is more hope of a bigot than of a latitudinarian. He who cares enough for his religion to oppose its enemies gives evidence that it is possible that he has some shreds of a conscience left. The church has less formidable enemies to contend against when she is openly persecuted, than when there is a state of general religious indifference, or a general disposition to accommodate faith to the tastes and prejudices of her enemies. St. Hilary preferred Nero and Decius to Constantius, and the persecution of the former to the patronage of the latter.

For our part, we always prefer the man who is either cold or hot to the one that is lukewarm. We like the man of strong convictions, who has the courage to act up to his convictions. We cannot condemn a true principle because it is claimed and abused by those who have no right to it. In reading the *Elder's House*, we did not sympathize with the abuse heaped upon the heretical lady for refusing to marry the man she loved because he was a Catholic. We honored her for her correct principle, and pitied her Catholic lover for his want of it. If there is any thing about which a man should be in earnest, it is his religion, and we respect the rigidness of our Puritan ancestors more than we do the laxity of their descendants. The man who is in earnest, and who really believes his religion to be the only true religion, must needs be regarded as bigoted and intolerant by all who differ from him. The Catholic is no bigot, is never uncharitable, but he is and must be, in all that concerns religion, exclusive. The church is necessarily exclusive and intolerant, in the sense in which truth and duty are exclusive and intolerant, and they are wanting in their fidelity to her who maintain the contrary. There can be no giving and taking, no communion, no fellowship, no meeting half-way, between her and those without. As we have said, she will be all or nothing. If she is not what she professes to be, if she can have any fellowship with external communions, she deserves to be nothing, has no right

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to be at all; but if, as every Catholic believes, she is what she professes to be, she has the right to be all, and whatever is opposed to her the faithful must hold to be of sin and iniquity, and to be resisted, if need be, even unto death.

But if you take that ground, you will be called a bigot, and accused of a want of charity and liberality. *Quid inde?* Suppose it is so, is that a thing for which a man should break his neck? In this country every man has the legal right to choose and observe his own religion, so long as he respects the equal right of others. This right we claim for ourselves, and, as far as in our power, vindicate for all. But here we stop. We cannot consent to maintain, in deference to Voltaire and his followers, that a man has a divine and natural right to be of any religion he pleases. Before the divine and natural law no man has the right to be of a false religion; and when the case is transferred from the exterior court to the interior, no man has the right to be of any religion but the Catholic, and no one can be acceptable to God or gain heaven, unless he is a true, firm, sincere, conscientious Roman Catholic. You say this is narrow-minded bigotry; we say it is truth and consistency, and what every Catholic must say, and he who is afraid to say it has no business to call himself a Catholic. But you who are outside may call it what you please. We have no wish to be gratuitously offensive to you, but we do not look to you for instructions. You are not our masters, nor are we troubled by what you say of us,—unless you speak in our praise. Then, indeed, we might ask with the Psalmist, "O Lord, what sin hath thy servant committed, that the wicked praise him?" We Catholics look to our holy mother for approbation, and if we secure her maternal smile and blessing, we care not, for our sakes, however much we may for yours, what you may think of us. It would be much more to the purpose for you to ask what you ought to think of yourselves.

Every Catholic, from the fact that he is a Catholic, has the world and the devil for his enemies. This is one of the necessities of his profession of faith. He cannot escape it, without deserting his post, and proving a traitor to his Master. If he be not a base coward, he will gird on his armour, and go forth to the battle in the Lord. The enemy is always at hand, and must be ferreted out and withstood, let him come in what lurking disguise he may. He comes to-day as a pretended friend, bearing the honorable name of

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liberality, and dressed in the shining robes of charity; but he is none the less, but all the more, dangerous for that. The pretended friendship is a snare; the boasted liberality is a lure. Be on your guard. If you listen to the voice of the siren, and drink of the proffered chalice, like the companions of Ulysses, you will be transformed into swine, and wallow in the mire. We cannot shake hands with the spirit of the age without contracting a mortal disease. We must resist it, or die. In vain would we sound a parley with the devil, and seek to coax or bribe him to leave us to serve in peace Him whom he hates. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. There is no other way of safety; and the sooner we understand this, accept it, and beg of God to give us grace to conform to it, the better will it be for us and also for the enemies of the church.

It is always the sign of an unhealthy state of things, when the faithful contemplate their faith as something to which those without are to be conciliated, rather than as the principle of a holy life in themselves. The conciliation and conversion of heretics is, no doubt, a great and important work; but there is a work greater and more important still,—namely, the edification of the faithful, and the salvation of our own souls. We are, indeed, to do good to all men as we have opportunity, but especially to the household of faith. Charity begins at home; and he who provides not for his own household has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. Our faith and religion need to be studied and presented mainly for the edification and perfection of the faithful themselves; and when we seek so to study and present them, we shall not ask, how little will answer. We shall inquire, not for the minimum, but for the maximum. We want for ourselves our religion in all its fulness, in all its life and vigor, with all its outspreading branches and thick foliage, in all the rich, luxuriant growth of nature,—not trimmed and pruned to suit the taste of a cold, rationalistic, half-sceptical, timid, and fastidious taste. We want it as unlike heresy as it can be. What sectarians most hate we most love; what they find most offensive we find most edifying; the more they hate, the more we love; and even things indifferent in themselves become dear to us as life, the moment they oppose them. It is in this spirit books should be written, and would be, if written by Catholics for Catholics. The books we are censuring are not written in this spirit, and therefore are not books adapted to our edification.

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The conversion of heretics is desirable, we grant; but for their sakes, not for ours. We seek their conversion from charity, not interest. We receive nothing from them, but they receive an infinite benefit. The gain is all on their side. They have nothing to give us. We covet not their silver or their gold, their fashion or their respectability. The church looks not to the rank or standing of her members. She can borrow no respectability from the highest rank, but the highest can receive new dignity and lustre from her. We admit that the great majority of the faithful, with us, belong to the poorer and humbler classes, and we thank God that it is so. The poor have souls as precious as the souls of the rich. They in all ages have been the jewels of the church, and the sounder part of the faithful. They build our churches, support our clergy, and endow our orphan asylums and charitable institutions. It is the widow's mite that makes the treasury of the church overflow. Sad indeed would have been the condition of the Catholic Church in this country, if she had been compelled to depend, for her temporal goods, on the contributions of rich and fashionable Catholics. The poor are God's chosen people, and above all, with us, the poor Irish. We honor the German emigrant; he has done well, for he came richer in faith than in gold; but the poor Irish laborers and servant-girls have been, with us, the most liberal benefactors of the church. They came, and on landing looked round and asked, Where is the church? Honest souls! in their simple faith and tender piety, they could not understand how there could be any living without the church. They could work hard, shelter themselves in a poor shanty, lodge on the bare ground, and want food for the body; but they could not live without the church. They must have the bread of life, and some one to break it for them; and where they went, churches arose, surmounted by the emblem of man's salvation, the sacred priest followed, the holy sacrifice was offered, God was praised, and the poor exiles found a home. Would we exchange these for rich and fashionable heretics? Or shall we think it is to be regretted that God sent us these to be our laity, instead of the rich and noble, the learned and the distinguished? O, no! Our good Father chose well for us; and who knows how much we, who have the happiness of being converted, owe to the prayers of the poor servant-girls we have had in our employment? Nothing is more silly or disgusting than this fawning around the rich

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and fashionable, than this hankering after wealth and patronage, which our Catholic novels exhibit. Such things make one ashamed and blush for the folly and forgetfulness of some of his brethren.

We presume, in these remarks, we shall be found treading on some worthy people's corns or gouty toes, and that we shall be thought by many bigoted and severe, as well as unfair and unjust to our incipient literature. All we can say is, that we stand here on our own natal soil, a free man, by divine grace a Catholic, and we do not know how to speak in a servile or an apologetic tone. Before authority we count it an honor to be permitted to bend the knee and the will; but before heresy, error, evil tendencies, by whomsoever abetted, we stand erect, and, with God's blessing, will stand erect, as becomes one who has been made a free citizen of the commonwealth of God. If we speak at all, we must, as a Catholic, speak as we have been taught. If we err, let authority rebuke us, and we are submissive, silent; but we shall not rebuke ourselves for aiming to show the necessity there is that all Catholic writers should adopt a free, pure, bold, lofty, and uncompromising Catholic tone, and speak out from good, warm, honest, *Catholic* hearts, without the least conceivable fear of heretics, or of their father, the devil, to make them falter and stammer in the utterance of God's truth.

As a critic, we aim to be fair, candid, and just, but are by no means infallible, and appeal lies from us to the public. The aggrieved party can appeal, and in most cases, we doubt not, the appeal will be sustained; for we are far from pretending to be guided by popular taste or public opinion in forming and expressing our judgments. The authors of the publications in question are, for the most part, entirely unknown to us, and we have and can have no personal motive for treating them unfairly or unkindly. We take a deep interest in our literature, and wish to see it flourish, but they must pardon us if we tell them that we prefer Catholicity to its literature. Faith and sanctity are necessaries of life, but literature is not. A bad literature is worse than none; and any literature which is not adapted to our wants, which turns our minds away from what should fix attention, and aids and encourages tendencies already too strong, in our judgment, is bad. If in this we err, or if we have misconceived the spirit of our present popular literature, it has been from ignorance or weakness, not from malice.

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We have spoken plainly and strongly, for it is always better to crush an evil in the bud than when it is full blown, and because we regard our popular writers as possessing learning, talents, genius enough to give us far better works than they do, and they deserve something of a castigation for not doing so. They give us works which spring from the exceptional tendencies we have pointed out, and which, instead of checking, can hardly fail to exaggerate them. We tell them this, not to discourage them, but to do what in us lies to direct their attention to the dangers to which the faithful are exposed, and to urge them, by the most powerful motives of our religion, to adapt their works to our actual and most pressing wants. We respect their motives and applaud their zeal, but we pray them to look deeper, to take a wider survey of our actual condition, and consider more attentively the peculiar temptations and seductions we are called upon to resist; and to write books which will tend to edify us, to turn our attention, not outward, where all is hostile, but inward, where all should be, and may be, unremitted effort after Christian perfection. If they would do this, and give us works modelled, to some extent, after the charming tales of Canon Schmid,—works which unfold the internal richness and beauty of religion, which show how it blends in with all our daily duties and household affections, sweetening our cares, sustaining us in our trials, consoling us in our sorrows, imparting depth and tenderness to chaste love, new charms to the innocence and sprightliness of childhood, strength and dignity to the prime of life, peace and gravity to old age, they would furnish a far more attractive series of publications, secure to themselves a far wider circle of readers, and exert an infinitely more healthful influence, both on Catholics themselves, and on those who unhappily are aliens from the kingdom of God.

Unquestionably, such works would require labor and study, prayer and mortification, abstraction from worldly thoughts and cares, subdued passions, and complete self-annihilation. But we will not suppose that this would be an objection. It should rather be an argument in their favor, and serve to stimulate ambition. The ambition to do what is beautiful, great, noble, and difficult, for the love of God and our neighbour, is praiseworthy, and the only ambition that is not mean and belittling. A blessing would attend the preparation of such works. The author would live in a pure and serene

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atmosphere, and commune with the sweet and gentle, the strong and the heroic. He would dwell in the presence of God, and sustain and nourish his life with Him who gave his own life to be ours. He would become a better man; his vision would be purged, his heart expanded, and his soul filled with holy unction; and from his pen would flow words of sweetness and power; he would make to himself a throne in the hearts of the young and the old, the joyful and the sorrowful; the poor and the bereaved would bless him, the saints would claim him as their brother, and God would embrace him as his son. His work would be holy; his reward a crown of life. O, who would not, if duty permitted, leave the arid and barren field of mere dialectics, the tumultuous sea of controversy, and seek out some quiet retreat, where bloom the perennial flowers of piety and love, and where, if he spoke at all, he would speak from the heart to the heart of the rich graces and consolations our good Father, through our sweet mother, never tires in bestowing on those who love him, and seek no love but his?

When we look upon the multitude of our youth, growing up in a land so hostile to their faith, amidst temptations and seductions so numerous and so powerful, and reflect how hard it is, even for those who are far advanced in Christian perfection, to maintain their ground, we feel that every generous heart should beat for them, and every lover of God and of his neighbour should rush to their aid and rescue. It is frightful to think how many of those around us, who have never known the true church, precious souls, for whom God has died, must finally be lost; but it is far more frightful, that not these only, but thousands of our own dear children, regenerated in holy baptism, anointed with the holy chrism, soldiers enlisted in the army of King Jesus, are to fall away, become deserters, traitors, and, from heirs of heaven, heirs of eternal fire. These claim our thoughts, our prayers, and our labors. For the love of Jesus, dear friends, turn your minds and affections towards these exposed youth, and speak, if you can, a word that shall touch their yet susceptible hearts, that shall quicken their love for religion, and make them feel how noble, how honorable, it is to be a Catholic, especially in a land where the cross is derided, where holy things are hourly profaned, and men glory in denying the Lord that bought them. Open to them the grandeur and sublimity of our holy religion, and make their cheeks redden that they ever were so cowardly as to be ashamed of it.

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Make them feel, by your own quiet, assured manner, by your own inward fulness and joy, that you have in it all you ask for, and that you do not need to coax all the world to go with you, in order to save you from regretting the choice you have made. Show that you love your brethren, that you honor your Catholic friends, even the humblest, and see, in the poorest and most illiterate servant-girl, a nobility that infinitely surpasses that of the proudest of earth's kings or potentates; for the humblest Catholic has that which makes him the son of the King of kings, and heir of an immortal crown.

Our youth find their religion rejected and derided by those they see, when they look forth into the world, honored, courted, and flattered, even by Catholics themselves. Wealth, fashion, honors, distinction, place, power, are in the hands of the enemies of the church, and they feel that their religion is an obstacle to their rising in the world, a bar to their worldly ambition, and they are tempted to wear it loosely, or to throw it off altogether,—unless, perchance, to call it in, if they have an opportunity, to bury them. They are ashamed of it, because they imagine it detracts from their respectability; and it is not uncommon to hear even those who are not, as yet, quite lost, apologizing for it, and alleging as their excuse, that their parents were Catholics, and brought them up to go to mass. This, in a country like ours, where there are no fixed ranks, where nobody is contented to serve God and save his soul in the state of life in which he was born, and where there is a universal strife of everybody to rise to the top of the social ladder, makes the condition of our Catholic youth one full of peril.

It is of no use to undertake to show them, in books, that we have Catholics able to grace any walk in life, or to add lustre to the most brilliant and fashionable assemblies, and that we are daily making converts from the very *élite* of Protestant society. This is only to approve their false ambition, and to inflame it yet more. Moreover, these marvellous Catholics, and still more marvellous converts,—so common in books,—are somewhat rare in every-day society; they bear but a small proportion to the whole number of the faithful; the worldly advantages remain as ever on the side of the enemies of the church, and those Catholics who flatter themselves that they are somebody are very apt to show that they prefer a rich and distinguished heretic, as a friend and companion, to the poor but devout Catholic.

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Our authors should study to correct this, and seek to avert the evil by drying up its source. They must repudiate the silly and absurd notion, that the heretical world around us is the fountain of honor, that it is an honor to a Catholic for rich and influential heretics to take notice of him, or that it is better to frequent the gay saloons and fashionable assemblies of those who are the enemies of God, the deriders of his immaculate spouse, than it is to live in the modest and humble society of the faithful. What is the proudest heretic in the land, in comparison with the poorest and most illiterate Irish laborer or servant-girl? Who would not rather be poor and outcast, despised and trampled on, with the hope of heaven before him, than to have all this world's goods, and hell in the world to come? And who that has a Catholic heart does not find more that is congenial to his taste and feelings, more of all those qualities which adorn human nature, and which make one a desirable friend and companion, in the humblest but sincere Catholic, than in your most elevated, high-bred, accomplished, and fascinating heretic? Believers are the true nobility, whatever their social position or worldly possessions. They are God's nobility, and will surround his throne, and live in his immediate presence; while others, whom a vain and foolish world runs after, admires, adulates, all but adores, will be cast down to hell, to writhe in eternal agony with devils, and all that is foul, and filthy, and hateful, and disgusting,—gnashing their teeth, and blaspheming, as they behold from afar the glory and beatitude of those they had despised when living. This thought should stamp itself on the pages of our literature. Our writers should aim to show not tenderness only to the poor, but true Christian HONOR, as our religion commands; they must acknowledge no high life, where God is not loved and served; rise above the vain follies and frivolities of the world; and, avoiding the levelling absurdities of the day, all of which spring from a worldly pride, recognize the dignity and worth of every soul, the true equality of all souls before God, and then they will breathe a Catholic spirit, and, to the extent of their influence, create a Catholic atmosphere around our youth,—a Catholic public sentiment to which they may defer without meanness or danger of corruption.

Our authors would do us a service, if they would stamp with disgrace that silly notion which some, who regard themselves as the better sort among Catholics, are not ashamed

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to express,—that our condition would be much pleasanter, and the cause of Catholicity more flourishing in this country, if we had a larger number of wealthy and distinguished Catholics. We have heard this said, and coupled even with a regret that so large a portion of the Catholic population is made up of poor foreigners. Converts from the old Puritan stock, like ourselves, are very apt, when first coming into the church, to take up without reflection a notion of this sort. God forgive them! Whom did our Lord choose for his intimate friends and for his apostles? Were they not poor fishermen and contemned publicans? Who composed the first Christian congregations in the cities of the gentiles? Were they not poor dispersed Hellenistic Jews, the poor Irish of their day,—almost an abomination to their proud and idolatrous heathen neighbours,—and after those, chiefly the slaves and the lowest class of the people? Did the apostles complain of this? Nay, they gloried in it. Do our honorable bishops and priests complain of the rank and standing of their flocks? By no means, for they know that God seeth not as man seeth. What matters it where a man was born? Let us who are native-born remember that so large a portion of our brethren were born elsewhere only to remember the faith and virtues they brought with them, and to engage in a holy strife with them which shall outdo the other in humility, and works of charity and mercy. The church is the Catholic's country, and his home is where God is offered for the living and the dead, and abides with his people.

Finally, we beg our authors to study to strengthen the sentiment and draw closer the bonds of brotherhood among our widely scattered population, and to induce us to feel and speak of ourselves as a CATHOLIC COMMUNITY. We are such, if we would but own it. We are in the world, but not of it; and, saving that charity which knows no geographical boundaries or distinctions of race or creed, we should seek, as far as possible, to concentre our interests and affections, our hopes and aspirations, our joys and our sorrows, within our own cherished Catholic community. Taking care, in relation to those without, to discharge all our duties as good citizens, kind neighbours, and faithful servants, we should regard ourselves as forming a commonwealth of our own, in which we live according to our own laws and usages. We are such a commonwealth, and the closer we draw its bonds, the better for us, the better for all. This accepted,

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we should have a public and a public opinion of our own, and our children would find a home at home, and soon come to restrict their aspirations to such rewards and honors as are in the gift of their own, their *Catholic* countrymen.

The world around us, no doubt, at first will rage or sneer at this; but no matter. Take care to give them no just cause of complaint, and then heed them not. We are and must be, in some sort, a people apart, with our own aims, hopes, duties, and affections. Let us be so; let us love and honor the meanest of our brethren beyond the most distinguished among the heretics; cherish each other, aid and assist, protect and defend, each other as our religion commands; and soon the world without will look on in admiration. Seeing how closely we are knit together in the bonds of unity, and how we love one another, they will knock at our door for admission, and, with tears and entreaties, beg to be naturalized in our republic, to live under our laws, and to share the freedom, peace, and prosperity of our institutions.

Let all who undertake to write for us look to this desirable result, and write with a deep and tender love, not only for Catholicity, but for Catholics, and because they are Catholics; and their works will have a salutary influence in checking the evils to which we are exposed. They will then write as Catholics for Catholics; and our youth, if they read, will see and feel that not the clergy only, but all good Catholics, take an interest in them, and are willing to cast their lot in with theirs. The attention of the faithful will be turned more and more in upon themselves, and the work of our own conversion and progress will be accelerated; and just in proportion as we ourselves are what we should be, the work of conversion will go on without. Let the faithful only be good Catholics, obedient to their dear mother, and attentive to their duties, and they will merit blessings not only for themselves, but for others. God will then hear and answer their prayers for the conversion of their Protestant friends; and before they are aware of it, they will find the whole country is Catholic, that throughout its whole extent the cross is planted, the choral chant is heard, the "clean sacrifice" daily offered, and the whole population, as it were, drawing near in faith and humility to receive the bread of life.

This glorious consummation, under God and the intercession of his holy mother, is undoubtedly to be brought about chiefly by the ministry of those whom the Holy Ghost has

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placed over us to govern and to feed us; but we who are laymen, and write for the public, may, working in submission to them, with warm hearts, and fervent zeal, and strong faith, and ardent charity, in our humble degree contribute something towards it,—at least, we can pray for it, strive for it, and avoid doing any thing to retard it. But we almost feel that in what we have said we have exceeded the province of the layman, especially one who but yesterday was himself in the ranks of the enemies of the church, and who is not worthy of the least consideration among the faithful; but if so, may God and our brethren forgive us.

R. W. EMERSON'S POEMS.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for April, 1847.]

If we could forget that Almighty God has made us a revelation, and by faith solved for us the problem of man and the universe; and if we could persuade ourselves that we are here with darkness behind us, darkness before us, and darkness all around us, relieved only by the fitful gleam from the reversed torch of reason, at best serving only to confront us, turn we which way we will, with the dread unknown, we should greet these poems with a warm and cordial welcome, and saving the mere mechanism of verse-making, in which they are sometimes defective, assign them the highest rank among our American attempts at poetry. The author is no every-day man; indeed, he is one of the most gifted of our countrymen, and is largely endowed with the true poetic temperament and genius. He has a rich and fervid imagination, a refined taste, exquisite sensibility, a strong and acute intellect, and a warm and loving heart. He is earnest and solemn, and, taking his own point of view, a man of high and noble aims. If truth were no essential ingredient of poetry, if the earthly were the celestial, and man were God, and if the highest excellence of song consisted in its being a low and melodious wail, we know not where to look for any thing superior to some of the wonderful productions collected in the volume before us.

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* *Poems.* By R. W. Emerson. Boston: 1847.

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But the palm of excellence, even under the relation of art, belongs not to poetry which chants falsehood and evil. The poet is an artist, and the aim of the artist is to realize or embody the beautiful; but the beautiful is never separable from the true and the good. Truth, goodness, beauty, are only three phases of one and the same thing. God is the true, the good, the fair. As the object of the intellect, he is the true; as the object of the will, the good; as the object of the imagination, the passions, and emotions, the beautiful; but under whichever phase or aspect we may contemplate him, he is always one and the same infinite, eternal God, indivisible and indistinguishable. In his works it is always the same. In them, no more than in him, is the beautiful detached or separable from the true and the good; it is never any thing but one phase of what under another aspect is good, and under still another true. The artist must imitate nature, and he fails just in proportion as he fails to realize the true and the good in his productions. His productions must be fitted to satisfy man in his integrity. We have reason and will, as well as imagination; and when we contemplate a work of art, we do it as reasonable and moral as well as imaginative beings, and we are dissatisfied with it, if it fail to satisfy us under the relation of reason or will, as much as if it fail to satisfy us under that of the imagination.

Moreover, the beauty which the artist seeks to embody is objective, not subjective,—an emanation from God, not something in or projected from the human soul. Mr. Emerson and the transcendentalists contend that beauty is something real, but they make it purely ideal. With them, it is not something which exists out of man and independent of him, and therefore something which he objectively beholds and contemplates, but something in man himself, dependent solely on his own internal state, and his manner of seeing himself and the world around him. But the ideal and the real are not identical; and if the beautiful were the projection or creation of the human soul, and dependent on our internal state and manner of seeing, it would be variable, one thing with one man and another thing with another, one thing this moment, another the next. We should have no criterion of taste, no standard of criticism; art would cease to have its laws; and the boasted science of æsthetics, so highly prized by transcendentalists, and on which they pride themselves, would be only a dream. Beauty

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is no more individual, subjective, than is truth or goodness. It neither proceeds from nor is addressed to what is individual, idiosyncratic; but it proceeds from the universal and permanent; and appeals to what, in a degree, is common to all men, and inseparable and indistinguishable from the essential nature of man.

Mr. Emerson's poems, therefore, fail in all the higher requisites of art. They embody a doctrine essentially false, a morality essentially unsound, and at best a beauty which is partial, individual. To be able to regard them as embodying the beautiful, in any worthy sense of the term, one must cease to be what he is, must divest himself of his own individuality, and that not to fall back on our common humanity, but to become Mr. Emerson, and to see only after his peculiar manner of seeing. They are addressed, not to all men, but to a school, a peculiar school, a very small school, composed of individuals who, by nature or education, have similar notions, tastes, and idiosyncrasies. As artistic productions, then, notwithstanding they indicate, on the part of their author, poetical genius of the highest order, they can claim no elevated rank. The author's genius is cramped, confined, and perverted by his false philosophy and morality, and the best thing we can say of his poems is, that they indicate the longing of his spirit for a truth, a morality, a freedom, a peace, a repose, which he feels and laments he has not.

We know Mr. Emerson; we have shared his generous hospitality, and enjoyed the charms of his conversation; as a friend and neighbour, in all the ordinary relations of social and domestic life, he is one it is not easy to help loving and admiring; and we confess we are loath to say aught severe against him or his works; but his volume of poems is the saddest book we ever read. The author tries to cheer up, tries to smile, but the smile is cold and transitory; it plays an instant round the mouth, but does not come from the heart, or lighten the eyes. He talks of music and flowers, and would fain persuade us that he is weaving garlands of joy; but beneath them is always to be seen the ghastly and grinning skeleton of death. There is an appearance of calm, of quiet, of repose, and at first sight one may half fancy his soul is as placid, as peaceful, as the unruffled lake sleeping sweetly beneath the summer moonbeams; but it is the calm, the quiet, the repose of despair. Down below are the troubled waters. The world is no joyous world for

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him. It is void and without form, and darkness broods over it. True, he bears up against it; but because he is too proud to complain, and because he believes his lot is that of all men and inevitable. Why break thy head against the massive walls of necessity? Call thy darkness light, and it will be as light—to thee. Look the fiend in the face, and he is thy friend,—at least, as much of a friend as thou canst have. Why complain? Poor brother, thou art nothing, or thou art all. Crouch and whine, and thou art nothing; stand up erect on thy own two feet, and scorn to ask for aught beyond thyself, and thou art all. Yet this stoical pride and resolve require a violent effort, and bring no peace, no consolation, to the soul. In an evil hour, the author overheard what the serpent said to Eve, and believed it; and from that time, it would seem, he became unable to believe aught else. He loves and wooes nature, for he fancies her beauty and loveliness emanate from the divinity of his own being; and he affects to walk the fields and the woods, as a god surveying his own handiwork. It is he that gives the rose its fragrance, the rainbow its tints, the golden sunset its gorgeous hues. But the illusion does not last. He feels, after all, that he is a man, only a man; and the enigma of his own being,

> "The fate of the man-child,
> The meaning of man,"

torments him, and from his inmost soul cries out, and in no lullaby tones, for a solution. But, alas! no solution comes; or, if one, it is a solution which solves nothing, which brings no light, no repose, to the spirit wearied with its questionings. As a proof of this, take the poem with which the volume opens, entitled *The Sphinx*. In this the author proposes and attempts to solve the problem of man. He begins by chanting the peace, harmony, and loveliness of external nature, and proceeds:—

> "But man crouches and blushes, absconds and conceals;
> He creepeth and peepeth, and palters and steals;
> Infirm, melancholy, jealous glancing around,
> An oaf, an accomplice, he poisons the ground.
>
> "Outspoke the great mother, beholding his fear;—
> At the sound of her accents cold shuddered the sphere:—
> 'Who has drugged my boy's cup? Who has mixed my boy's bread?
> Who, with sadness and madness, has turned the man-child's head?'

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"I heard a poet answer, aloud and cheerfully,
'Say on, sweet Sphinx! thy dirges are pleasant songs to me.
Deep love lieth under these pictures of time;
They fade in the light of their meaning sublime.'

"'The Fiend that man harries is love of the Best;
Yawns the pit of the Dragon, lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the Perfect, which his eyes seek in vain.

"'Profounder, profounder, man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit no goal will arrive;
The heavens that now draw him with sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens he spurneth the old.

"'Pride ruined the angels, their shame them restores;
And the joy that is sweetest lurks in stings of remorse.
Have I a lover who is noble and free?—
I would he were nobler than to love me.

"'Eterne alternation, now follows, now flies;
And under pain, pleasure,—under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre, heart-heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses to the borders of day.'

"'Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits! Thy sight is growing blear;
Rue, myrrh, and cummin for the Sphinx,—her muddy eyes to clear!'—
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip,—said, 'Who taught thee me to name?
I am thy spirit, yoke-fellow, of thine eye I am eyebeam,

"'Thou art the unanswered question; couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh; and each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature, it through thousand natures ply;
Ask on, thou clothed eternity; Time is the false reply.'"

The contrast between moral and physical is founded in fancy. The disorders of the external world are not less striking than those of man, and the strife of elements is as terrible as that of the passions. There are blight and mildew, earthquakes and volcanoes, floods and droughts, in nature, as well as wars and revolutions in states and empires. But let this pass. Whence comes the evil in man? "The fiend that man harries is love of the Best." That is, man is never satisfied with what he has; but imagines that he sees always something better just beyond and above him. Advance or ascend as he may, the ideal floats ever before him, urging him on, and bidding him climb higher up, ever higher up

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yet. There is no rest for him. What is good and what is evil in his condition springs alike from this aspiring disposition. In this originate his virtues, and in this his vices,—what is noblest in his being and character, and what is lowest and meanest; and his sorrow is at the distance there is ever between his aspirations and his realizations. But in this the author confounds the love of the best, or aspiration to the perfect, with pride. He teaches, and consciously, that Satan in aspiring to be God was actuated by love of the best, and therefore holds,—what his disciples do not hesitate to preach,—that Satan has been greatly wronged, and that the sin for which he was cast out of heaven and down to hell, and bound in chains of darkness for ever, was only the pure aspiration of a noble nature after a higher perfection! "Pride ruined the angels, their shame them restores." Indeed, their ruin was no ruin, but a stage in their progress,—"And the joy that is sweetest lurks in stings of remorse."

But pride and the love of the best are not identical. Pride is the perversion of the love of the best, and consists in believing one's self already perfect, not in seeking after a perfection not yet possessed. Lucifer did not rebel because he would be more perfect than he was, but because such was his lofty estimate of himself that he would acknowledge no being as his superior. This is the essential nature of pride. It believes itself to be the highest, and places all else below itself. The basis of love of the best is humility, and humility springs from a consciousness of our own defects, and the reverent contemplation of the superior merits of others,—a deep and living conviction that there is a being above us whom we are to love and obey, honor and exalt. Pride would usurp the perfect,—humility would love, reverence, and glorify it; pride would possess it to exalt and glorify itself,—humility for the sake of glorifying Him who is perfect. Humility loves perfection itself with a pure, disinterested love; while pride loves it only for the sake of self, and therefore loves only self, and not perfection at all. The sorrow of pride flows from the mortification of being compelled to admit that there are others which occupy positions above it; the sorrow of humility is that it can never worthily love and reverence, honor and exalt, the good and perfect God as it feels he deserves; but, unlike that of pride, it is a sorrow which has its own consolations, and which is compatible with inexpressible internal peace and joy. The love of the best, a love which is not the love of self, but really

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love of the best, is no "fiend that man harries"; it breeds no disorder, occasions no fall, no vice, no strife, but bears man onward and upward to God, his true beginning and end.

But, mistaking pride for love of the best, Mr. Emerson makes it the glory of our nature; and as pride knows no peace so long as it sees aught above it, he teaches that we must always be harried, that we must run ever, but never attain our goal. The best dances ever before us, and above our reach. It is always further on, and higher up, and as man ascends, he sees new

> "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

The West recedes the further from the weary emigrant the further he travels.

> "To his aye-rolling orbit no goal will arrive,
> The heavens that now draw him with sweetness untold,
> Once found,—for new heavens he spurneth the old."

Each height is scorned as soon as gained, and man must be ever the child who, as soon as you give him one bawble, throws it away and cries for another.

> "Couldst see thy proper eye,
> Alway it asketh, asketh; *and each answer is a lie.*
> So take thy quest through nature, it through thousand natures ply;
> Ask on, thou clothed eternity; time is the false reply."

There is no remedy, no hope. Each new solution, as soon as obtained, ceases to be true. The answer to the question from one height discloses a height which is higher yet, from which it becomes a lie. There is no truth for us. The truth in the valley is falsehood on the mountain; the truth to-day is falsehood to-morrow. Thus are we, thus must we be, "ever learning, never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Ever does the secret intense longing for an unseen something spur us onward, upward from height to height, and ever must continue the same evils, the same vices, the same crimes, the same misery and wretchedness,—endless motion, and yet no advance.

> "Eterne alternation, now follows, now flies,
> And under pain, pleasure,—under pleasure pain lies."

What more sad and gloomy? In our very virtues lie and germinate the seeds of our vices; and what is lowest, meanest in us springs from what is purest, noblest, best. And this is man's normal order, the glory of his being, the

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source of joy and gladness! No change, no deliverance, no day of pleasure without pain, of joy without sorrow, of virtue without vice, of love without hatred, of light without darkness, life without death, is ever to come, to be hoped for, or even desired! And this is the gospel of the nineteenth century, preached in this good city of Boston, by one of the most gifted and loving of our countrymen, who has himself once worn the garb of a professed minister of Him who died that man might live! O my brother, how low hast thou fallen! The old heathens themselves might shame thee. Their Islands of the Blest, nay, their dark Tartarean gulf, were a relief to thy cold and desolating philosophy. Warble no more such music in our ears. We would rather hear the ravings of the wildest fanaticism, or the mutterings of the foulest superstition.

We have never read any thing more heart-rending than the poem entitled *Threnody*. It is, indeed, a lamentation, and the saddest part is the consolation it offers. It is no imaginary lament. The author speaks in his own character, his own grief over the early death of his own son,—a son of rare sweetness and promise. It was a lovely boy, one a father might well love, and be pardoned for weeping. The grief is natural. The stern pride of the father gives way to it, and the stoic becomes wild, all but frantic, and blasphemes nature, his only god after himself.

"Step the meek birds where erst they ranged;
The wintry garden lies unchanged;
The brook into the stream runs on;
But the deep-eyed boy is gone.
On that shaded day,
Dark with more clouds than tempests are,
When thou didst yield thy innocent breath
In birdlike heavings unto death,
Night came, and Nature had not thee;
I said, 'We are mates in misery.'
The morrow dawned with needless glow;
Each snowbird chirped, each fowl must crow;
Each tramper started; but the feet
Of the most beautiful and sweet
Of human youth had left the hill
And garden,—they were bound and still.
There's not a sparrow or a wren,
There's not a blade of autumn grain,
Which the four seasons do not tend,

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And tides of life and increase lend ;
And every chick of every bird,
And weed and rock-moss is preferred.
O ostrich-like forgetfulness !
O loss of larger in the less !
Was there no star that could be sent,
No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stoop to heal that only child,
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
And keep the blossom of the earth,
Which all her harvests were not worth ?
Not mine,—I never called thee mine,
But Nature's heir,—if I repine,
And seeing rashly torn and moved
Not what I made, but what I loved,
Grow early old with grief that thou
Must to the wastes of Nature go,—
'T is because a general hope
Was quenched, and all must doubt and grope.
For flattering planets seemed to say
This child should ills of ages stay,
By wondrous tongue, and guided pen,
Bring the flown Muses back to men.
Perchance not he, but Nature ailed,—
The world, and not the infant, failed.
It was not ripe yet to sustain
A genius of so fine a strain,
Who gazed upon the sun and moon
As if he came unto his own,
And, pregnant with his grander thought,
Brought the old order into doubt.
His beauty once their beauty tried ;
They could not feed him, and he died,
And wandered backward as in scorn,
To wait an æon to be born.
Ill day which made this beauty waste,
Plight broken, this high face defaced !
Some went and came about the dead ;
And some in books of solace read ;
Some to their friends the tidings say ;
Some went to write, some went to pray ;
One tarried here, there hurried one ;
But their heart abode with none.
Covetous death bereaved us all,

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To aggrandize one funeral.
The eager fate which carried thee
Took the largest part of me;
For this losing is true dying;
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This is slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

"O child of paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft.
The world dishonored thou hast left.
O truth's and nature's costly lie!
O trusted broken prophecy!
O richest fortune sourly crossed!
Born for the future, to the future lost!"

How different is this from the temper which the Christian father would have exhibited at the grave of his son cut down in early morning! He too might have wept, but he would not have been desolate; and a joy would have mingled with his grief, and turned it to gladness. He would not have felt that his child was lost to him or to nature; that a bright existence had been blotted out, a sun extinguished and gone to the wastes of nature; but he would have looked upon his boy's death-day as his birthday, and rejoiced that he was so soon removed from the evil, so soon permitted to return from his exile, to be received to his home, and permitted to behold the face of his heavenly Father, and there in fulness of love and joy, by his prayers and intercessions, obtain new graces for the dear earthly parents whose term of exile had not yet expired. For nature, for the "flown muses," for the mysteries to be unlocked for the race, for the glorious future the boy-sage was to usher in, he would have felt no uneasiness; because he would have known that the boy in heaven could effect more than the boy on earth; because there has been given to the world the Babe of Bethlehem; and because, as the German proverb says, "The old God still lives," and can take care of nature and of man.

But the author checks the wildness of his grief, and in his excessive charity directs us to the sources of his consolation. But here he is sadder to us than in his grief. Here all be-

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comes sombre and dark, vague and misty, and—what is rarely the case with Mr. Emerson—words, words with no distinct meaning, with scarcely any meaning at all. The verse flows on, but the sense stands still. The father's heart recoils from the pit of annihilation; the proud, unbelieving philosopher scorns to yield to the sweet hope of immortality. The father shrinks with horror from the thought that his bright-eyed boy is lost for ever; the transcendentalist disdains to believe in an uprising of the dead. What, then, shall he say? What hope can he indulge, what solace dare trust? The bright-eyed boy is not all extinguished. What was elemental in him could not die, and he lives absorbed in the infinite, as the drop in the ocean!

"Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned.—
Saying, *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
Revere the maker; fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass, and scented weeds;
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broad-sowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found."

"Heart's love will meet thee again." Yes, love without

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the loving heart, love without a lover! O my brother, is this all thy consolation? Is this

> "What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?"

Nay, most desolate father, not rainbows or sunsets taught thee this; it was the moon, the moon, fickle goddess of night; for no man not moonstruck would talk of hearts' loves remaining when hearts are no more. Thou consolest thyself with a vain shadow, nay, not so much as a shadow, but a very absurdity, a sheer impossibility; for who ever heard of heart's love without the loving heart, any more than of thought without a thinker, or act without an actor? Thou boastest thyself wise, thou makest the "great Heart" say to thee,

> "But thou, my votary, weepest thou?
> I gave thee sight,—where is it now?
> *I taught thy heart beyond the reach*
> *Of ritual, bible, or of speech;*
> *Wrote in thy mind's transparent table,*
> *As far as the incommunicable;*
> *Taught thee each private sign to raise,*
> *Lit by the supersolar blaze.*
> Past utterance, and past belief,
> And past the blasphemy of grief,
> The mysteries of Nature's heart;
> And though no Muse can these impart,
> Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
> And all is clear from east to west."

And yet thou here revivest the old Hindu dream, stripped of its self-coherence, reduced to an absurdity so palpable that the veriest child can detect it; and this thou claspest as a spiritual balsam to thy torn and bleeding heart, and wouldst gravely persuade us that it is a sovereign remedy, that it heals thy wound and makes thee whole, a man, a hale and joyous man again. "Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain," —remain when hearts are no more! O my brother, how true it is, that when we turn our back on God and his word, esteem ourselves wise, and boast that we have been taught

> "Beyond the reach
> Of ritual, Bible, or of speech,"

we become—fools! Thou art a man of rare gifts, and thou hast studied long and much, thou hast questioned the past and present, the living and the dead, the stars and the

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flowers, the fields and groves, the winds and the waves, the day and night, and thou hast a keen, penetrating glance, and thou hast a warm, sympathetic soul, and yet thou art solitary in thick darkness; thou seest not the plainest things under thy very nose, thou seest not clearly even thy hand before thee. There is a bright and glorious universe around thee, full of light, love, and gladness, of which thou dreamest not; angels hover around thee and fan thee with their soft breath, and thou feelest them not; angel voices call to thee, in sweet music that trances the soul, but thou hearest them not; and because thou art blind, and deaf, and insensible, in thy foolish pride thou deniest what to every faith-illumined eye is as clear as the sun in the heavens, and to every faith-opened heart as distinct and dear as voice of lover or of friend.

Alas! we are not ignorant of the blindness and deafness of those who are without faith, or of the strange illusion which makes us obstinately persist that we both see and hear. There is something weird and mysterious in the thoughts and feelings which come to us, unbidden, when we leave faith behind, and fix our gaze intently upon ourselves as upon some magic mirror. The circle of our vision seems to be enlarged; darkness is transformed to light; worlds open upon worlds; we send keen, penetrating glances into the infinite abyss of being; the elements grow obedient to us, work with us and for us, and we seem to be strong with their strength, terrible with their might, and to approach and to become identical with the Source of all things. God becomes comprehensible and communicable, and we live an elemental life, and burn with elemental fire. The universe flows into us and from us. We control the winds, the waves, the rivers and the tides, the stars and the seasons. We teach the plant when to germinate, to blossom, or ripen, the reed when to bend before the blast, and the lightning when to rive the hoary oak. Alas! we think not then that this is all delusion, and that we are under the influence of the fallen angel, who would persuade us that darkness is light, that weakness is strength, that hell is heaven, and himself God. Under a similar influence and delusion labors the author of these poems. There are passages in them which recall all too vividly what we, in our blindness and unbelief, have dreamed, but rarely ventured to utter. We know these poems; we understand them. They are not sacred chants; they are hymns to the devil. Not God, but Satan, do

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they praise, and they can be relished only by devil-worshippers.

Yet we do not despair of our poet. He has a large share of *religiosity*, and his soul needs to prostrate itself before God and adore. There is a low, sad music in these poems, deep and melodious, which escapes the author unbidden, and which discloses a spirit ill at ease, a heart bewailing its bondage, and a secret, intense longing to burst its chains, and to soar aloft to the heaven of divine love and freedom. This music is the echo of the angel voices still pleading with him, and entreating him to return from his wanderings, to open his eyes to the heaven which lies around him, his ears to the sweet voices which everywhere are chanting the praises of God. We must hope that ere long he will, through grace, burst the satanic cords which now bind him, open his eyes to the sweet vision of beauty that awaits him, and his ears to the harmony which floats on every breeze. Bear with me; nature never intended thee for an Indian gymnosophist or a heartless stoic. Thou art a man, with a warm, gushing human heart, and thou wast made to love and adore. Say, Get behind me, Satan! to the vain philosophizing thou hast indulged; have the courage to say thou hast been wrong, open thy heart to the light of heaven as the sunflower opens her bosom to the genial rays of the sun, and thy spirit will be free, thy genius will no longer be imprisoned, and thy heart will find what it sighs after, and wail no more. One who was as proud as thyself, and who had wandered long in the paths thou art beating, and whose eye was hardly less keen than thy own, and who knew by heart all thy mystic lore, and had as well as thou pored over the past and the present, as well as thou had asked

> "The fate of the man-child,
> The meaning of man,"

and had asked the heavens and the earth, the living and the dead, and, in his madness, hell itself, to answer him, and whose soul was not less susceptible to sweet harmonies than thy own, though his tones were harsh and his speech rude, —nay, one who knows all thy delusions and illusions, assures thee that thou shalt not in this be deceived, and thy confidence will not be misplaced or betrayed.

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AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for July, 1847.]

THIS is the title of a literary journal and advertiser recently commenced under the auspices of two or three very respectable publishing houses in New York, and which has thus far been conducted with a spirit, talent, and good-sense worthy of very general commendation. We do not always accept its literary or other doctrines, but we have found in it a much higher order of criticism, more just literary appreciation, and more freedom and independence in the expression of its judgments, than we have been accustomed to look for in journals of its class. There may possibly be some danger of its yielding too much to the tastes or interests of the houses which established it; but if it preserve the independence with regard to their publications which it has thus far shown in its reviews of those of other establishments, and if sustained in doing so, it will go far towards supplying a want many have felt, and prove itself not unserviceable to the cause of American letters.

We perceive, by the announcement in the fifteenth number, that the journal has passed into the hands of a new editor, Mr. Charles F. Hoffman, of New York. We know little ourselves of Mr. Hoffman, having never to our knowledge read any of his writings, his works not coming particularly within our department; but he holds a very respectable rank among our popular authors, and we hear him spoken of as a man of ability, learning, and fine literary taste. We have no reason to suppose the journal will not gain rather than lose its spirit, interest, and usefulness by its change of editors, although Mr. Hoffman's predecessor was an editor whose place is not easily made good.

The distinctive character of the *Literary World* is real or affected Americanism. It devotes its chief attention to American literature, and its aim seems to be to induce the public to give a decided preference to American authors, and to encourage especially the production and growth of a sound and healthy American literature. It therefore nat-

*The Literary World. A Gazette for Authors, Readers, and Publishers. NEW YORK: 1847. Weekly. Nos. 1–15.

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urally suggests for our consideration the somewhat hackneyed subject of American literature,—a subject on which our readers must permit us to offer a few comments of our own.

Much is said and written about American literature. Some make extravagant boasts of the excellence to which it has already attained; others make loud and long laments that it does not as yet even exist; others again are busy in devising ways and means of creating it, forcing its growth, or bringing it to maturity; and a very voluminous, if not a very respectable, national literature is growing up among us, about the literature we are assumed to have or not to have, and the means of obtaining or perfecting national literature. All this is very well; the American people are a very enlightened people, and their authors far in advance of those of any other nation, as it is patriotic to believe; but it seems to us, that on this subject of national literature, as on literature in general, there is much loose thinking, if thinking it can be called, and no little want of clear and well-defined views. It is hard to say what is the precise meaning our countrymen attach to the word *literature*, in what they suppose its desirableness to consist, what ends it serves or ought to serve, or wherein it contributes to the glory of nations or of the race. These are important points, and on these, we are sorry to say, our authors leave us in the dark. We have consulted the best literary authorities of the country, but no light dawns to relieve our darkness, no clear, distinct, definite answers are obtained. This is bad, and makes us suspect that with us very few who talk of literature have any real meaning. It is easy to indulge in vague and general declamation; it is easy to seize upon a few loose and indefinite terms, and to have the appearance of talking largely, eloquently, wisely, profoundly, when in fact we are saying nothing at all. Before any thing more is said, it would be a real service to many persons, and to ourselves in particular, if our authors would define their terms, tell us precisely what they understand by literature, and for what it is necessary, useful, or desirable.

For ourselves, there are a few things we understand. We understand that human existence has a purpose, a high and solemn purpose; that man is placed here by his Maker to gain an end, and is morally bound to seek that end at every moment, in all things, and in every act of his life, however great, however little. We understand, also, that it is nec-

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essary that we know this end, that we be placed on our guard against every thing that would divert us from it, and exhorted, stimulated, aided, to gain it; and, furthermore, that whatever serves this purpose, whether oral teachings and admonitions, or books, essays, scientific treatises, poetic chants, scenic representations, music, architecture, pictures, statues, are for that reason valuable, desirable. But beyond this we see nothing useful, nothing not undesirable, vain, or hurtful, the offspring of the world, the flesh, or the devil.

Now, we apprehend that letters, only in so far as they serve, and for the simple reason that they serve, this purpose, are not what our people generally mean, or fancy they mean, by literature. Letters in this sense are moral, religious, social, political, refer to man's duties in some one or all of the relations in which he is placed by his Maker, and tend by all their influence to render all particular duties subordinate, and their discharge subservient to the one great and all-absorbing duty of loving God above all things, with the whole heart and soul, and our neighbours as ourselves, in him and for him. But, if we are not much mistaken, what the world means, or fancies it means, by literature is something which is independent of all moral, religious, or social doctrines, and may be read with equal pleasure and profit by all men, whatever their religion, their ethical code, or their political system. It is something which inculcates no doctrine, instructs man in no particular truth, and urges to the performance of no particular duty. Back and independent of all that relates to man's belief and duties as a moral, religious, and social being, it is assumed that there is a broad and rich field for the man of letters, and the culture of that broad and rich field yields literature proper. But our difficulty in understanding what is meant by this arises from the fact that this supposed field is purely imaginary, an "airy nothing," to which even the poet, with "his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," cannot give "a local habitation and a name." A general literature, which teaches nothing special, is as unreal as man without men, the race without individuals. The *genus*, for us human beings at least, is real only in the *species*; what has no specific meaning has for us no meaning at all, and is as if it were not.

Books which mean nothing are nothing, and are to be treated as nothing. But books which do mean something necessarily mean something specifically related to man as a moral, religious, or social being; and to mean any thing

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valuable, their meaning must either throw some light on man's duties under some one or all of these relations, or exhort, stimulate, or aid him to perform them. Turn the matter over, disguise it, as you will, use all the big words in the language, be as profound, as eloquent, as poetical as you can, and this is the simple, sober truth. Man is a being whose existence has a purpose, whose life has duties, and his whole business is to learn the former and fulfil the latter. He has no time, no strength, no right, to consult any thing else, and whatever is not related to the one or the other has and can have no significance for him.

Grant this,—and we envy no man who will deny it,—and literature can be looked upon only as a subordinate affair. It is not a question of primary importance, and there may be circumstances in which it is of no importance at all. In itself considered, literature is not necessarily a good or an evil; but is the one or the other only according to its quality, and the purpose it is made to serve. For its own sake, it is no more commendable or desirable than any other worldly possession. The common notions on this head, which revived with the revival of letters, as it is called, in the fifteenth century, are pure heathenism; and these notions, we are sorry to say, are not confined to the Protestant world, which may claim them by right of inheritance. Even some Catholics, without reflection, give in to them, and we have been not a little scandalized by M. Audin's *History of Luther*, and especially by some extracts we have seen from his *Life of Leo the Tenth*. No Protestant could surpass him in his depreciation of the middle ages, or in his ecstasies over the *Renaissance*. We doubt not the purity of his motives, or the sincerity of his zeal; but to undertake to gain a momentary triumph to Catholicity by a principle of defence which was disapproved yesterday, and must be abandoned to-morrow, is as unwise as it is sad. The church speaks through all ages in the same severe and inflexible language, and never turns aside from her direct course, either at the opposition of enemies or the solicitation of friends. The "classical" infatuation of even churchmen in the fifteenth century, and the first half of the sixteenth, is excusable, for they had in spite of it splendid attainments, noble qualities, and solid virtues; but to make that infatuation itself a virtue, and to set it forth as one of the glories of the church as the spouse of God and mother of the faithful, is to suffer one's self to be overpowered by

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the spirit of our times, and to forget for a moment that faith and piety are not to be measured by their relation to literature and art.

To the old heathen philosophers,—men who had cast off their national superstitions, but who had only a feeble belief even in the existence of God, and no abiding hope of an hereafter, weary of the world, disgusted with its vanities, and too wise to be seduced by its honors and distinctions,—literature, what they termed philosophy, was, no doubt, useful as a relief from the burdens of existence, as a retreat and a solace. One easily feels, while reading, Cicero's eloquent discoursing in praise of philosophy. The great object with these old philosophers, whatever the school to which they belonged, was to devise the means of making life as tolerable as it could be. Life was empty. It came, no one could say whence or wherefore, and its issue was into night and eternal silence. It was the part of wisdom to seize the present moment, and to make the most of it. Of all the sources of consolation open to them, especially in old age, the most respectable and efficacious was the tranquil pursuit of letters. This removed them from the cares and vexations of the world, the turmoils of the camp, and the intrigues and rivalries of the court, soothed their passions, protected them from perturbation, and secured them a measure of repose, of serenity, and peace. To men in our day whose want of faith and hope is the same as theirs, letters are, no doubt, the readiest and safest resort. We can easily understand that men who have no faith in God as the author of grace, who have lost all hope of a future life, in the Christian sense, who have come to regard heaven and hell as mere fables which served to amuse the infancy of the race, and to whom life appears once more what it did to the old pagan philosopher, should feel existence a burden, and the need of something to fill up the vacancy in their hearts, to absorb the activity of their minds, to tranquillize their passions, and relieve, in some degree, the gloom which to them necessarily settles over man and the universe. To them, as to the saint, though for a different reason, the world with all its interests is vanity, yea, less than vanity and nothing. Darkness is behind them; darkness is before them. There is nothing to live for. Existence has no end or aim, and, if relief is not obtained from some source, it becomes too literally intolerable, and men with their own hands, to a fearful extent, cut its thread.

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Some plunge into the dissipation of the senses; others into that of the sentiments, and annoy us with their Utopian dreams of moral or social meliorations; and others, perhaps the least foolish, betake themselves to the quiet and tranquillizing pursuits of literature.

It is as a relief, as a solace, that literature is mainly recommended by the moderns, as well as the ancients, and it is to wants like these we have indicated that what is reckoned as literature, from the pagan classics down to the last new novel, addresses itself. It takes and studies to adapt itself to the old heathen view of life. This undeniable fact is not unworthy of being meditated, and if meditated might help us to form a tolerably correct estimate of what the world calls literature, and of the importance of devoting ourselves to its cultivation. Are we required to reproduce heathenism, and to provide for the old pagan views of life, the old pagan state and temper of individuals and society? Are we, like the old pagan philosopher, to think only of a solace for the cares and burdens of existence, and to confine ourselves to those resources only which were open to him? Has not the Gospel brought life and immortality to light, thrown a new coloring over all things, dissipated the darkness behind us and the darkness before us, and opened to us resources from the burdens of existence, the vanities of the world, the vacancy of thought, the listlessness of effort, the perturbations of the passions, and the solicitations of the senses, of which he knew nothing, and which for his blindness, unbelief, and despair had no existence?

We live under the Gospel, and we insist upon our right to try all things by the Christian standard. Under the Gospel, no man has the need or the right to resort even to letters as a relief from the burdens of existence, a solace for the troubles and afflictions of life, or as a means of personal enjoyment. The pleasures of intellect, of taste, and imagination may be less hurtful than those of the senses, but there is no more virtue in seeking the one than there is in seeking the other; and though he who seeks the one may make a better calculation than he who devotes himself to the other, neither can claim to have risen to the lowest degree of Christian morality. Hence, literature, either in author or reader, can never be sought by a Christian for its own sake, nor for the sake of the pleasures of wit, taste, and imagination it may bring. No Christian man can esteem it or cultivate it for the old heathenish reasons still too often

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urged, and a literature for those reasons, and adapted to meet them, he not only does not desire, but looks upon as a positive evil. Such literature, and he includes within it the most admired productions of ancient and modern genius, however highly he may appreciate them under the relation of form, he believes to be incapable of contributing any thing good, in the Christian sense, either to individuals or the world at large; he even believes it likely to do great harm, for it takes a false view of life, and in all cases springs from man's forgetfulness of his real relations to his Maker, of the real purpose of his being, or from a revolt against the law imposed on him by his Sovereign for his governance, and the desire to find a resource independent of that appointed, in his infinite wisdom, by our good Father, and which it is against our true interest we should find or resort to.

Nevertheless, though in the popular sense, if sense it be, we have and can have no respect for mere literature, there is a sense—a sense we began by hinting—in which we prize letters, and can go as far as any of our countrymen in praising or cultivating them. We are by no means among those who hold that a man, unable to read, is necessarily deprived of all good; nor are we in the habit of estimating the intelligence and virtue of a community by the number of its members who have or have not mastered the spelling-book. There are blockheads who can read, write, and even cipher; and of the amount of intelligence actually possessed by the great majority of those who have graduated at our common schools, we should perhaps be surprised, were we to inquire, to find how little has been acquired by their own reading. The proportion of those having a good common education, who are able to read with profit a serious book on any important subject, is much smaller than is commonly imagined. There is, unhappily, amongst us no little senseless cant on the subject of education, which we owe in no small degree to certain English, Scotch, and French unbelievers who were kind enough some years since to visit us for the benevolent purpose of enlightening the natives, or, as George Combe, Esq., of Edinburgh, expressed it, in his opening lecture in this city on his favorite humbug, Phrenology, to "sow" among us "the seeds of civilization." The principal of these were Frances Wright, Owen, father and son, R. L. Jennings, and William Phiquepal. These felt sure, that, if they could once get a system of universal

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education established throughout the country, which should pass over religion in silence, and teach knowledge, they would soon be able to convert all our churches and meeting-houses into halls of science, and our people generally into free inquirers. In furtherance of their plan, they organized among us a secret association, very much on the plan of the Carbonari in Europe. How far the organization extended, and whether it yet subsists or not, we are unable to say, for our personal connection with it was short, and has long since ceased altogether; but it might be not uninteresting to inquire how much of the cant about education and the irreligious direction education has received of late, and which so scandalizes the Christian, are due to its influence. However this may be, and however little we are disposed to give in to the nonsense which is constantly babbled about education, we still prize education, rightly understood, as highly as do any of our countrymen. The question with us is of the quality before the quantity. A bad education is worse than none, as error is always worse than simple ignorance. But let the education be of the right sort, be that which instructs, prepares, and strengthens the pupil for the prompt and faithful discharge of all the duties which pertain to his state in life, and the more we have of it the better.

So of literature. Literature, in our sense of the term, is composed of works which instruct us in that which it is necessary for us to know in order to discharge, or the better to discharge, our duties as moral, religious, and social beings. Works which tend to divert us from these, which weaken the sense of their obligation, or give us false views of them, or false reasons for performing them, are bad, worse than none, though written with the genius of Byron, Moore, Goethe, Milton, Dante, or Shakspeare. Genius is respectable only when she plumes her wing at the cross, and her light dazzles to blind or to bewilder when not borrowed from the Source of light itself. No man, whose soul is not filled, whose whole being is not permeated, with the spirit of the Christian religion, can write even a spelling-book fit or safe to be used by a Christian people. But works written in exposition of the Christian faith, or of some one or all of our duties in any or all of our relations in life, and breathing the true Christian spirit; or works which tend to enlist our sensibilities, taste, imagination, and affections in the cause of truth and duty,

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though not in all cases, under all circumstances absolutely indispensable, are yet desirable, useful, and compose a literature honorable to the individuals of the nation creating, cultivating, or appreciating it.

Such a literature is, unquestionably, religious in its spirit, in its principles and tendencies; but this is its recommendation; for religion is not only the primary interest of mankind, but the sole interest, and includes in itself all subordinate interests, and what it does not include and identify with itself is no interest at all. Who says religion says every thing not sin or vanity. Yet this need frighten no one. A religious literature is no doubt grave and solemn, working the deep mines of thought, or plodding through piles of erudition; but it is also light and cheerful, tender and joyous, giving full play to wit and fancy, taste and imagination, feeling and affection. It ranges through heaven and earth, and gathers from every region flowers to adorn its song and gladden its music. It demands, indeed, the solemn purpose, the pure intention, the manly thought, and strong sense; but it delights in smiles, eschews the dark and gloomy, the sour and morose, and decks even the tomb with garlands of fresh-blown roses.

But such a literature is not produced with "malice prepense." It is never produced when it is sought as the end, and we never show our wisdom in saying,—Go to, now, let us create a literature. In writing, whatever the work, the end for which we write must always be above and beyond that of making a book, or a contribution to the literature of the nation or the world. The book, treatise, dissertation, essay, address, poem, must always be held as a means to an end, and be adopted because, time, place, and persons considered, it is the only, or at least the fittest, means of gaining it. The author must will the means only in willing the end; and it must be the end, not the means, that moves him, fills his soul, captivates his heart, unlocks his thoughts, and compels him to write or sing. As men become filled with the strong desire of realizing ends to which literature directly or indirectly contributes, they will resort to it; and as they become filled with a sense of their obligation to seek the true end, or to fulfil the real purpose, of life, they will, in proportion as there is occasion, produce, with more or less success, the kind of literature which is desirable, and the only kind which it is not better to be without.

The end to be sought in literary effort is determined by

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God himself, and we have no option about it, except to consult it under that particular aspect which is most consonant to our special vocation, individual talent, genius, and taste. But in seeking the end Almighty God appoints, under one or another aspect, we are at liberty, nay, are bound, to use all diligence to adapt our means to it, to make them as effectual as possible in gaining it. Under this point of view the question of form becomes important, and is never to be neglected. All our faculties, even our sensibilities, taste, fancy, imagination, wit, and humor, were given us for a purpose, and are proper to be exercised, used,—only not to be exercised and used for their own sake, for low, worthless, or sinful ends, but for God, for the great and solemn purpose of life itself. Christianity commands total self-denial; but the self-denial it commands is moral, not physical,—the moral annihilation, not the physical annihilation, of ourselves. We retain as Christians all our faculties, essential qualities, and properties as men, none of which are bad in themselves,—for nothing bad ever came from the hand of the Creator; but we retain and exercise them no longer for their own sakes, or for the sake of ourselves, or the pleasure which results from their exercise. We retain and exercise them only for God. We live, but we live not for ourselves. The self-denial is the denial of self as an end, and the substitution, as the end of existence, as the end of all exertion, of God in the place of self. It is, indeed, something more than the mere subordination of self to God, worldly motives to religious motives; for we are to love God not only supremely, above all things, but exclusively, and therefore are to love ourselves and our neighbours only in him and for him. Nevertheless, denying or annihilating self as the end or motive, and referring all to God, our nature remains physically in all its strength, and all our faculties are good, and to be exercised in their appropriate sphere and degree; and, in point of fact, they are never so active, so powerful, so efficient, as when diverted from all selfish ends, elevated by grace to divine ends, and exercised for God and for God alone. True religion strengthens the intellect as well as the will, and purifies the taste in purifying the heart. The power which men of the world seem to find in those who forget God, and think and speak only of what is human, is, in fact, only weakness. It is the fool who says in his heart, —"God is not"; and all our faculties run to waste and become unproductive in proportion as we remove from God, in whom we live, move, and are.

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In seeking to subject literature to the empire of religion, we are far from seeking to deprive it of any of its power, its variety, extent, delicacy, or grace. We are seeking to provide for these in a higher degree, to give to literature itself a higher order of excellence. Form may still be studied, and must be; and the more truly beautiful and appropriate it is rendered, all the better. Religion looks with no favor on the literary sloven. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and no man has the right to send out a literary production, great or small, without having made it as perfect in its kind as possible in his circumstances, and with the other duties of his vocation. Crude and hasty productions, on which the author bestows no thought, and which he makes no effort to mature and perfect, are reprehensible under a moral as well as under a literary point of view. Accomplished scholarship, wide and varied erudition, science in its deepest principles and minutest details, are never to be depreciated, but sought, though not for their own sake. The past may be explored, the present surveyed, all nature, moral, intellectual, social, physical, investigated, experimented, and its facts collected and classified, the boundless regions of fancy and imagination may be traversed and laid under contribution, and should be, so far as requisite or useful to the improvement or perfection of the work on which we are engaged. No time, no labor, no patience, no research, is to be spared, when requisite to the accomplishment, or better accomplishment, of the ends we have in view, and which religion imposes or sanctions. Even the old classics, so far as they can aid in the improvement or perfection of the literary form, where the improvement and perfection of the form is sought only for the purpose of subserving the cause of truth or virtue, by rendering our works better adapted to the ends for which they are designed, may be studied, and, no doubt, with profit; for under the relation of form they are unsurpassed, and not to be surpassed. To the pure all things are pure. The only restriction laid on the scholar or the author is a restriction on his motives, that whatever he does he do it from religious motives, for the sake of subserving the great and solemn purpose of existence. Religion, therefore, while it restricts the will, the intention, the motive, by the law of God, leaves as wide a margin for the display of the powers and capacities of the human mind, and for the production of a free, pure, rich, graceful, pleasing, influential, and soul-stirring literature, as

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the maddest of the modern worshippers of humanity can possibly wish.

Now it is clear to all who are not stark blind, that before a literature like the one we commend can be created or flourish, or even be esteemed, men must be Christians; and therefore that the effort should never be directly for the literature, but to make men Christians. It is only a Christian literature that is desirable or allowable. The dominion of the world belongs to Christ, to whom belong all things. All things are his by virtue of his own proper divinity, his consubstantiality with the Father; all are his by inheritance, for as the only begotten Son of the Father he is heir of all things; all are his by the gift of the Father; and all are his by his own conquest, effected by his voluntarily consenting to become man, his voluntary sufferings and death, by which he overcame death and hell, and rose again and led captivity itself captive. We have, therefore, no complaisance to show to unbelievers or their literature. They and their literature are out of the normal order, and have no right to the least favor or indulgence. They have no rights in modern society. Modern society is bound by the law of God to be Christian, and the only appropriate literature of a Christian society is a Christian literature. Christian literature is, then, the only literature which has any right to be, and therefore the only literature for which provision can rightfully be made. But a Christian literature obviously can be produced only by Christians. Men do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. The great question even as to literature, then, as well as to religion, is that of making men Christians. Literature may be safely left to itself. It must be produced by Christians; and in proportion as men turn their attention to Christianity, become filled with its spirit, and find literature necessary or useful to its purposes, they will produce it, and only in that proportion.

The special question of American literature cannot now detain us long. The ends for which literature is needed, the principles on which it must rest, and the spirit which must inform it, are and can be peculiar to no nation, but, like all true religion and morality, nay, like all genuine science and art, are catholic; national life will and cannot but affect the form and coloring, but the more free the literature is from all national or individual idiosyncrasies, the more perfect it is. Whatever is narrow, contracted, sectarian, is, however we may tolerate it, defective, never to be sought

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or approved. No doubt, each nation has its peculiar wants, and its peculiar modes or habits of thought and feeling, which to some extent are to be consulted and addressed; but that which is addressed to them should be peculiar to no particular time or place, but universally true and applicable in its principle. It is not necessary or proper to say the same things and use the same arguments to all sorts of persons. Where the social order is unsound, oppression reigns, and man is deprived of his rights and means of well-being, it may be necessary on the one hand to preach submission, resignation, and on the other to demand judicious and salutary reforms; where liberty is denied, where the laws have no dominion, and the people are subjected to mere will and arbitrariness, it may be necessary and proper to call for freedom, for the concession and guaranty of rights; but where, on the other hand, liberty is already excessive, where legal order hardly exists, where we hear constantly of the *rights*, seldom or never of the *duties*, of man, and where the tendency is to political and social dissolution, it is necessary to call out for legal order and to insist on authority, subordination, submission, loyalty. So, again, where unbelief, heresy, and schism are rife, and men contend that they are not to be held accountable to the law of God for their thoughts and words, if in fact for their deeds, it becomes necessary to show the vanity, the nothingness, the sinfulness of all that sets itself up against God, or that refuses to submit in thought, word, and deed to his law, and to bring out in bold relief the grounds of religious faith, and to exhibit and defend in clear, earnest, and unflinching tones the truth, beauty, excellence, and authority of the church of God; but where all nominally assent to the truth, profess the true religion, acknowledge, in words, their obligation to obey it, we need only to labor to make men practise their religion, and adorn it by well-ordered lives and godly conversation. The same principle must govern us in relation to all other questions. In meeting the peculiar wants of our age or country, we must adapt our means to the end, use such forms of address, adopt such modes of expression, and such peculiar arguments and illustrations, as will render us most easily understood and most persuasive; and this will unquestionably give a local coloring to our literary productions, and determine their age and country. But even in doing this, nothing in itself local or temporary is ever to be urged. Whether we preach submission or reform, demand order or liberty, de-

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fend religion against the unbelieving or the tepid, the heretical or the scandalous, the principles we adopt, the doctrines we set forth, the ends we insist upon, must be of all times and places, peculiar to no age, country, or individual. So far as adapting our literature to our peculiar needs as a nation is producing a national literature, a national literature is necessary and proper, but no further; for if the literature be so adapted, it makes no manner of difference whether it be a home production or a foreign importation. American literature, as such, then, can demand no special attention.

We cannot give in to the cant so common about American authors, and the propriety and necessity of giving them a special preference and encouragement. We have no respect for mere professional authors, whether American or not. An author class, whose vocation is simple authorship, has no normal functions, in either the religious or the social hierarchy. Our Lord, in organizing his church, made no provision for professional authors, and in the original constitution of society they have no place assigned them. They have and can have no normal existence, for the simple reason that literature is never an end, and can never be rightfully pursued save as a means. Authors we respect, when they are authors only for the sake of discharging or better discharging duties which devolve on them in some other capacity. Authors whose profession is authorship are the lineal descendants of the old sophists, and are not a whit more respectable than their pagan ancestors. We can respect Cicero, Cæsar, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, because authorship was not their profession, and was resorted to only as incidental to the main business of their lives; we can and do reverence the fathers of the church, for they wrote their immortal works not for the sake of writing them, but as subsidiary to the discharge of the solemn duties of their ministry; we also honor Calhoun or Webster when either publishes a speech, because it is intended to subserve the purposes of their vocation, and that vocation is not authorship. We call no man a professional author, though nearly his whole life be devoted to authorship, who merely uses authorship as a means of effecting the ends of a legitimate vocation; and in speaking against authorship, it is only against it as it is itself adopted as a vocation or a profession.

We say, very frankly, that we regard an author class, or a class of professional authors, whose vocation is simply authorship, not only as not desirable, but as a positive nuisance.

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They constitute one of the greatest pests of modern society. Nothing can be conceived more ruinous to the state, more destructive of faith and manners, of all that constitutes the worth or glory of society or individuals, than a class of men of which your Bulwers, Byrons, Shelleys, Dickenses, Victor Hugos, Balzacs, Eugene Sues, Paul de Kocks, and, pardoning the bull, Georges Sands, not to mention a whole host of Germans and some Americans, are distinguished specimens. Such a class is a moral excrescence on the body of society, and it would be well if some Christian Socrates would arise to treat its members as the pagan Socrates did the sophists of old. It is not for the interest of our country, nor of any country, whether we speak of moral and social or of religious interest, to support or encourage such a class; and they who complain of the want of encouragement extended to professional authors hardly know what they do. Too much encouragement is already extended to them, as the multitude of our petty novels, Knickerbockers, Graham's Magazines, Lady Books, Saturday Couriers, and Olive Branches can abundantly testify. Every dapper little fellow, every sentimental young lady, or not young, married unhappily, or despairing of getting married, who can scribble a few lines each beginning with a capital letter, or dash off a murderous tale about love, or an amorous tale about murder, is encouraged to turn author by profession, and finds no lack of opportunity to aid in deluging the land with nonsense, cant, sentimentality, sensuality, obscenity, and blasphemy. For decency's sake let us hear no more of professional authors, of the liberal provision which should be made for them, the indifference of the public, the timidity or penuriousness of booksellers.

The *Literary World* takes a different view of authors from this, and, wishing to encourage American literature and American authors, in common with many respectable individuals, contends for an international copyright law. The actual effect of such a law, if established, we cannot pretend to indicate, for it is a subject we have not investigated. Mr. Charles Dickens, lugging it in so impertinently and in such bad taste in all his replies to the civilities our citizens good-naturedly extended to him, when he visited us a few years ago, so disgusted us, that we have never been able to hear of an international copyright since, without a certain nausea at the stomach; and we have no doubt, that if Mr. Dickens had staid at home, and British authors had

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remained silent, such a law would before now have been enacted by congress. We, as a people, though singularly free from national prejudices, are very reluctant to legislate at the call or the dictation of foreigners. But be all this as it may, we have no disposition to support an international copyright law for the sake of encouraging our authors; yet if such a law, by raising the price of books, would exert some influence in diminishing the quantity of the wretched and demoralizing literature now poured in upon us from the English press, we should regard its passage as a national blessing. We detest cheap literature, for such literature is necessarily prepared for and addressed to the tastes of the mob; and, though a good republican and attached as strongly as any man to the institutions of our country, we have a sovereign detestation of the rule of the mob, in politics, morals, religion, or literature. Any means, not unlawful in themselves, which could be adopted to diminish the mass of cheap literature, and to check its production by diminishing the demand for it or the ability to obtain it, would receive the countenance of every man who understands and loves the true interests of his country. Whether an international copyright law would have any effect this way, we are unable to say; but we fear it would not have much.

In conclusion, we confess that we see little that can be done in a direct way in relation to literature, either in checking the growth of a corrupt and licentious literature, or in the production of a pure and wholesome literature. Mere professional authors may and should be left to take care of themselves, and there need be no tears shed over their fate, save for individual sufferings; others must be left to choose their own time and place to speak, and they may safely trust to their position, or their cause, to sustain them. As literature in general, and American literature in particular, is no primary want of individuals or of society, we may leave it to take care of itself, and trouble ourselves no further about it than to guard, as far as possible, against its corruptions.

Scholars, educated men, in the fullest and highest sense of the word, are always a want, a necessity, and in no country more than in our own; for in no country have the mass of the people so direct a voice in public affairs. It is all-important that there should be with us a large and highly educated class, far better educated than, under any possible

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circumstances, the bulk of the people can be, from which may be selected persons qualified to fill places of trust and influence. Too much attention cannot be paid to our higher schools and colleges. The best, in fact, the only real, encouragement we can extend to American literature is to elevate the character of our colleges and universities, to place instruction on a more solid basis, and to make the course of studies more complete and more thorough. More time should be spent in the collegiate course, and young men should not be permitted to go forth as having finished their studies, when they are only able to commence them with credit. Let an effort be made to send out from our colleges and universities riper and more thoroughly disciplined scholars. Let the people learn, if they can learn any thing, that a man is not fitted for high public trusts in the church, the state, or the army, in proportion to his want of education; and let the senseless babble, of which we hear so much, about self-education and self-educated men, cease, and American literature will soon be placed on a solid and respectable footing.

It is well, no doubt, to look after the education of the people, and to introduce and sustain as perfect a system of common schools as can be devised; but there is nogreater folly than that of relying solely or chiefly on common-school education. Do your best, with all your provisions and appliances, you cannot make the bulk of the people even tolerable scholars. The welfare of the many is unquestionably to be sought; but it must needs be sought by the few, and the chief concern of a nation seeking the welfare of the many is therefore the education of the few. For these the highest standard of scholarship is necessary, and the most liberal provisions should be made. It would be well, if we had somewhere in the country a university proper, a university worthy of the name, to which the brightest and most promising of our youths, after graduating at our colleges, might be sent, and where they might reside some six or seven years and continue their studies. Such a university would soon raise the standard of scholarship, and in time we should have, in every department of literary, scientific, and public life, scholars worthy of the name,—masters, not mere pupils, who would be a credit to their age and country, and from whom would descend a most salutary influence upon the people below them.

But this, it is objected, is anti-democratic, and you are

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false to your country in proposing it. And is every thing necessary and good, wise and prudent, to be forborne lest we appear to be anti-democratic? We have studied religion and history and philosophy to little purpose, if all good influences do not come from above, instead of below. The modern dreams of equality may appear delightful to generous youth and inexperience, but there is truth as well as point in the remark of old Chief-Justice Parsons, "The young man who is not a democrat is a knave; the old man that is, is a fool." Establish and preserve equality of suffrage and eligibility, establish and maintain equality before the laws, —all the equality known to our institutions,—but there stop. That is all the equality desirable or attainable; and the sooner we all become convinced of that, the wiser shall we be, and the better will it be for our country. Society must subsist; it must provide for its own being, and as Cromwell would say, even for its own "well-being;" and if it does, some are and must be greater than the rest; but not therefore necessarily better, happier, or more favored than the rest. The modern doctrine of equality is based on pride, and proceeds, not from a contempt of rank and distinction, but from an undue love of them. We see that in the nature of things all cannot share them, as all the crew cannot be captains, and so we resolve that there shall be no diversity of ranks or of positions. We look upon the distinguished few as specially favored, and hence our antipathy to every measure which seeks to benefit the many through the medium of the few. All this is very silly. The distinctions of this world are not worth counting, and we show our folly as much in seeking to destroy them as in seeking to obtain them. There are and must be diversities of rank and condition, and it is for the interest of each and of all that there should be; but it does not follow that it is more desirable to be in one than in another:—

"Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

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NOVEL-WRITING AND NOVEL-READING.*

[From the Boston Quarterly Review for January, 1848.]

We gave a brief notice of this work in our *Review* for April last, and an explanation of that notice in the number following; but as neither the notice nor the explanation appears to have satisfied the author, and as it affords us an occasion for throwing out some additional hints on novel-writing and novel-reading, we venture to approach it again; and, this time, we hope, whether we succeed in pleasing its author or not, that we shall succeed in convincing our readers that we have not rashly or wantonly censured it.

Our brief notice appeared in an article entitled *Recent Publications*, and it must be obvious to all who have done us the honor to read that article, that *Pauline Seward*, and the other works named at its head, were made merely an occasion for offering some comments on certain dangerous tendencies in a portion of our Catholic community. Nothing was further from the intention of the writer than to make those works the principal subject of his strictures; and nothing he said should, or, in fairness, can be, understood as intended to apply to them, except what is *expressly* so applied. They were introduced because they were to be noticed, and because they afforded an easy transition to the spirit and tendency on which the writer proposed to remark. When they had served that purpose, they were dismissed, save so far as they encouraged, or did nothing to counteract, what was looked upon as censurable. Undoubtedly, in the article itself, there are many strictures which would be far from just, if applied to *Pauline Seward*, or to any one of the other publications unfavorably noticed; but we did not so apply them, and, if the authors have done so, it is their fault, not ours. Authors are bound to be just, as well as reviewers.

It is true, we assume, throughout our article, that *Pauline Seward*, and the other works censured, spring from and conform to the spirit and tendency of the age and country; but we have no reason to suppose that the authors them-

* *Pauline Seward: A Tale of Real Life.* By John D. Bryant. Baltimore: 1847.

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selves dispute this, or regard it as a reproach. Mr. Bryant publicly advocates religious novels, on the very ground that "the spirit of the age demands them"; that is, as we understand him, on the ground that they are in harmony with that spirit. No well-instructed Catholic can read the works referred to, without feeling and recognizing the truth of our assumption. But it was precisely to this we chiefly objected. We contended, that Catholic works, instead of being inspired by and conforming to the age and country, as distinguishable from the church, must be written in the true Catholic spirit, which is always a spirit of uncompromising hostility to every spirit but itself. We were certainly wrong in our strictures, if the standard for a Catholic writer is to be taken from the dominant ideas and sentiments of his age and country; but if it is to be taken from the church, we were certainly right,—unless we mistook the character of the works censured; and the authors, in complaining of us, do but condemn themselves.

When it was our misfortune and our shame to be in the ranks of Protestants, and to advocate, as we did, in season and out of season, for some twenty years, the modern doctrine of progress, we held that the standard to which one is to conform is always to be taken from the spirit and tendency of each successive age, as modified by one's own particular nation. This spirit and tendency are never stationary, but always moving onwards to some point not yet reached. Hence, we professed always to be of the "movement party." With it were all our sympathies; in it were all our hopes. What tended to aid it onward, we for that reason approved; what tended to arrest or retard it, we for that reason condemned, and resisted as well as we could. But when Almighty God, in his great mercy, was pleased to open our eyes to behold the beauty and loveliness of his immaculate spouse, and through his unbounded grace, without any merits of our own, to permit us to be enrolled among his children, we were taught, that, instead of taking our standard from the spirit and tendency of the age, we must take it from the church herself. The church is invariable and permanent,—speaking always and everywhere the same language, and breathing the same spirit,—representing, on the movable and ever-changing scene of the world, the authority of the immovable, immutable, and eternal God. Whatever is variable, mutable, changing from people to people, and from age to age, is not of her, is in fact opposed

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to her, and to be resisted. So we were taught; and, being so taught, we could not understand any concord or alliance between the church and the spirit and tendency of the age or country, regarded as external to her; and we therefore felt, that, if we would be a Catholic, we must not only not conform to them, but resist them, and wage with them a stern and uncompromising war.

Before our conversion, we had studied both history and philosophy, especially the philosophy of history, civil and ecclesiastical; and we had been accustomed always to take sides with heretics against the church, for we found them invariably the movement party of their age and country. Heresies, we said, originate in the spirit and tendency of their epoch, and in the effort to develop the church, and carry her, in her doctrines and practice, along with them. We have seen no reason to reject or modify this view, which, moreover, the modern philosophers of Germany and France have clearly demonstrated and firmly established. The heresiarch does not set out with the deliberate intention of founding a heresy. No man ever rises up, and, with deliberate forethought, says,—"Go to, now, let us devise and found a heresy." The heresiarch is the man of his times,—*of*, not *for*, his times,—and is the one who, better than any other, embodies or impersonates their dominant ideas and sentiments. He begins by taking his standard of truth from the ideas and sentiments which he finds generally received, and with which he is filled to overflowing; these, he says, are true, and therefore the church, if true, must agree with them. He then proceeds to develop the church,—to explain her doctrines and practice in their sense. But the church cannot accept his explanations; she condemns them, and commands him to disavow them; but he, through pride and obstinacy, refuses, goes out from her communion, and sets up for himself. Here is the history of the rise of every heresy. Study any age or nation, and you will find its peculiar heresy to have originated in the attempt to conform the church to its dominant ideas and sentiments, or to incorporate them into her teaching and practice. This is evident from the history of Gnosticism, Manicheism, Arianism, Protestantism, or any other heresy you may select. What is Lamennaisism but the attempt to develop the church, in the sense of the dominant socialism of the day? What is Hermesianism but an attempt to do the same, in the sense of the dominant philosophy of our

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times, especially in Germany? Every age, every nation, necessarily seeks by all its force to develop Christianity, in the sense of its own dominant ideas and sentiments; and, in every age and nation, the church is obliged to be on her guard against it. And it is only by her constant vigilance, and her stern and uncompromising resistance to it, that she preserves the original deposit of faith, and transmits it from people to people, and from age to age, untarnished, unaltered, without addition and without diminution.

If we are right in this,—and what Catholic will say we are not?—the genuine Catholic studies always and everywhere, not to conform his church to the age and country, but them to her. In them are always the seminal principles of heresy, which only wait the fitting opportunity to germinate and bear their poisonous fruit; in her alone is the true Catholic spirit, which, developed, ripens into the saint. The only conformity the church can practise is that of shaping her practical measures so as, amid all the changes around her, to maintain her own independence, freedom, and vigor of action, and so as the most effectually to resist and overcome their evil influence. We are not so simple as to suppose, that, in saying this, we are saying any thing new or wonderful, or any thing which every Catholic does not know, at least as well as we; but we do suppose that we are stating an important truth, one not to be disregarded without incalculable evil, and which the whole force of every age and nation tends directly to make us disregard, or at least misapprehend; therefore, a truth which needs to be constantly repeated, and guarded with the most jealous eye by all the faithful. Nothing can be more hurtful to Catholic life, and therefore destructive to the souls of men, than to neglect it. What, then, ought to be said of works which spring from forgetfulness of it, which are inspired by the spirit of the times, and therefore, as far as their influence goes, tend to strengthen the great enemy which the church is obliged ever to combat? They strengthen what is always too strong. Breathing the spirit of the times, chiming in with popular ideas and sentiments, they excite in the great majority of the faithful no alarm; they seem sound and orthodox, and their deadly poison is sucked in without the least suspicion. Works which assail popular ideas and sentiments have comparatively little power to do harm, for the public is on their guard against them. The danger comes from those works which give expression to

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what is already working in the public mind, which appeal to what the public are predisposed to adopt and accept, and appear to give a religious sanction to what is already strongly desired. Is a Catholic reviewer to be censured for cautioning the public against such works? and are their authors to regard themselves as outraged, if he ventures to tell them that their works do harm, that they should either not write at all or write different works,—works which, instead of aiding the development of tendencies already popular, and exposing their readers to all dangerous influences, shall tend to arm them to resist them? Does he, in this, transcend his legitimate province?

So much we have thought proper to say, that our readers may understand our general principle of criticism as a Catholic reviewer. The church is our rule of art, as well as of faith and morals. In proceeding to the special consideration of the work before us, we repeat, from our former notice, that we by no means consider *Pauline Seward* as the worst of its class, but, in fact, one of the least objectionable. It is, as we then said, the most interesting and the least objectionable of any of the Catholic novels written on this side of the water that have appeared since *Father Rowland*. It is not without solid merit; it contains much valuable instruction, many judicious reflections, and several well-merited censures and well-timed rebukes. Nevertheless, it has some grave faults, and principally faults into which the author has fallen, as it seems to us, in consequence of not knowing, or not considering, that between religion and the secular spirit there is, and can be, no other relation than that of uncompromising hostility.

We do not complain specially of the author for having so far conformed to the fashion of the day as to borrow from it the form of his work. There are works which are sometimes, though not properly, called *novels*, to which we do not object, nay, which we prize very highly. An author is not censurable for choosing the form of a fictitious narrative, and he may often do so with great propriety and effect. But the "novel of instruction," as it is called, designed to set forth a particular doctrine, system, or theory, whether sacred or profane, in an artistic point of view, is, in our judgment, always objectionable. The form of the novel is never proper in those works which are addressed specially to the understanding, and is allowable only in those designed rather to move and please than to enlighten

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and convince. The novel must always have a story, a plot of some sort, from which its interest arises, and in which it centres. But the interest of a story is diverse from the interest excited by a logical discussion, and not compatible with it. The one demands action, movement, is impatient of delay, and hurries on to the end; the other demands quiet, repose, and suffers only the intellect to be active. It is impossible to combine them both in one and the same piece so as to produce unity of effect.

Especially is this true of what are called *religious* novels. The aim of these novels is to combine a story of profane love with an argument for religion. But the distance between the interest of such a story and that of a theological discussion is much greater than the distance between it and that of any secular or profane discussion. No two interests are more widely separated, or less capable of coalescing, than the interest of profane love and that of religion. Persons in love, or taken up with love-tales, are in the worst possible disposition to listen to an argument for religion, or to appreciate the sublime and beautiful truths of the Gospel. Love is a partial frenzy, and lovers are always only just this side of madness. Reason is silenced, and passion is mistress. The only religion lovers can understand or relish is the religion of the natural sentiments and affections, that is to say, no religion at all. Nothing is more absurd than for a novelist to mingle in his work a story of profane love and a story of religious conversion, two things which will no more mix than oil and water.

Every subject should be allowed to speak in its own natural language. The natural language of the understanding, and therefore of all works primarily intended for it, is prose. The novel, though unrhymed, is not properly a prose composition; it belongs, according to the critics, to the department of poetry, and should, therefore, conform to the essential laws of poetry. The primary object of poetry is, not to instruct, but to move and please. It addresses the sentiments, affections, imagination, rather than the understanding. Whenever the author reverses this, and seeks, under the poetical form, first of all to instruct, to bring out a theory, or to defend a doctrine, he ceases to be the genuine poet, and becomes the doctor or philosopher, and fails to preserve the requisite congruity between the matter and the form of his work. Most readers, we apprehend, find even Dryden's *Hind and Panther* a heavy book, notwith-

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standing its brilliant imagination, keen wit, various learning, sound and deep theology. No one can read *The Disowned*, *Paul Clifford*, *Rienzi*, or *The Last of the Barons*, by Bulwer, without feeling the author's moralizing and philosophizing an annoyance, however much he may admire them in themselves considered. They retard the action of the piece, and are usually skipped by the reader. An author may introduce variety, even diversity, in the same piece, but never at random. He has no room for caprice. The diverse elements he addresses must be of the same general group, and capable of coalescing and conspiring to unity of effect. He must follow the law and adhere to the relations which nature herself establishes.

Let it not be supposed, that, in objecting to the heterogeneous compound of profane love and theology in the same piece, or to the "novel of instruction," that we are contending that all works should be grave and didactic. Poetry has its place as well as prose. The Holy Ghost has not disdained to address us in the language of poetry, and the church adopts it when she chants the praises of the Most High. Æsthetic works may be as desirable and as profitable as logical works. There is no essential element of human nature that needs to be neglected, or that may not be legitimately addressed. On this point we have no quarrel with novelists or poets. That all the elements of our nature may be turned to a religious account, and made to work in the service of God, is no doubt true; and here we agree perfectly with the *religious* novelist. His aim is to enlist our whole æsthetic nature in the service of religion. This is a just and noble aim; and, so far as he gives us works which realize it, we applaud him and commend them.

But here is the point on which we are liable to err, and on which all our religious novelists, properly so called, do err, and fatally err. Let us see if we can understand the matter. The novel belongs to the sphere of art, and is subject to the laws of art; the religious novel, to that of religious art, and is subject, not only to the laws of art, but also to those of religion. It is the subjection of art to religion that makes it religious art. It is very possible to intend to be, and to fancy we are, in the sphere of religious art, when, in point of fact, we are only in that of secular art. We must have a clear view of the radical distinction between the two classes of art, or we shall not be able to say in all cases which is which. What, then, is the radical distinction

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between religious art and secular art? Both are æsthetic, both have for their primary object to move and please, and both move and please substantially the same elements of human nature. So far they agree; wherein do they differ? They differ precisely in that in which what is religious differs from what is secular. The principle of the secular is the natural, and that of the religious is the supernatural. The two species of art, then, differ in this, that in secular art, the principle of the effect, or that which moves and pleases, is the expression of the natural; in religious art, it is the expression of the supernatural or divine.

Secular art embodies only the natural, and it moves and pleases the sentiments and imagination by representations of the objects to which they are naturally inclined, or which are naturally fitted to excite and gratify them; its tendency is, to exalt and endear the natural,—to render our natural life more attractive and intense. Religious art moves and pleases the sentiments and imagination by representations of a beauty and worth which is superhuman, above nature; and its tendency is, to lift them out of the natural order, to exalt us to a higher than our natural life, and to render more easy and intense the supernatural life of religion. When the effect produced proceeds from the representation of nature, it is not religious, and the piece does not belong to religious art, although the artist may have aimed to serve religion; because the natural or the human never by a natural cause does or can slide into the religious.* Religion is never a development of nature, or the *natural* exercise or affection of the human. It is always supernatural and divine. Pelagianism is a heresy. No motion or affection of sentiment, imagination, reason, or will, not from a supernatural principle as well as for a supernatural end, is a religious motion or affection; otherwise, the infused habit of grace would not be necessary to the religious life. The religious act is done not only *for* God, but *from* God. By his infused grace, God is in the actor, as the principle from which he acts, no less than before him, as the end to and for which he acts. It is in this we find the distinction between the

* Our readers must not suppose that we mean to deny to the religious artist the *use* of natural objects. He is at liberty to range through the whole of nature, and we are aware of nothing in nature that he may not lawfully use. All we contend is, that he cannot use natural objects as nature, and that they serve his purpose only as he supernaturalizes them, by informing them with his own supernatural life.

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religious life and the secular or natural life,—the life we live by nature. No life lived from nature is religious in the Catholic sense; for God, not as author of nature, but as author of grace, is the beginning and end of religion, and in it we live from him, through him, for him, and to him, to whom belongs all the glory.

This being true of religion, it must be true also of art, in so far as it is religious. Art is the expression of the interior life of the artist. In his works the artist projects himself. The beauty he expresses or embodies in them he has first taken in and made integral in his own life, and in them he is simply attempting to realize without what he has already realized within. Such his life, such his art. Hence the reason why there is no Protestant religious art to which we can award the palm of excellence. Protestants are not deficient in natural endowments; they do not want opportunity, instruction, or application, nor even the power to perceive and appreciate natural beauty; but they cannot be artists of a high order, because they have not the true and beautiful in their own life. Their life partakes of the defects and deformities of their religion. It has no unity, no wholeness, no harmony; it is broken, incomplete, discordant, cold and weak, pale and sickly; and so is and must needs be their art. They may feebly imitate, faintly copy, but can produce no masterpiece. No man can express what is not in him. The artist must first incorporate into his own life that which he would embody in his art. Every painter, whatever else he paints, paints himself, as every writer, whatever else he writes, writes himself. The art does not make the life, but the life the art. The vast treasures of Catholic art, which the ages have accumulated, in so far as truly Catholic, are only the expression of the interior divine life of the church, which her children live by their communion with her, and which was as perfect before the expression as afterwards. Religion preceded the Gregorian music and produced it; the church preceded St. Peter's and built it. The church has produced and fostered art, but not for the sake of art, nor yet, as some would persuade us, for the sake of pressing the senses, sentiments, and imagination into her service, but for the sake of communicating, through every possible avenue, her own supernatural life. The life was in her; she would communicate it, and she embodied it in the chant, the cathedral, the picture, the statue, the hymn. Men beheld, and were ravished.

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Religious art, it follows, must be the expression of the religious life, and the principle of the life it quickens or fosters must be the same with the principle of the life it expresses. As, in secular art, the artist expresses or embodies the life of nature, so, in religious art, the artist expresses or embodies the supernatural life of God. This supernatural life, thus expressed, tends to quicken or strengthen, in those who contemplate the expression, a life like itself, proceeding from the same principle and tending to the same end; and it is in this way, and in this alone, that art serves the cause of religion. But the artist can express no life which he has not; if he lives not the life of religion, his art, whatever its theme, or whatever the end he had in view, will remain secular art, and tend only to nourish the life of nature. The theme does not determine the quality of the art. Sacred words may be set to profane airs; masses may be sung which recall the opera; there are madonnas which might have been portraits of the artist's mistress; and we have seen prints from Paris intended to be pious, in which we detect only a human life, and which have little power to kindle devotion. No matter with what skill and genius the artist works, no matter for what purpose, no matter what subject he selects, his work is religious only as it conforms to the conditions of religious life, proceeds from and expresses the supernatural principle of that life.

It is here that religious artists in general, and religious novelists in particular, seem to us to err. We restrict our remarks to the latter. Religious novelists seem to us to suppose that it is lawful to apply to nature its natural stimulants, if the purpose of the artist be to aid religion, or if, at the same time that he offers them these natural stimulants, he presents the understanding some grand and solid arguments for the church; to proceed on the assumption, that nature, as nature, nature without elevation or transformation by grace, may be pressed into the service of God, and made to contribute to a religious end. They appear to overlook the essential incongruity between nature and grace, and to be unaware that the affection of sentiment and imagination by natural causes is wholly repugnant to that supernatural affection which alone is religious, and that, just so much as we have of the one affection, just so little must we have of the other. They appear to think that nature and grace are both of the same order, that they may be yoked together and draw peaceably to the same end. But

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this is only another phase of that spirit of secular conformity to which we have already called attention, or rather, it is the very principle and root of that conformity, which the church cannot countenance, and which she does and must everywhere anathematize and resist.

Religion has always and everywhere three deadly enemies to combat,—the world, the flesh, and the devil. With these she must wage war to the knife in what is great and in what is little. Their spirit, wherever and in whatever guise it may appear, is opposed to her. But the natural in man, since the fall, inclines always to them. By the fall it has been turned away from God, and inclined to evil. Hence it is, that religion always, and in all things, is obliged to resist nature, for the world and the devil tempt and injure us only in and through it. She is never that to which nature inclines, but is always that from which it is averse, and which it resists. Between it and her there is and can be no alliance, no peace, no truce. It is only in so far as she transforms it, lifts it into the supernatural, and as it is held there by the power of Almighty God, that she can employ nature, or that it can serve her. She can never use it as nature, never trust it to itself, never let it have its own head in anything. She must be not only supreme, but exclusive, or she cannot be at all. She can form no copartnership, even though placed at the head of the concern. Hence the stern and rigid rule of life enjoined by our Lord, and which all who would be his disciples must follow. We are to deny ourselves, to crucify, annihilate nature, to live never, in no thing whatever, our own life,—that is, the life of nature,—but always, and in all, the new, the divine life of Christ our Saviour, who, is our true life, the only life we can live whose end is not death. To this rule there is no limitation, no exception. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and he that shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."

In this we cannot be wrong. The aim of the church is, to liberate us from nature, and to subject us to grace, which is true freedom. "If the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed." The saints are those in whom this freedom has been consummated. They are they who have crucified nature, heroically resisted and overcome it; they who have trampled on it, denied themselves all the consolations, pleasures, and delights which proceed from it, or from its natu-

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ral exercise. They have scorned and treated as evil all its delectations; they have allowed themselves no consolations, no delights, no enjoyments but those derived from divine grace, and have persevered unto the end in trampling on the life of nature, and in living only the supernatural life of God. They have loved God, not only supremely,—"above all things,"—but exclusively,—"with the whole heart and soul." We know they have been right, for the church declares it in the act of their canonization; we know that there is no attaining to Christian perfection but in following their example. Art is Christian only as it has the same aim, only as it triumphs over nature, and tends exclusively to liberate us from nature, and to raise us above it. In so far, then, as it appeals to nature, proceeds itself from nature as its principle, and produces by its representations of nature natural affections, it is not only not religious, but actually irreligious, tending to make us more enamoured of our natural life, and therefore more averse to the religious life.

This may strike hard at all profane art, and imply that it is not only not useful, but actually hurtful, to religion; but if so, we cannot help it. It is not we who make all secular influences, as such, prejudicial to religion; and we could not alter the fact, were we to contend to the contrary. Our life here has but one purpose,—to gain heaven. This is undeniable. We can, then, lawfully live only for heaven. We cannot live for this and for something else, too. This is not merely the *principal*, but it is the *only* end of our present existence. Is not this what we teach our children in the catechism? "*Ques.* Who made you? *Ans.* God. *Ques.* Why did he make you? *Ans.* That I might know him, love him, and serve him in this world, and be happy with him for ever in the next." Here is the end, the only end, for which God made us. Words cannot alter it. The fact is so, and so it will and must be. We may, if we choose, neglect this end, and live and labor for some other end; but we have no right to do so, and cannot without acting contrary to the will of God, disobeying his commands, and falling under his displeasure, his wrath, and condemnation. But this end, we know, is gained, not by following nature, but by resisting and crucifying it,—resolutely, heroically, by divine grace, refusing to live its life, or to derive any pleasure from it. As our end is one and supernatural, and to be gained only by supernatural means, where is the need of what is profane, and what other than a hurtful purpose, as

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far as it goes, can it be expected to serve? "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and art troubled about many things; BUT *one thing is necessary*."

If heaven were the development of our natural life, or if it were to be gained by the natural cultivation of our natural powers, the case would be different. Then secular art and literature might not only not injure us, but even be serviceable to us; we could then join with M. Audin in his glorification of the *Renaissance*, agree throughout with Digby in his *Ages of Faith*, and even find something to sympathize with in the sentimentalizing about Catholic art of Puseyites, and Anglican ecclesiologists, who seem to suppose that they approach the faith in proportion as they restore to their ministers orthodox vestments, and provide them with a table fashioned after an altar. But no natural cultivation of our natural powers, scientific or æsthetic, advances us a single step towards heaven. To be able to admire Catholic architecture and music, or even to delight in our ascetic literature, is no necessary indication of Catholicity. The Unitarian does not make his meeting-house a church by inserting triplet windows, and surmounting it with a cross; nor evince, by so doing, that he is approaching that "faith without which it is impossible to please God." The unlettered rustic, or the rude savage, is as near heaven as the erudite scholar, the profound philosopher, or the accomplished artist. Indeed, mere human culture, without grace, only removes one the further from God, and increases his difficulty of fulfilling the great and only purpose of his existence here. "Amen, I say unto you, unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." "For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and the prudence of the prudent I will reject. Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For, seeing, that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe." "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not in the loftiness of speech or of wisdom, declaring to you the testimony of Christ; for I judged not myself to know any thing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified. And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling; and my speech, and my preaching, was not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the

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showing of the spirit and power; that your faith might not stand on the wisdom of man, but on the power of God. Howbeit, we speak wisdom among the perfect; yet not the wisdom of this world, neither of the princes of this world, who are destroyed." They who are foremost in natural science, wisdom, and refinement are usually the last to discover and yield to true religion. They seek afar for what is nigh them, and where the good they seek is not to be found. The way of the Gospel is too simple and easy for them, and they scorn it. What they seek for, and rarely find, God reveals to the simple. "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones." In giving us heaven, if we are so happy as to merit it, God does not reward what we are, become, or do by nature; he rewards in us simply his own supernatural gifts,—crowns his own grace:—*Ergo coronat te, quia dona sua coronat, non merita tua.** Grace is all; nature, or its natural cultivation, which is a purely human work, is nothing. We live, therefore, for heaven, only as we live the life of grace; then there is no legitimate life for us but the life of grace; for to live for heaven is the only legitimate purpose of our existence here. All, then, not of grace is not only not to be sought, but is hostile to us, is a clog, a hindrance, to our spiritual progress. Have not the saints told us so? Is not this wherefore they turn their backs on nature, and trample on its pleasures? And has not the church sanctioned both their words and their deeds by canonizing them, and proposing them to our love and veneration?

Doubtless, some will say, to evade the force of this, which is so clearly warranted by the lives of the saints, that all Christians are not saints, and that we cannot expect all to become so. This, unhappily, is too true; but it is no reason why we should not labor to induce all to strive to attain to the full measure of heroic sanctity we love and venerate in the saints. The smaller the number aiming at Christian perfection, the smaller the number that will reach it; and we who come short of it in our aims have but too much reason to fear that we shall come short of heaven in our attainments. All may attain to perfection, if they choose. Nothing hinders us but our love of the world, our attachment to creatures, our unwillingness to give up all we have and are

*S. Aug. *Enarrat. in Psalm.* cii. n. 7.

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for God, who gave up his own life for us. If we fall below the true standard of perfection, it is solely because we do not choose to reach it,—because we content ourselves with imperfection, and do not do as well as we might, and as the church wishes and exhorts us to do. Our sole business here is, to strive after Christian perfection; and we have, if we do not refuse it, the assistance of the infinite God to gain it. Never should Christians aim at less. Never should we, who write for the faithful, propose less. Nor should we, who are not in religion, suppose that imperfection is more commendable in us than in those who are; perfection is for us as well as for them, and the law of its attainment is the same in both. Whether, therefore, we live in the world or out of it, we must be careful not to live the life of the world,—make it our constant study, grace assisting, to deny ourselves, to crucify nature, to despise alike its pains and its delectations, and to live, not only chiefly, but exclusively, the supernatural life of God. All that is not for this supernatural life is against it. "He that is not with me," says our Lord, "is against me."

We have now an infallible rule for judging all artistic productions, to whatever species of art they belong, whether to architecture, music, painting, sculpture, poetry, or eloquence. All that is profane, or not religious, is hurtful in a greater or less degree; and none is religious, save in so far as it embodies the supernatural life of religion, as the principle of the interest it excites or of the gratification it affords. With this rule before us, it is easy to determine the worth of *Pauline Seward*, now in hand. If it comes within the sphere of Christian art, we have no grave objections to urge; if it remains, notwithstanding the purpose of the author, within the sphere of profane art, we must, if we value religion, renounce it. The author may be saved, so as by fire, but his works must be consumed. In order to judge *Pauline Seward* properly, we must eliminate the argumentative and didactic portion, and consider only the æsthetic portion; because it is obvious, at a glance, that its interest does not arise from the logical discussion carried on, nor from the formal instruction on faith and theology conveyed. The author evidently does not rely on these for the interest of his work; for if he did, he would not have adopted the form of the novel. He has introduced the other matter, because he felt, that, if he had confined himself to these, and written merely a grave and formal argument for Catholicity, or against

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Protestantism, it would have wanted the interest necessary to make it generally read. These are not inserted to relieve the story, but the story is introduced to relieve these. The æsthetic portion is, therefore, unquestionably, that which is relied on as the principle of its interest, and the author's study has evidently been so to blend the æsthetic with the logical and didactic, that the reader shall not be able to secure the pleasure afforded by the one, without taking in the instruction afforded by the other.

As to the quality of the æsthetic interest and gratification of the work, there really can be but one opinion with those who take the trouble to analyze it. We are unable to find, in this respect, any essential difference between *Pauline Seward* and the common run of profane novels. Undoubtedly, it stops short of the extreme to which some of them go; but the difference is solely one of degree, not one of kind. We readily admit that we can find in Bulwer, James, Dickens, and others, many things offensive to faith and morals, which we do not find in Mr. Bryant; but we find nothing in his novel, so far as it is not grave and didactic, which we do not, in principle at least, find in them. Indeed, it must needs be so, from the very principle on which the writer consciously proceeds in its composition. He finds the public enamoured of novel-reading, that novels are the works in the greatest demand, and in which interest is most generally taken. He seeks to seize upon this very interest, and to turn it to a religious account. "If I write," we may imagine him to say to himself, "a purely religious work, which shall have only a religious interest, nobody will read it, and nobody will profit by it; I must, therefore, consult the public taste, and afford the public the sort of interest and gratification it demands; only I will seek to moderate the degree, and, at the same time, make my novel the vehicle of some useful, moral, and religious instruction." The work is, by its very design, an attempt to yoke together nature and grace, to make them draw together in the same team. But "thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass together." What is here forbidden is, in its mystical sense, precisely what the author has proposed to do. If he proposed to combine the interest of the ordinary novel with religious instruction, it was not possible for him to execute his design without making his novel, in so far as a novel, the same in kind with the profane novels of the day.

If we descend to details, we shall find that he has so made

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it. The scene is laid, and the characters are drawn, with obvious reference to the ordinary *novel* interest they may excite, and the natural gratification they may afford. If not, why is the scene laid in Mordant Hall, amid regal magnificence, and all the paraphernalia of wealth and fashion? Why so much attention bestowed on the rank and worldly position of the chief actors,—so much care taken to endow those we are to like with all the personal beauty and natural attractions, and to furnish them with all the worldly advantages and accomplishments, which the author's experience or imagination could suggest? Why, but because the author is aware that the great mass of his readers are fond of the world, hankering after wealth and fashion and worldly distinctions, and are gratified to be permitted to feast upon them, if only in imagination? Suppose the scene had been laid in some poor man's hut, and the characters introduced to have been only very ordinary characters, in whom the reader could find only a spiritual or religious pleasure,—would not the quality of the interest of the work have been wholly changed? The reader is deeply interested in Pauline, but how much of that interest is personal, and would be lost, if, without any change in her spiritual character, all else were changed? Suppose her deprived of her personal attractions, her marvellous beauty, her extraordinary understanding, and polite accomplishments, her exquisite taste and manners, and to be some poor, ill-bred, ill-favored, weather-beaten, hard-working rustic, knowing nothing of the great world, and familiar only with her ewes and lambs, poultry-yard or potato-patch, destitute of every particle of romance, ignorant as the child unborn of the fact that she has nerves, or that it is a lady-like quality to swoon or faint at every mishap or sudden emotion, too constantly employed in providing for the stern necessities of existence, to be poetic or sentimental,—suppose her this, and suppose the question of her soul's salvation one day arises in her mind, and she undertakes to find out the true church of God, and to comply with the demands of her Saviour, would not the interest excited by the story of her conversion, though not less to a right-minded person, be of an entirely different order from that which we now feel in the conversion of the marvellous daughter of the lordly Calvin Seward?

The episode of "Little Marie" has much sweetness and tenderness. No one will dispute that "Little Marie" is a sweet and interesting child, and none the less so for her

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striking family resemblance to Oliver Twist and Bulwer's Fanny, half-sister to Alice; but how much of the interest she excites is religious? how much purely natural? Give her the same spiritual character she now has, but let her be without her natural sprightliness and beauty, and let it be really understood from the first that she is some pauper's daughter, just run away from the workhouse, and how much of the interest we now take in her would remain? We know, as soon as she is introduced, that she is the child of distinguished parents, that she has had a beautiful and accomplished mother, that some terrible reverse has happened to her, that a mystery hangs over her, and perhaps connected with her is a story of dark and powerful crime. All this every novel-reader foresees, and is certain of the moment she seeks refuge from the October snow-storm in Philadelphia, on the steps of Mordant Hall. We detect nothing of purely religious interest in all this.

The conversion of Pauline is an affair in which the reader takes some interest, but it is rather the interest of curiosity, and of simple humanity, than of religion. We see the girl is troubled in her mind, and we are afflicted that any sorrow should corrode the heart of so sweet and beautiful a creature; she is engaged in solving an intellectual problem, and we wish her to succeed; we are aware, that, if she becomes a Catholic, as we know beforehand she will, it will affect her worldly position, and we are curious to see how she will behave herself, how she will bear the loss of her former friends and associates; but we are made to feel little or no interest in regard to the danger she is in of losing her soul while out of the church, or the infinite blessing she will receive by being converted and persevering in the love of God to the end. Her conversion is so managed as to make the reader half feel that it is the church who needs her, not she who needs the church.

Eugene Neville's conversion interests us chiefly by its relation to his union with Pauline; and when both are happily converted, we feel much more impressed with the fact that two lovers may now marry and enter into domestic bliss, than that two souls are snatched from perdition. The story of Charles Neville, full of dark interest, is, as to its substance, virtually what one may read in almost any novel or magazine he takes up at random. It is the story of an ill-assorted marriage; cruelty, crime, abandonment, on the part of the husband,—patience, suffering, destitution, and death

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of the angel wife, leaving a poor orphan child to be sent to the almshouse.

The author dwells too much on the worldly sacrifices which one makes for religion. His heroine says she does not count them, but we see that she does. He appears to think it a great thing that she found courage to stammer out an avowal of her faith in presence of her lover, who detested it. We have heard of Christians,—men, women, and even children,—who avowed their faith, without stammering too, when they knew by avowing it they would be immediately put to the most excruciating tortures and death. What is it to lose wealth, social position, father, and lover, even to beg, to starve, and to die in the street for religion? Does not one thus gain God for father, Jesus Christ for lover, and heaven for an everlasting home? If we are Christians, why do we keep up such a mighty pother about the petty vexations and inconveniences we may be called for a moment to endure here? The terrible struggle through which the author carries Pauline may be very natural, but why make so much of it? Why not fix the attention on the grace which sustains, and the heaven which rewards, rather than on the pains that rebellious nature may suffer in being reduced to subjection, or, more properly, in having its head crushed? Why not leave morbid anatomy to the physicians and surgeons?

Poor Pauline's father is terribly angry when he finds she has become a Catholic, and disowns her as his daughter. No doubt of it; what better could be expected of the Presbyterian worldling who cared for nothing but his social position and importance, and the worldly rank and influence of his daughter? But why represent Pauline as ready to fall on her knees and ask his forgiveness? What in the world had the poor girl done that needed his forgiveness? Was it becoming a Catholic, professing her faith openly, or being unwilling to wed a man who despised the church of God? We see nothing for which she needed to ask pardon, except for having even debated the question whether she should or should not consent to marry Eugene, and intimating that she might, if he would engage to respect her religion. For this she did need to ask pardon, not of her father, but of God. Every Catholic, man or woman, should regard marrying out of the church as a thing not even to be thought of. Does the good Catholic ever debate a moment whether he will or will not do what the church abhors?

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The author has interwoven with the story of Pauline's conversion several love-stories, from which a considerable portion of the interest of his book arises. In these, it is due to him to say, that he has kept within the limits of conventional morality, and would not deserve any special censure for them, if profane love could ever be a proper subject for a popular work. He has observed a certain moderation, we own, in treating this dangerous topic, but the love of which he treats is in kind precisely that which makes up the common staple of profane novels,—the same that one finds in Bulwer, James, Dickens, or any popular novelist of the day, —and it is idle to object to the extent to which others may push a principle which we hold in common with them. The evil is not simply in more or less, but it is in introducing profane love at all, as a source of interest, in a work intended for general reading. No Catholic father is delighted to see his sons or his daughters reading stories of love and marriage; the ideas and fancies such stories rarely fail to suggest are sure to come soon enough without the aid of books. We do not recollect a story of profane love, after the fashion of modern novels, written by one of the saints, nor a spiritual writer who recommends the reading of such stories as aids to devotion, or as helps against temptations. "It is necessary," says St. Liguori, whose authority we must think is not inferior to that of the author of *Pauline Seward*, "to abstain from reading bad books, and not only from those which are positively obscene, but also *from those which treat of profane love*, such as certain poems, *Ariosto*, *Pastor Fido*, and all such works. O fathers! be careful not to allow your children to read romances. These sometimes do more harm than even obscene books; they infuse into young persons certain malignant affections which destroy devotion, and afterwards impel them to give themselves up to sin. 'Vain reading,' says St. Bonaventura, 'begets vain thoughts and extinguishes devotion.' Make your children read spiritual books, ecclesiastical histories, and the lives of the saints. And, I repeat it, do not allow your daughters to be taught letters by a man, though he be a St. Paul, or a St. Francis of Assisium. The saints are in heaven."*

What a saint forbids fathers to allow their children to read, and what, if read, tends to extinguish devotion, no

*Instructions on the Commandments and Sacraments. Boston: 1847. Pp. 152, 153.

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Catholic should ever permit himself to write. There are subjects which, if treated at all, must be treated only professionally and for the professional. The very fact, that love is a subject that awakes so general an interest in the great majority of readers, and is so easily made available by an author to carry off a very dull book, is itself a sufficient reason why it should never be made in any degree the subject of popular literature. It is strange that any person, instructed at all in religion, and not altogether ignorant of human nature, should for a moment think to the contrary; and how our pious authors can reconcile it to their consciences to send out works which cannot fail to deepen the malignancy of religion's most unmanageable and deadliest foe is what we are not able to understand. No matter how small the flame, how skilfully or delicately we apply it to a heap of tow, the tow will be fired and consumed. As a father, as an humble Catholic, we entreat our authors to choose some other subject than that of profane love on which to write.

These remarks are sufficient to justify our former unfavorable judgment of *Pauline Seward* as a Catholic novel. But even the graver portions of the work are not free from faults of a very serious character. The author, in his second volume, chapter xix., expressly, or by necessary implication, maintains that the church has received no promise of impeccability,—that, acting as the church, she can do wrong, has done wrong, and extensively adopted measures which involve a false and even an abominable principle in morals; and he defends her by appealing from what she once was to what she now is, and offers the circumstances and intelligence of the age, especially in this favored country, as a guaranty against her future misbehaviour. We can conceive nothing more anti-Catholic than this. It involves a denial of the infallibility of the church as a teacher of morals; it denies her sanctity, asserts her reformability, and finally raises the age and country, in point of morals, above her, and makes them, instead of her, our reliance for the maintenance of justice. If this does not surrender the whole argument, and make it both impious and absurd to attempt to defend her as the church of God, we know not the meaning of our mother tongue.

We are far from supposing the author was aware that he was saying all this; we freely acquit the young gentleman of all anti-Catholic intentions; but this, though every thing

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for him, is nothing for his book. In judging him, we must judge him according to his intentions; but in judging his book, we must judge it according to the obvious and natural sense of its language. It is true, his language is loose, and, in some cases, we may charitably suppose the author does not mean all that he says; but, though we understand very well the meaning and duty of charity when judging of persons, we do not understand them in relation to books. A newspaper editor or a reviewer, obliged to publish at stated periods, often compelled to write in haste, and to publish his article before giving it its last finish, may rightfully demand a charitable construction of his language, and that the reader give it an orthodox meaning whenever it is by any means possible, without absolute violence, to do so. But authors can claim no such charitable construction. Every man who can take his own time to publish, who is under no obligation to hasten his publication, must submit to the law of rigid justice, and has no right to feel aggrieved, if, under that law, his works are condemned. Who compelled him to send out his work in a crude and unfinished state?

We do not expect every man who writes to be perfectly master of the whole field of Catholic theology; but we do ask of every author, whatever the subject of his book, to study to know enough of it not to run athwart sound doctrine. There is scarcely a popular book or pamphlet that reaches us, which does not contain propositions heretical, smacking of heresy, erroneous, rash, or offensive to pious ears. Men and women, with a little knowledge, and much zeal, full of notions caught up from the age and country, sit down and dash off a novel, a pamphlet, or an oration, and send it out as Catholic, when the best we can say of it is, that it is "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor yet good red herring." But we will not dwell on the evil of such works. No one has a natural right to attempt to edify the faithful from the press, any more than he has from the pulpit. We have no right to publish on religion without permission; and if the church, through her proper officers, grants us the permission, and allows us the great honor of laboring, in however humble a capacity, in her sacred cause, both duty and gratitude should lead us to do our best, and, above all, to abstain from saying aught displeasing to her, or embarrassing to any of her real friends. If we do not know Catholic faith and theology well enough not to compromise either, our business is to hold our peace,—the church will

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not suffer from our silence,—nor shall we endanger our salvation by not speaking.

Mr. Bryant is not worse than many others; he is far better than some. It was never our intention to single him out from his class, as especially deserving of censure. We, in the main, think very well of him. He has fair talents, respectable learning, honest intentions, and a commendable zeal. But, as with ourselves, he did not tarry long enough at Jericho. His errors seem to us to arise from his having forgot, when he was about to put on Catholicity, to put off Protestantism; and in his consulting the effect his work might have in enlisting the attention of here and there a Protestant, rather than its probable influence on our own Catholic youth, who, after all, will be its principal readers. The conversion of a Protestant is a great thing, but is gained too dearly if at the expense of a dozen Catholics. We may be wrong, but we adopt as our rule, to consider first of all the effect our writings will have on the faithful themselves, and, after that, the effect they may have on others. We all know that the work of converting those without is not, in this country, perhaps not in any country, the only spiritual work of mercy there is for Catholics to do. The conversion of a bad Catholic is as great a work, and one which causes as much joy in heaven, as the conversion of an infidel or a heretic; and the preservation of our Catholic youth is as important as the gathering in of those without. As yet, we know, or may know, that, numerous as are the conversions from without, they at least no more than compensate for our losses. We are, then, it seems to us, to estimate works principally by their influence in making our youth abhor heresy and unbelief, love and practise their religion, and look with horror on the bare thought of forsaking it.

The principles we have laid down, and the remarks we have made on *Pauline Seward*, sufficiently indicate what a Catholic should think of *novel-writing* and also of *novel-reading*. If no dangerous topic is made the subject of its interest, if it be the expression of the religious life of the author, if it make the supernatural its principle and end, the work, though in the form of a novel or fictitious narrative, may be written and read without detriment, nay, with profit, to religion, and that, too, even when its subject is not expressly a sacred subject, and nothing is said directly of or for faith or piety. But all other novels, even though professedly religious, we must regard as dangerous; and the

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fewer we have of them, and the less they are read, the better. Instruction on other topics than religion proper, they who live in the world undoubtedly need, and should have; but a profane art is not needed, and we see not how one who is Catholic to the core can aid in its production.

GRANTLEY MANOR, OR POPULAR LITERATURE.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for October, 1848.]

THIS work has been well spoken of by the reviewers, and the public, we believe, has given it a favorable reception. It possesses more than ordinary interest, and bears the marks of genius and power. We have rarely read a novel written by a lady which indicated more ability or contained less that was extravagant or offensive. For inveterate novel-readers, who *will* read novels, at whatever risk to the strength of their characters or the salvation of their souls, we agree with our esteemed friend of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, that it is as unobjectionable as any that can be easily selected, and to those who *must* have their feelings harrowed up by fictitious woe it may even be commended.

Judging from the work before us, Lady Georgiana Fullerton is a gifted and highly cultivated woman, endowed with fine powers of observation, and possessing very considerable knowledge of the human heart, and mastery over its passions. Her characters are drawn with freedom and delicacy, within the bounds of nature, and with a nearer approach to individuality, as in Margaret and old Mrs. Thornton, than is common save in authors of the very highest rank. She intersperses her work with many wise and just, if not profound and original, remarks, and hits off many of the petty vices, annoyances, and foibles of conventional and every-day life not unsuccessfully. In a purely literary point of view, we may object, however, a too visible effort at intense writing, a want of calmness and repose, and

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* *Grantley Manor. A Tale.* By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON, Author of "Ellen Middleton." New York: 1848.

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the attempt to give us a vivid impression of the exquisite beauty of her heroines by dissecting and limning it feature by feature, instead of leaving it to be depicted by the imagination of her readers from the effects it is seen to produce on those within the sphere of its influence,—the common faults of modern novelists, which prove, not their strength, but their weakness. There is, also, too much sighing, weeping, and shedding of floods of tears, as well as too much embracing, kissing of hands, foreheads, cheeks, &c., &c. The latter might have been left to the experience or the imagination of the reader, and the former should have been relieved. We are as loath to see literature as beauty in tears, which add to the charm in the one case no more than in the other. Give us the merry and joyous literature, not the sad and doleful.

But we have graver faults to find with *Grantley Manor*. If it had been written by an author not professedly of our religion, but by a fair-minded Protestant, wishing to diminish the prejudices against Catholicity, and to show that it may be very nearly as respectable as Anglicanism, Methodism, or Presbyterianism, we could not find it in our heart to criticise it with much severity or at any great length. We could pardon its insults to our holy religion for the sake of the obviously benevolent intentions of the author. Readers would, moreover, be on their guard, and its mistakes or misrepresentations would be comparatively harmless. But Lady Georgiana Fullerton some time since conformed, we can hardly say was converted, to the church, and it is evident from her book that she professes to be a Catholic. We have, then, the right, and, as Catholic reviewers, are bound, to test her work by the Catholic standard. Tried by that standard, it is, unquestionably, in many respects deficient, and in some highly offensive.

It may be alleged, that the author is a popular writer, that she does not profess to write what is technically termed a Catholic novel, and we have, therefore, no right to exact of her a theological tract, ascetic or dogmatic. To the principle of this plea we do not object. We certainly do not complain that *Grantley Manor* is not more theological; for, as our readers well know, we are far from being partial to novels which mingle a treatise on theology with a tale of profane love. We complain, not that her ladyship has abstained from theology, but that she has not abstained,—not that she has *not* introduced religious topics, but that she

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has introduced them, and in a false light, so as to mislead her readers, unless they happen to be well instructed, and strictly on their guard. She brings religion upon the scene. She makes Catholics and Protestants, as such, actors in her plot; and it has obviously been a leading purpose with her to exhibit the Catholic spirit in its relations with Protestants, and to show the practical effects of Catholicity in forming the minds and hearts, and in prompting and directing the conduct, of those brought up under its influence. Religion is the atmosphere in which she breathes and moves; it is the chief power on which she relies; it is the mainspring of her dramatic action; and on no recognized principle of criticism can she withdraw her work from the standard by which professedly Catholic works are to be judged. She not only introduces the Catholic religion, but she approves in her Catholic characters, from first to last, things which the church abominates, and appears to commend them for things which even her catechism would teach her the church positively forbids. Here, then, are sins, not of omission merely, as the plea in her defence assumes, but sins of commission, for which, as an author, she is answerable at the bar of Catholicity.

It may also be alleged, in extenuation, that we must not be severe upon slight errors and inaccuracies in popular works,—that we are not to expect from a popular author, like Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the knowledge and accuracy of a doctor in theology, or an experienced master of novices. But we cannot accept the principle of this new plea. Errors and inaccuracies are less excusable in popular writers than in others, and if her ladyship was not well enough instructed in her religion to be able to avoid them, she had no business to introduce it. Who compelled her to touch upon religious topics, or to write upon matters of which she knew nothing? If she could not state her religion with accuracy and precision, what right had she to attempt to state it at all? It is enough to have our holy religion misrepresented and falsified by its enemies, without having it travestied by its professed friends. No doubt, the author thought she was breathing the living soul of Catholicity into her novel, and, while seeking to interest or amuse the public, she would be rendering a service to the cause of Catholic faith and piety. But she reckoned beyond her means. She was too recently from the ranks of heresy. Her Catholicity is evidently not genuine, and her book reminds us of the *Ni-*

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belungenlied, the national epic of the Germans,—a pagan story, conceived in the true pagan spirit, and transmitted, body and soul, from pagan times, but dressed out, by some half-convert of the thirteenth century, in a Christian garb. The Nibelungens are genuine pagans, only they hear mass and bless themselves after the Christian fashion. So is *Grantley Manor* a Protestant tale, conceived and executed in a Protestant spirit, and will find few admirers except among Protestants, and Catholics who, from breathing the atmosphere of heresy and the study of heretical literature, are themselves more than half Protestant. Its Catholics are amiable, cultivated, and respectable Puseyites, who happen to have been born and brought up under the *Roman* instead of the *Anglican* "Branch" of the church.

The author appears to proceed on the assumption, not uncommon, as we have observed, with converts from Anglicanism, that we and Anglicans embrace a common Christianity; that up to a certain point they and we are of one and the same religion; that they are perfectly right, as far as they go; and that, with two or three additional dogmas from us, accepted purely as additions to their present creed, they would be thoroughly and unexceptionably orthodox. Thus, she makes her Catholic heroine tell her Protestant sister that they have certain prayers in common,—the Lord's Prayer, for instance,—which they may say together. Thus, too, she makes a respectable Puseyite gentleman the organ of her Catholic instructions and advice in the formation of character and the conduct of life. Ginevra, the Catholic sister, asks, in her hour of trial, her Protestant friends to pray for her, that her faith fail not, and is made to take, distinctly and gravely, the ground that we sympathize with Protestants as Christians, and trust that God, by extraordinary interior inspirations, will supply their external doctrinal deficiencies. Now we need not say that all this is false, and to a Catholic, exceedingly nauseous. Between us and Anglicans, or any Protestant sect, there is nothing in common but reason and nature, but our common humanity. The notion, that there is a common Christianity, common to the church and the sects, except in a very loose way of speaking, is a grave mistake. Christianity is a fact, and that fact is the church. The church is herself Christianity, and without her there is no Christianity. We do not come to the church through Christianity, but we come to Christianity, if at all, through the church. There is nothing dis-

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tinctly Christian, in its Christian sense, which we and Anglicans, or any Protestant sect, can be said to believe in common; for whoever denies any one dogma or proposition of faith denies, and must be held to deny, the whole. We cannot, either in our private or our public devotions, worship in common with those external to the church; for there is no common worship between them and us, no book of *common prayer* which they and we acknowledge; and we are forbidden to hold communion with them *in sacris*. We cannot ask a heretic to pray for us, for he is an enemy to God; and what greater affront can we offer to the Majesty of heaven than to despatch to his court his enemy to intercede for us? Heretics are children of Satan, not children of God, and we may as well ask the father as the children to pray for us. Only think of a Catholic asking the devil to pray God for him, that his faith fail not! Certainly, we are bound to love those out of, as well as those in, the church; certainly, we must do them all the real service in our power, and never cease to pray for their temporal and spiritual welfare; but we must never forget that they are not members of the household of faith, and that we can have no religious communion or fellowship with them.

Will you tell us that we have no right to judge the secrets of the heart, and to pronounce every one who is in a communion external to the church an enemy of God? Be it so, if you wish. But you have just as little right to judge the secrets of the heart and to pronounce one in such a communion the friend of God. Nay, if it comes to that, not so much. In regard to those in the church, we must presume them to be friends of God, unless the contrary is established. But the case is the reverse in regard to those out of the church. Out of the church no one can ever be saved, and yet all who are not the enemies of God will be saved, as is certain. All, then, out of the church are certainly the enemies of God. All who are in heretical or schismatical communions are, at least, presumptively out of the church. Then, whatever extent you give, in your excessive liberality, to invincible ignorance,—which you seem at times to make far more desirable than knowledge of the truth,—you are bound to presume all out of the visible communion of the church, in communions external to her, to be, in fact, enemies of God, and to be treated as such, until the contrary is proved, which cannot be without a special revelation. Not one of us who are in the church can know,

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without such revelation, whether we "deserve love or hatred," and then *a fortiori*, not that those out of the church deserve love. The rashness, if any in the case, is not, then, in our presuming that those in communions alien to the church are enemies of God, and in treating them as such, but in your presuming them without evidence to be the friends of God, with whom you are free to commune in sacred things. It is you who undertake to judge the secrets of the heart in such cases, not we.

We do not pretend to fathom the secret counsels of the Almighty, or to set bounds to his mercy; and it is in the salvation of our brethren, not in their condemnation, that we take pleasure. But we cannot know beyond what we are taught. What extraordinary means Almighty God has in reserve for the salvation of those who fail to use the ordinary means, though living all their lifetime within sound of the church's voice, we cannot pretend to say; for the fact that there are any such means is not revealed, and we are ignorant of our right to assume even their possibility, much more our right to presume on them for ourselves, or for our friends who apparently live and die in heretical or schismatical communions. We, as Catholics, are restricted to the ordinary means, to what God has revealed, and these are all the means that we know or can assert. How can we, then, hold out to Protestants the hope, that, though neglecting the ordinary means, Almighty God will in their behalf employ extraordinary means for their salvation, as if he owed them a reward for their perversity, or as if he loved them better than his own Catholic children, and will do altogether more for them? This were uncharitable to them and hardly just to ourselves.

The author has no doubt wished, in this her first publication since her reconciliation to the church, to manifest her continued regard for her former friends, and to convince them that she is as amiable, as indulgent, and as friendly to them as she was before,—in a word, to prove to them, that, if she has become a Catholic, she has by no means become a bigot. All this may be very well, as it affects her ladyship's private relations. We, certainly, have no wish to see a convert, the moment he has entered the church, proving himself harsh and bitter towards his former associates, and insensible to their many amiable qualities as men and women, or to the many admirable human virtues which, in cases not a few, adorn their private and public life. But there are

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some things which may be left to be taken for granted, and an overweening anxiety to make our former friends believe in our continued regard for them may sometimes tend to awaken suspicions to the contrary. Where there is no consciousness of any decrease in our love and esteem, there is generally no effort to disprove it. Innocence is usually unconscious. Unquestionably, our conversion denies to us the right, and, if thorough, the wish, to hold religious communion with the sect we have abandoned, but we should pay but an indifferent compliment to our recently received faith, if we should regard it as necessary to prove that it does not render us harsh and bigoted, that it does not sour our tempers, but leaves us as mild, as gentle, as amiable, and as tenderly alive to the interests and feelings of those with whom we formerly associated as ever we were. The truth is, the convert has, as a Catholic, a tender regard for all men which was inconceivable to him before his conversion; for, prior to his conversion, he never had any proper disposition towards God or man, never understood the worth of the human soul, nor the ground of his obligation to love his neighbour as himself.

The author has also wished, and with the best intentions in the world, no doubt, to recommend her religion as well as herself to her former friends; and in order to do this, she appears to have studied to show them that the religion she has embraced is really not inferior to the one she has abandoned; that, in fact, it differs far less from it than they suppose; and that even they might embrace it without any fundamental change in their belief or their practice. We do not believe this the wisest or the most honest way of recommending our religion; for the differences between us and Protestants are not few or slight; they are many, fundamental, essential. If our only purpose, or our legitimate purpose, were to be suffered to live quietly amongst Protestants, to be permitted to worship in our own way without having our religion calumniated or our throats cut,—or if the great body of Protestants really loved the church, and were anxious to see the way clear to return as faithful children to her communion,—it certainly would be our policy and our duty to represent the differences between us and Protestants to be as few and as unimportant as we possibly could without sacrificing truth. But neither is the fact. We can never be indifferent to the salvation of our Protestant friends and neighbours; we cannot proceed on the sup-

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position, that these heretical sects are always to remain, and that our principal study is to avert their wrath and to secure their friendly regard. What we are to seek is not peace with them as they are, but their reconciliation to the church. On this point what we must labor for is clear, and we cannot conceal it from Protestants, if we would. They know, as well as we, that our church is propagandist in her very nature, that she seeks by spiritual means the subjection of all to her authority, and that in religious matters she tolerates no rival. We but disarm and expose ourselves to their contempt, if we are foolish enough to pretend the contrary. The church has been commissioned to teach all nations, to preach the Gospel to every creature, and she makes no secret of her constant intention and her untiring efforts to discharge with fidelity the high and solemn trust she has received. All the world knows this, and all the world would justly despise us, if we should seek to conceal or deny it. It is a thing not to be ashamed of, but to glory in.

Whatever may be the case with individual Protestants, the great body have no love for the church, and would rather impede than clear the path for their return to her communion. They may be dissatisfied with their present position, but if so, it only embitters them against her. Their anxiety is not to return to her communion, but to remove further and further from it. Hence we see them almost universally rejecting the earlier forms of Protestantism, as not sufficiently removed from Catholicity; and to prove to them that a proposition is Catholic, or coincident with what the church teaches, is only to give them, in their estimation, a valid reason for not holding it. The more we show that a given form of Protestantism resembles Catholicity, the more do we prove to them that it is objectionable.

Our Puseyite friends, and some few of the converts from Puseyism, seem to us to mistake entirely the feeling of Protestants towards the church. It is idle to suppose that Puseyism has penetrated far among them, or that it is, or is likely to be, a dominant tendency in the sects. The Puseyites have not in the remotest degree affected the state of the controversy between us and Protestants, save so far as themselves are concerned. Their views and dispositions are their own, not those of the Protestant community; their concessions bind only the individuals who make them, and are not available to us in controversies with Protestantism in general. We are willing that converts from Puseyism should

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address themselves specially to their former friends, if they choose; but they should be careful not to speak as if Puseyites were all the uncatholic world worth counting, and not to make concessions or assume positions in order to operate on them which can only embarrass us in our efforts to operate favorably upon others. Puseyism was, in its origin, only a sectarian movement in the bosom of Anglicanism, and is already disowned by the establishment, and followed in the very place of its birth; if report be true, by a decided reaction in favor of rationalism. The Anglican establishment is further removed from Catholicity at the present moment than it has been before for many years. Puseyism is virtually dead and buried, and there is for it no resurrection. The conversion of its principal originators has proved its insufficiency as a final movement, and placed the whole Protestant world on their guard against it as a provisional movement. There is little use in writing and publishing works fitted only to the dozen or two of mourners who still linger around its grave. We must consult and adapt ourselves to the main body of Protestants in their onward movement, if we would exert any wide or permanent influence in recalling them to the paths of salvation.

There is, however it may be with here and there an individual of a peculiar temperament, no use, as it regards Protestants in general, in attempting to make the differences between them and us appear small and unimportant; for their wish is not to be as like, but as unlike, us as possible. Moreover, just in proportion as we diminish the apparent difference between them and us, and concede, that, in the affair of salvation, they are as well off as we, perhaps better off,—for we have and can have no hope of salvation save through the ordinary means, but they, if Lady Georgiana Fullerton be right, may, failing the ordinary means, still hope to be saved by extraordinary means,—we give them reasons, not why they should become, but why they need not become, Catholics. We in this way work against their conversion, not for it; and still more endanger, instead of securing, their salvation. In our communications with individuals, we are, undoubtedly, to adapt ourselves, as far as truth will warrant, to the mental and moral state of the particular individual we are addressing; but when we address the public at large, we must consult the mental and moral state of the great body of Protestants. There is only one argument that will weigh with serious Protestants,—nay,

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there is only one that ought to weigh with them,—namely, that they cannot be saved, unless they become Catholics. The sooner our popular writers learn this and conform to it, and give up their namby-pambyism, the better will it be for all parties. We greatly underrate the intelligence of Protestants, if we suppose that, in Protestant countries, where all the worldly motives are in their favor, they can be generally induced to embrace our religion, if they understand us to concede that they need not despair of salvation in their own. What, except salvation, have we to offer them? We must show them that we wish their conversion, because, in our view at least, salvation is impossible in their religion, or they will treat, as well they may, all we say with contempt. It is idle to suppose that they can be won over by a little commonplace morality, pretty sentiments, or even solemn chants and magnificent old cathedrals, or by arguments which merely prove, that, after all, Catholics are not much worse than Protestants. It is a poor recommendation of Catholicity, that it is not inferior to Puseyism; for if it be not infinitely superior to that, or to any other form of religion, it should be rejected as a gigantic imposition upon mankind.

But while we insist on these things as necessary to be observed by every Catholic who writes with a view to induce Protestants to embrace our holy religion, we by no means wish to see them in a popular novel. Every thing in its time and place. Nothing disgusts us more than to see the novelist put on the doctor's cap, or assume the tone and port of the preacher. We do not wish every one who writes, no matter to what department of literature his work may belong, to be perpetually dinging in the ears of Protestants that they are heretics, and cannot be saved unless they come into the church. We ourselves conduct an avowedly polemical work,—a work expressly devoted to the exposition and defence of Catholic faith and morals,—and we are obliged to bring out the truth, however stern and offensive it may be, and to wage war with error, let it manifest itself on what side it will. But every work is not expected to have the same special purpose, or to pursue the same special method. Many things may be said with perfect propriety in a work like ours, that would, though true, be wholly misplaced in a popular novel. Popular literature should cultivate all the courtesies and amenities of civilized life; it should be neither polemical nor denunciatory; it should abstain from theological controversy, and avoid the introduction of those topics

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which cannot be freely and honestly treated without exciting prejudice or stirring up bitter feelings. All we ask of it, under the religious point of view, is, that the author should write simply so as to utter nothing inconsistent with our holy religion, or which can leave an uncatholic impression upon his readers. We shall be satisfied with it, if, in regard to religion, it maintains the negative merit of not being in any respect irreligious.

It is plain enough from Lady Georgiana Fullerton's work, that she wished, while avoiding all religious controversy, to write a novel which, besides interesting or delighting the public, should silently exert a pure moral and religious influence upon the hearts of her readers. In this she was right, and seized the true idea of what we may term the moral tale or the serious novel. But she does not appear to have duly considered on what conditions such a work can be produced, if produced at all. She erred in supposing that she could, compatibly with her design, introduce Protestants and Catholics as joint actors in her plot. Wherever the two are introduced, in their distinctive character, the author must either make his work directly or indirectly controversial, or else represent both as belonging to the same great religious family, distinguished from each other only by minor shades of difference. The former Lady Georgiana Fullerton wished to avoid; the latter, as a Catholic, she was not permitted to do. Yet it is what she has done, and hence the objectionable character of her work. She was unhappy in the adoption of her plot. Her plot was, indeed, very well contrived for a controversial novel, or for displaying the respective merits of Catholicity and Protestantism by contrasting the one with the other; but not for such a novel as she wished to write. She should, with her general design, have introduced no persons of a different religion from her own. She should have laid her scene in a Catholic country, and introduced only Catholic characters. If she wished to secure Protestant readers, she might have done it by throwing into the shade those features of Catholicity which are peculiarly offensive to strangers, and bringing out in a strong light those great moral and religious traits of character which never fail to command universal admiration. What we mean is, that, while silently assuming, throughout, her own religion, she should have taken care not to introduce it or her characters as distinctively Catholic. In this way she might have been truly Catholic, and yet have pleased her Protestant

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friends, as far as it was lawful to please them, without displeasing her Catholic friends. A madonna from the studio of a Raphael has a peculiar merit for the faithful, yet it commands, though Catholic in its subject, its genius, its execution, and its associations, the admiration of cultivated Protestants. So in literature, which is only art under another form, if we have real genius, we may select a Catholic subject, treat it in a Catholic spirit, and place it in a Catholic light, without despairing, if that be our ambition, of readers beyond the pale of the church. It is precisely that portion of our literature which has been written solely for Catholic readers, without any reference to dissenters, that is the most universally admired. Religion may and should pervade popular literature, and in its true form too; but in its catholic, not in its distinctive character.

The difficulty with us moderns is, that we are ourselves too polemical. The circumstances in which we live force us to be constantly considering our religion, not in its own essential character of the one universal religion, but in its distinctive character, as the true religion opposed to false religions. Our religion is assailed everywhere by the false, and our minds are affected, nay, to a great extent formed, by the opposition we encounter, and the hostility in the midst of which we live. Our life is the life of the camp. Our very piety and devotion assume a polemical cast. We can hardly throw off our armour long enough to repeat a *Pater* or an *Ave*. The times are exceedingly unfavorable to the creation of such a literature as Lady Georgiana Fullerton seems to contemplate, and of which she has given us so poor a specimen. But if our friends believe such a literature possible and desirable, if they will labor for its creation, they must enter more deeply into the spirit of their own religion, and study to forget that there are such people as Protestants, and such a religion as Protestantism, in the world. They will make no contributions to it, if they place before them a mixed audience of Catholics and Protestants, and endeavour to speak two languages at one and the same time. The man can be himself, give free play to his wit, his imagination, the deep and warm emotions of his soul, only at home, in the bosom of his own family, or surrounded by his intimate friends. The presence of a stranger is an intrusion, throws a damp on his spirits, restrains his genius,—for genius is always shy,—checks the flow of his eloquence, the play of his wit or his fancy, and renders him

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grave, formal, and reserved. So is it with him who would be an author in polite or popular literature. He must speak his own mother tongue to those who have the same mother tongue. He must make himself at home, banish all strangers and heretics from his mind, and write out freely from his own full Catholic heart and well-stored mind, as if all the world were his friends, of his own household, of his own faith and religion.

There are other faults which, as Catholics, we must find with *Grantley Manor*. The heroines are two half-sisters, daughters of a Colonel Lesley, an English gentleman,—the elder by an English, and the younger by an Italian wife. They are brought up each by her maternal relations, the elder in England, and in the Protestant religion, the younger in Italy, and in the Catholic religion, and without ever seeing one another till the former is nineteen and the latter nearly seventeen. Of Margaret, the elder sister, we have nothing to say, although she is our favorite. Ginevra, the younger sister, appears to be the favorite of the author, and her character is drawn with great affection and elaborate finish. She is evidently designed as a model of female beauty and loveliness, and intended to display the author's conception of the practical effects of Catholic faith and piety. She is, indeed, beautiful, loving, fascinating. But she secretly marries a heretic, a stranger with whom she has had but a brief acquaintance, without the consent or knowledge of her father, and against the known wishes of the family of the young man himself. It is true, her father is absent on his travels, and she does not know when he will return, and her old uncle in his dotage approves and urges the match. But this is no sufficient excuse. Her uncle has no authority to bestow her hand upon a heretic; she has no reason to think that her father has abandoned her, or become indifferent to her welfare; and it is plain, that, in consenting to the marriage, she only yields to a sincere, but inordinate passion.

Now we do not like the morality which makes passion—love, if you will—an excuse for neglect of filial duty. We do not say that a child must in every conceivable case marry according to the will of the parent, and may in no case marry without or against parental authority; but no one under age can, if the father be living, rightfully marry without his consent, or at any age without at least his consent being asked. Ginevra is under age; she is not seventeen; and has no right

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to dispose of herself,—certainly not without some efforts, at least, to obtain her father's consent or advice. Here we insist she was wrong, undutiful. We are not disposed to make light of genuine affection, of which there is in this world none to spare; but we have no patience with the morality which makes love triumph over duty, or that does not withhold its approbation from all love that leads us to omit any serious duty of our age or state. Such love is not properly love. It is passion, sinful passion, to which religion forbids us to yield, and which it commands us to subdue. We do no service to our sons and daughters by representing to them passion as too strong for duty, and then excusing the neglect of duty in consideration of the strength and ardor of the passion. It is all moonshine to suppose that there is any unlawful passion which, by the aid of religion, we cannot overcome, if we choose; and every passion is unlawful, however sincere and pure it may be in other respects, which in our actual relations we are not free to indulge, or which cannot be indulged without imprudence; for prudence is one of the cardinal virtues.

Ginevra not only marries imprudently, secretly, without her father's knowledge or consent, but she marries a heretic, a man without principle, an enemy of her religion,—which no good Catholic can do. The church abhors mixed marriages, and if she sometimes tolerates them in order to avoid a greater evil, she refuses them her benediction. She never ceases to admonish her children to avoid them. If Ginevra had been as pious as the author would have us believe, she never would, she never could, have listened for a single moment to the addresses of young Neville; she never would and never could have opened her heart to love for one whom she must regard as a child of Satan, the enemy of her religion and her God. How can the heart that loves God above all things consent to form the closest of all unions, a union typical of the union of Christ and the church, with one who she knows has no sympathy with her religion, no love of God in his heart, and who despises her own sweet and holy mother? It seems strange to us, or would, indeed, did we not know the perversity of the human heart, and the fatalism in regard to love widely believed, and generally taught by novels and romances. The author would have furnished a far better moral, if she had shown us her Catholic heroine resolutely suppressing any growing affection she might have detected, stealing unawares into her own heart.

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for young Neville, coldly dismissing him, and refusing to hear a single word of love from his lips, on the simple ground that he was not of her religion.

Neville's father is represented to us as an intolerable bigot, because he swears to disinherit his only son, if ever he presumes to marry a Catholic; and the author contrives to make it appear that Catholics are cruelly treated, because Protestant fathers are opposed to their sons marrying Catholic wives. We have no patience with this. Can our daughters find no Catholic young men worthy of their heart and of their hand? Then let them offer their virginity to God, and choose a celestial spouse; or, if they wish to remain in the world, let them remain there in a state of "single blessedness." If they have piety, this will be no hardship; and if they have it not, they are ill fitted to be wives and mothers. For ourselves, we honor old Neville; he acted like a sensible man and a prudent father. He was a Protestant; he believed Catholicity to be from the devil, as we ourselves should believe, if we believed Protestantism to be from God; and so believing, he would not and could not consent to receive a Catholic as his daughter-in-law. He warned his son betimes, long before he ever saw Ginevra; forbade him ever to marry a Catholic, and told him what he would have to expect, if he did. We see no bigotry in this; we see only consistency, —only a correct principle, misapplied solely because the old man's religion was not the true one. Indeed, all her ladyship's Protestants are excellent people; it is only her Catholics who are uncatholic, or act on uncatholic principles. We have no patience with this blaming of Protestants for their opposition to mixed marriages, when our own church detests them, and does all she can in prudence to prevent them. Let us not blame Protestants for the few sound principles they have retained from the general shipwreck of their faith. We are not remarkably partial to Protestants, and not much accustomed to spare them; but we are not willing to blame them where they are not blamable, or to reject a sound principle because they may adhere to it.

But after these faults, what are the redeeming traits of Ginevra's character? Passing over her natural endowments, which have no moral or spiritual character, she has two merits,—she retains her love for her selfish and unprincipled husband, notwithstanding his base and cruel treatment of her, and she refuses, at his infamous request, to apostatize entirely from the church. The first is very well, but noth-

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ing very remarkable. We can find instances enough, and without going far either, of women, who make no great show in the world, who have borne in silence, not for a few months only, as was the case with the passionate Ginevra, but for long years, conduct far more cold, heartless, cruel, and brutal, than she received from Edmund Neville. All she suffered was purely sentimental, and, with firmness and strength of character, could have been made quite tolerable. She retained throughout—what is so precious to a wife—the love of her husband, who, in the language of the author, adored her, and it is not till the last moment before her trials end that she for an instant seriously doubts it. She is one day falsely informed that Neville is going to marry another. Then, indeed, she believes he has ceased to love her; hope vanishes, and the terrible conviction flashes upon her, that he is lost to her for ever. Now comes her real trial. How does she bear it? Does her religion sustain her? Does she embrace the cross and piously bear it? Not at all. No heathen could have been more completely overcome. She raves, she is beside herself, she becomes mad, works herself into a brain fever, and as good as gives up the ghost. All this is, no doubt, very natural; but it betrays a weak, not a strong character,—a character abandoned to nature, not elevated and sustained by grace. How many women have borne all she bore, have endured far greater trials than hers, and that too without losing their senses, or working themselves into a brain-fever, the *Deus ex machina* of recent novelists! Have we not seen women abused and abandoned to poverty and want by their husbands, women who know they are no longer beloved, who feel the terrible truth that they have no longer any hold on the affections of their husbands, who know that love is bestowed elsewhere, and who see with their own eyes the tenderness and caresses which are their due lavished upon others, and who nevertheless quietly and meekly discharge their duties as faithful and affectionate wives, and retain till death all the warmth, energy, and freshness of their young love? We have seen it; and without going out of the circle of our own personal acquaintance, we can bring instance after instance, from real life, of a wife's affection for her husband withstanding far severer trials than those to which Ginevra was subjected, except for half an hour, for we apprehend that most women will agree with us that the severest trial of a wife's affection is the certainty that she has lost her husband's.

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The other merit named is nothing very extraordinary. Is it an extraordinary merit in a Catholic not to apostatize outright from the church? You tell us that Ginevra had strong temptations, that she chose to lose the society of her husband, have him deny her to be his wife, to see him conduct himself in the world as if unmarried, to find herself in a false position and subject to the most odious misconstructions, rather than give up her God, and deliberately damn her own soul. Be it so. Is there a Catholic man or woman deserving the name that would not do as much? Is not all Catholic history filled with martyrs, and all Catholic land hallowed by their blood? Is not martyrdom a thing of course in our church? And is it characteristic of Catholics to hesitate between a life of comparative poverty and abandonment by those we love, and apostasy from their God? If martyrdom is too common among Catholics to attract much attention, as we know it is even in our own day, why make so much ado about Ginevra's refusing to apostatize from her religion to gratify the ambition and luxurious tastes of her base and selfish husband? Ginevra is no martyr, and shows nothing of the martyr spirit. She has not even to choose between her religion and her husband's love, for he still "adores" her, and she herself fears, that, if she changes her religion, she shall forfeit his love. She herself tells him, that, if she could change her religion from the motives he presents, he himself would despise her, which it is plain he would have done. She has not to choose between religion and poverty; for she is the daughter of a rich father who idolizes her, and the greatest poverty she can imagine to exist is wealth to the great majority of us. Moreover, even to the last moment, till the aforesaid brain-fever, which brings all to a happy termination, she still hopes that matters will take a favorable turn, that she shall recover her Neville, and have her rights as a wife acknowledged. Nay, she can at any moment, by confiding in her father, and ceasing to be a dissembler, have them acknowledged at once. And this it was her duty to do, both for Neville's sake and her own, and also for the sake of her father, whom she had wronged, and from whom she had no right to withhold the fact that she was married. It is idle, then, to call Ginevra a martyr for her religion. If she could have heard the still voice of duty rising above her excessive sentimentality, she could easily have extricated herself from her painful situation. Her sufferings were only the just punishment of her secret marriage with a heretic.

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The novel is said to be replete with genuine religious feeling; but its piety is Puseyitish rather than Catholic, and smells strongly of Littlemore. It is such as serious, cultivated, and amiable people, outside of the church, aiming to imitate Catholics, can attain to,—a tolerably well executed counterfeit, which may pass with those who are ignorant of the genuine coin. The sentiment, even when it is intended to be religious, is too human; weakens, instead of strengthening; and aggravates, instead of assuaging the pain. When we witness the sufferings of Ginevra, we assist at a tragedy; we do not behold the Christian bearing his cross, and borne by it. Our human sympathies are excited, our hearts bleed for the tender floweret torn and tossed in the blast. We see the poor girl grow pale and pine day by day; we are told that she is comforted and soothed by prayer; we are told that she is patient and resigned; but we feel, as we read, that, if things do not alter for the better very soon, she will assuredly grow mad or die. This indicates very little of that calm, serene, and sustaining piety which kisses affectionately the rod that smites, and says, "Let it be, my Father, as thou willest; thy will is mine." If we would give a true picture of Catholic piety, we must show it, not in our words, but in its effects on the character. Anybody can talk piously; but not every one can infuse piety into the creatures of their imagination.

But our readers will do us injustice, if they suppose that we object to Lady Georgiana Fullerton's novel simply because her characters have certain weaknesses and defects, simply because they are not perfect. We have no great affection for the perfect characters of novelists, and have not had since we read *Cœlebs* by Hannah More, and its twin monster, *Dunallan*, by some author whose name we forget. As a young friend of ours pleasantly remarked of the Non-resistants, that she "did not like them, for they were too belligerent," so we say, we do not like these perfect characters, for they are too imperfect. It is said that no writing is so faulty as that which is faultless; and certainly we find no characters more faulty than those intended by the novelist to be perfect. They are always cold, stiff, formal, dull, prosy, crotchety, unhappy themselves, and rendering perfectly miserable everybody within the circle of their influence. The Lord deliver us from Methodism or Puritanism in novels, as well as in the church and in society! The novelist has the right to represent men and women as he

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finds them in real life, and the more faithful he is to reality, the more is he to be commended. It is a thousand times better that our youth should see life represented in literature as they must find it when they go forth into the world, than that they should amuse their fancy or exalt their imaginations with pictures of an ideal life, never realized, and never to be realized. There is enough of romance in the natural composition of every one, without its being augmented by the art of the novelist. Bring out, if you will, the romance of real life, show the poetic side, if you can, of ordinary characters, of every-day duties and events; but leave the purely ideal world to the "prince of the air," to whom it belongs.

The novelist has not only the right to represent characters as he finds them in real life, but he has the right to enlist our sympathies for them, to make us love and esteem them, though they are marred by grave faults, even by vices and crimes. It is no objection to modern literature that it paints vicious and criminal characters, that it makes us acquainted with the deformities of social and individual life, the shocking depravities and loathsome corruptions of human nature. This does not of itself necessarily corrupt its readers or its admirers. Nay, it is well that these things should be known, that our youth should betimes learn how rotten is human nature, and how necessary it is that they should beware of trusting themselves to its depraved appetites and vicious propensities. Nor is it a fault of modern popular literature that it shows us in characters marred by a thousand faults something still pure and lovely, something which rightfully commands our love and esteem. In this world, we are not, save in the saints, to look for perfection. The characters of all are a mixture of good and evil. None, or, at best, very few, under the human point of view, are totally depraved, destitute of every generous feeling, of every noble quality; and even the best must mourn over their own shortcomings. We have no right to exclude any human being from our sympathy, or from our love. Alas! who are we who demand perfection in others, and claim the right to exclude from our kindness and respect those who may have fallen? Let us look into our own hearts, recall our own past lives, and see what we have been, and what we are. What have we whereof to boast, in the presence of this erring brother or this fallen sister? Alas! who that knows himself, the rottenness of his own heart, the baseness of his own conduct,

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and feels in his conscience the load of guilt he has incurred, can look upon himself in any other light than as the very chief of sinners? Our religion commands us, while we are inexorable in judging ourselves, to be lenient in judging others; and as long as we feel it but reasonable, as we all do, that we should be loved and esteemed, notwithstanding our vices and crimes, how can we deem it just to withhold our love and esteem from others, who, after all, may be far less vicious, less criminal, in the sight of God, than ourselves? The fault of modern literature is not here; it is elsewhere, in the fact that it enlists our sympathies, our love and esteem, for characters because they are vicious and criminal. What it compels us to approve in them is the moral weakness, the lawless passion, the criminal strength of purpose, the successful vice, the triumphant crime. Read the writings of Goethe, Byron, Bulwer, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Georges Sand, Ida Hahn-Hahn, and you are cheated into sympathizing with the illicit, the vicious, the criminal. Take away from their characters what is contrary to Christian morality, and nothing is left to love or admire. Their very excellence is made to consist in what is condemned by the laws of God and man. Here is the error; here is their fatal poison; here is that which makes their writings so immoral and so corrupting. They might have painted the same amount of depravity, uncovered the same festering wounds, and exposed the same abyss of corruption, and yet have exerted a healthful influence, an influence which would have tended to heal, instead of deepening and perpetuating the running sores of individuals and of society. All they needed to have done this was to have had a correct moral standard for themselves, and to have refrained from sympathizing with the corruption they represented.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, of course, does not sin to the extent—far, far from it—that these do; and yet her own standard of morals is too low, and she herself sympathizes with things which, though natural and in some measure excusable, ought not to be approved. The character of Ginevra is, for the most part, true to nature; her passionate love for Neville was in keeping with her character, and to be expected; yet it was imprudent, and, under the circumstances, unjustifiable. It is of the author's apparent unconsciousness of this fact that we complain, not that she did not give Ginevra a more perfect character, and make her conduct herself differently. She not only does not disapprove, but

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she even approves. Ginevra's excessive passion and its unjustifiable indulgence, and would fain persuade us that it was a virtue. True, she makes Ginevra suffer from her imprudence, neglect of filial duty, and disregard of the admonitions and wishes of the church, but not as a merited chastisement. She points all our indignation at Neville, and bids us behold in Ginevra only a martyr to religion. Here her ladyship is wrong, and shows her own defective moral sense. It is this we censure, not her not having made Ginevra a perfect character.

Other faults we could point out, but we have said enough for our purpose. As novels go, *Grantley Manor*, notwithstanding what we have urged against it, deserves, even under a moral point of view, a high rank; and we have criticised it, not because it is worse, but because it is better, than the average. We have, however, in our remarks, looked beyond its particular merits or defects, to popular literature in general. We have wished to call the attention of our popular writers, among the laity, to a fact which they seem to us not to have duly considered, that they may err against religion when the topics they treat are not immediately religious. All principles, whether literary, political, or scientific, are related to the principles of theology. Almighty God has created and sustains and governs all things in order to the church, his immaculate spouse. Nothing in the universe can be seen in its true light, in its real relations, save from her point of view. She, in the ontological order, is not subsequent to reason and nature, but they are subsequent to her; and reason, if strong enough and clear-sighted enough to see truth in its unity and catholicity, would perceive, that, without the dogmas of the Catholic faith, it would cease to be reason. The church is no accident in creation or providence. As this lower world was made for man, so man was made for the church, the crowning glory of the works of the Almighty. Every thing is related to her. All truth, in whatever order we find it, is from God, through her, and has its unity and complement in her alone. It is important that we remember this.

This being so, theology, as the schoolmen always maintained, is the science of sciences, and gives the law to every particular science, and therefore to every department of human thought. Consequently, every psychological or ontological, every literary or political error, is at bottom an error against faith, and, if pushed to its last consequences,

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would be found to deny some element of the church's teaching. Here is the great fact which our popular writers seem to us to overlook. They seem to us to write under the persuasion, that, if they are not professedly treating theological topics, they are in no danger of erring against religion; that religion has nothing to do with their literary, political, or scientific principles; that, if they adopt false principles under these heads, it is their own affair, and religion has no right to call them to an account for it. Literature, politics, science, they assume, are subject to human reason alone, exempt by their very nature from all ecclesiastical or theological supervision or control; and if they assent to the several articles formally proposed by the church as *de fide*, no fault can be found with them, whatever the views they advance, or the tendencies they follow. Hence it seldom occurs to them, when not writing professedly on religious topics, to compare the principles they adopt with the principles of their religion; and hence it is not unfrequently we find them, in their literature, politics, and pretended sciences, undermining the very truths they assent to in their profession of faith.

It is true, that, though every error is at bottom an error against faith, or the truth taught by the church, yet not every error is culpable or a heresy; for no error is counted a heresy that is not immediately against some proposition of faith, and none is culpable that is free from malice. It is true, also, that the church does not take official notice of errors which are only indirectly and remotely against faith. But no error is harmless. Errors, as Melchior Cano teaches us, which do not kill faith outright, may yet impair its soundness, render it weak and sickly, and hinder the free, healthy, and vigorous growth of Catholic piety. Even these indirect and remote errors against faith, which may coexist in the mind with a firm faith in the Christian mysteries, conceal the germs of heresy, which some acute, bold, and self-willed reasoner may one day develop and mature into a doctrine formally heretical, and which may prove the destruction of thousands, perhaps millions, of souls. All heresies take their rise in popular literature, or science. No heresiarch sets out with the express and formal denial of the faith, for no man in the outset intends to be an heresiarch, —ever says to himself, Go to, now, let us found a heresy. His heresy is only the logical development of principles which he finds already incorporated into popular literature

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and science, already received as axioms by the popular mind, and held by persons of unquestioned orthodoxy. What lies barren, or apparently so, in other minds becomes fruitful in his, and ripens into doctrines directly and immediately against faith. He, having more confidence in his own judgment than in the decision of the church, or being too proud to acknowledge his errors, adheres to them after their condemnation by authority, and thus becomes an heresiarch.

It is, then, never a matter of slight importance what are the principles and views we entertain and set forth even in those provinces which our popular writers are apt to consider as remote from religion. It is precisely from this quarter that danger is to be specially apprehended; for popular writers, treating subjects not immediately connected with faith, and borrowing their views, not from the special study of the subjects to which they respectively pertain, but from the loose and uncertain public sentiment of their time and place, are of all writers those who are the most liable to err, and their readers, who are rarely the best instructed or the most devout of the Catholic community, are precisely those who are of all readers the least able to detect their errors. The danger becomes especially greater in a Protestant country, where we breathe constantly the atmosphere of heresy, and form our literary and scientific tastes and habits by the study of heretical writings. In England and this country, whether we are converts, or whether we have been brought up Catholics, our literary education, as far as relates to our own language, is received under Protestant influences, and from Protestant literature. This literature, whether grave or light, whether immediately or only remotely connected with religion, is full of false principles. We unconsciously imbibe these principles; they become the habits of our intellectual life; and whenever we write, unless on topics immediately religious, or unless we have received a special theological education, and that a thorough one, we necessarily reproduce them, and give as Catholic literature only a copy, usually an exaggerated copy, of the Protestant. The less directly connected with religion, the more remote from theological subjects, the more popular in its character this imitative literature is, the more is its influence to be dreaded. Kirwan's Letters are comparatively harmless, for the Catholic reader is on his guard against them; but not so with one of Bulwer's or Miss Bremer's

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novels, or a Catholic novel written on similar principles, in a like spirit; for such a work is not read for its theology, is not presumed to be related to theology, the reader is not on his guard, and therefore receives its poison before suspecting it to be poisonous.

In treating such questions as those to which we in our *Review* for the most part confine ourselves, it is easy to keep clear of any grave errors; for we have nothing to do but to write what has been taught us. But in popular literature, the case is different; because that is the expression of our own interior life, and necessitates the application of Catholic truth to matters remote from the direct and formal teaching of the church, and where we must trust to our own discernment of principles and power of logical deduction. If we are but little accustomed, as is the case with most men, to discriminate, if we are but indifferent logicians, if we are mere poets, sentimentalizers, or declaimers, and if our interior life, save in what is directly and immediately connected with religion, is formed by the heretical, infidel, and Jacobinical literature of the age and country, we shall produce only a literature which, as Catholics, we must deprecate, and which can be influential only for evil.

No class of writers need to be so thoroughly instructed in Catholic faith and theology, none need so much meditation and to approach so frequently the sacraments, as they who would write popular novels, or conduct literary and political journals. A political journal, conducted by a Catholic, circulating almost exclusively among Catholics, and exerting a wide and deep influence by appeals to the weaknesses or the dominant sentiments and tendencies of its public, yet, in all save what is immediately and formally of faith, breathing the tone, adopting the style, and advocating the Jacobinical principles of the literature which has formed the general character of its editors, can do more than the whole anti-Catholic press combined to retard, under existing circumstances, the growth of Catholicity in this Protestant country. We have and have had for a long time, more than one such journal exerting its baleful influence, to the grief of our Catholic pastors and of every Catholic who prizes his religion, as he should above all other things,—not excepting even politics and patriotism; for patriotism itself is a virtue only when it springs from religion and is subordinated and made subservient to religion.

Literature must always exert a bad influence when it is

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the product of half-educated authors, who make up in impudence what they lack in humility, in conceit what they lack in knowledge, and in vehemence what they lack in sober sense and religious feeling. Such authors only echo what is popular, and reinforce what is already objectionable in public opinion. They are unable to discriminate between the popular and the true; and uniformly take it for granted, that, if they write what their public approves, they write what is just and true in itself. This would do, if they were Jacobins or infidels, but will not do, if they are Catholics, and wish to exert no influence not favorable to their religion. Literature is a powerful agent in forming the popular mind, and it ought itself to be formed by pure, holy, and Catholic minds and hearts. It should aim to correct, not to exaggerate, popular errors and tendencies,—not to follow, but to form, public sentiment. To do this, it is a matter of great importance that the men and women who are to produce it should know their religion thoroughly, should, by prayer, meditation, and the frequenting of the sacraments, be thoroughly imbued with its spirit, and then draw from this religion their inspiration and their principles. He who wishes to do evil may go with the current, wafted down the stream by the breath of popular applause; but he who would do good must be always prepared to stem the current, to make his way, as best he can, against wind and tide. The applause of the multitude is never for him who is laboring to serve his day and generation. The people, when he is dead, may erect a monument to his virtues and bedew his memory with their grateful tears; but while he is living, they will not be with him; they will distrust him, thwart him, denounce him, and leave him alone with his conscience and his God. He who is not prepared for trial, for popular opposition, the wrath of demagogues, and of foolish men believing themselves wise, imprudent men believing themselves prudent, timid men believing themselves brave, ignorant men claiming to be wise, and impious men affecting to be pious, is no man to labor in the department of popular literature; and to be thus prepared, one must live above the world while in it, must have his conversation in heaven, his affections weaned from the earth, and his heart set only on hearing at the last day that welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for January, 1849.]

If the question were an open one, whether we shall or shall not have a periodical and newspaper press, that is, journalism or no journalism, we are not sure but we should decide in the negative. The press may have its advantages, but it certainly has its disadvantages, and is productive of serious evils. Its natural tendency is to bring literature down to the level of the tastes and attainments of the unreasoning, undisciplined, and conceited multitude, and to lessen the demand for patient thought, sound learning, and genuine science. Under its influence, the more light and superficial literature is, the more popular it becomes, and the richer the reward of its authors. It must be adapted to the most numerous class of readers, and win them by appeals to their prejudices or their passions; and if profound, if it go to the bottom of things, and treat its subjects scientifically, it will transcend the popular capacity, demand some mental discipline and application on the part of readers, and be rejected as heavy, uninteresting, and therefore worthless. There will be no demand for it in the market, and it will lie on the shelves of the bookseller.

At the same time, too, that the press, in the modern acceptation, tends to make literature light, shallow, and unprofitable, in order to meet the popular demand, it reacts on the public mind, and unfits it for a literature of a more respectable character. A people accustomed to read only newspapers and the light trash of the day can relish nothing else. The stomach that has long been fed only with slops loses its power to bear solid food. We find every day that even newspapers of the more respectable class are too heavy and too learned for the people. It is but a small minority of their subscribers who read their more elaborate editorials. The majority can find time and patience only to glance the eye over the shorter paragraphs, catch a joke here and an item of news there. Nothing that cannot be read on the run, and comprehended at a glance, is looked upon as worth reading at all. To expect that the mass of readers will read essays of any length and solidity,—unless essays in defence of some humbug, or in exposition of some new theory for

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turning the world into chaos,—otherwise than by running the eye over them, and catching the first sentence of here and there a paragraph, is to prove one's self a real antediluvian, and a far greater curiosity than the Belgian Giant or the Mammoth Ox.

Moreover, the tendency of the press is to bring before an unprepared public questions that can be profitably discussed only before a professional audience. The people need and can receive the results of the most solid learning and the most profound and subtile philosophy, but they can neither perform nor appreciate the processes by which those results are obtained. Hodge and Goody Jones have little ability to follow the discussion of the higher metaphysical questions, or of the more intricate points of theology. The great body of the people are not and cannot be scholars, philosophers, theologians, or statesmen. They must have teachers and masters, and are as helpless without them as a flock of sheep without a shepherd. Do what you will, they will follow leaders of some sort, and the modern attempt to make them their own teachers and masters results only in exposing them to a multitude of miserable pretenders, who lead them where there is no pasture, and where the wolves congregate to devour them. You may call this aristocracy, priestcraft, want of respect for the people, what you will; it is a fact as plain as the nose on a man's face, proved by all history, and confirmed by daily experience. There is no use, no sense, no honesty, in attempting to deny or to disguise it. There never was a greater humbug than the modern schemes for introducing equality of education, whether by levelling upwards or by levelling downwards. The order of the world is,—the few lead, the many are led; and whether you like it or not, you cannot make it otherwise, and every attempt to make it otherwise only makes the matter worse.

It is strange that our wise men, as they would be thought, do not see this. Go into your political world, and is it not so? What mean, if not, your town, county, state, and national committees, your party organizations, party usages, caucuses, conventions, and nominations prior to elections? If the people are capable of managing for themselves, of having their own leaders, why do you undertake to lead them? Why, when the French republicans had overthrown the monarchy, and proclaimed universal suffrage, did they establish their clubs, and send out their commissioners through all the departments, armed with power to compel

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the people to vote for a given description of candidates for the national assembly? If they believed either in the right or the capacity of the people to govern themselves, why did they not trust them? Who knows not that the fashionable democracy of the day is a humbug, got up by the miserable demagogues, solely because by it they, instead of king or nobility, may stand a chance of governing the people, and deriving a profit from them? Who knows not that the people are as much led under a democracy as under any other form of government, only by a different and, perhaps, a more numerous, as well as a more hungry and despotic, class of leaders? Who does not know that the despotism your prominent democrats dread is simply the despotism which prevents them from being despots? O, it goes to an honest man's heart to see how the poor people are deceived, duped, to their own destruction!

We speak not in contempt of the people, or in disregard of their claims. God has made it our duty, for his sake, bound us by our allegiance to him, to love the people, to devote ourselves to their service, to live for them, and, if need be, to die for them. There is nothing too good for them. Scholars, philosophers, teachers, magistrates, all are for them, are bound to live and labor for their temporal and spiritual well-being; and they neglect the duties of their state, if they do not. That they often do not is but too lamentably true. The people have been most shamefully, sinfully neglected, in all ages and countries of the world, and their wrongs have cried, and do still cry, aloud to Heaven. The rich, the learned, the great, the powerful, too frequently look upon the possessions Almighty God has given them as if they were given them for their own especial benefit, instead of a sacred trust to be employed in the service of the poor and needy. Their shameful neglect of their duty, their sinful abuse of their trusts, has furnished the occasion to modern radicalism, and given to radicals a pretext for the destructive war they are carrying on against them. But this, though it condemn them, does not justify the radicals, or prove that the people can get on without teachers and rulers. It only proves, that, when their legitimate leaders abuse their trusts, they will grow rebellious and seek a new set of leaders, who will be only less competent and more unfaithful.

Assuming that the people must have leaders, that they cannot dispense with teachers, it is evident that there must

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be questions which are not proper to be brought before them, —not precisely because of their sacredness, but because of their unintelligibleness to the unprepared intellect; because they involve principles which transcend the reach of the undisciplined mind, and require for the right understanding of them preliminary studies which the bulk of mankind do not and cannot make. The people need and may receive the full benefit of law, and yet they cannot all be lawyers; for the law demands a special study, and a long and painful study in those who would be worthy legal practitioners. The same may be said of medicine, and with even more truth of theology. Theology requires a professional study, and men, whatever their genius, natural abilities, and general learning, can only blunder the moment they undertake to treat it, unless they have made it a special study, under able and accomplished professors. Theological science does not come, like Dogberry's reading and writing, by nature, is not a natural instinct, your transcendental young ladies to the contrary notwithstanding. To bring it into the forum, and to discuss it before the populace, is only to divest it of all that transcends the popular understanding.

We have seen this among Protestants. Luther and his associates knew perfectly well that their novelties would be instantly rejected in the schools, scouted by professional theologians, called upon to judge them by the laws of theological science; they therefore appealed to the public, to an unprofessional jury, that is, from science to ignorance, as do and must appeal all innovators. They supposed they obtained a verdict, and they raised the shout of triumph; but their triumph has been, in general terms, the complete destruction among Protestants of theological science, the rejection of all the definitions and distinctions of scholastic theology as unmeaning, the virtual discarding of all the mysteries of faith, and the reduction of the whole Christian doctrine to a vague sentiment, or to the few propositions of natural religion which do not rise above the level of the vulgar. The people, if made arbiters, will always decide that what transcends their understanding is unintelligible, and that what is unintelligible is false,—non-existent.

The practice of appealing to the people, in controversies which lie out of their province, has a bad effect on the controversialists themselves. In controversies confined to professional audiences, the controversialists are held in check, are forced to be exact in their statements, and close and

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rigid in their deductions; for the slightest error, they know, will be detected and exposed. But when the controversy is carried on before the people, who know nothing of the subject but what they learn from the controversialists themselves, and have neither the ability nor the patience to follow step by step a long and closely linked argument, the disputants are tempted to indulge in loose statements, misstatements, and sophistications. Before the professional audience, the question must be discussed on its merits, and each party is obliged to seek for, and confine himself to, the truth; but before a popular audience, the parties, knowing that the tribunal is incompetent to decide the question on its merits, are free, so far as exposure is concerned, to seek only a verdict, and, consequently, to hold themselves free to resort to any methods which will secure it. False assertions and false reasoning, if they will weigh with the jury, will answer their purpose as well as truth. One party may detect the falsehood or the sophistry of the other, but what of that? How often have Catholics detected and exposed the falsehoods and sophistries of Protestants! But what has it availed? The Protestant appealed to the people, reasserted his falsehood, reproduced his sophistry, and triumphed.

The practice, also, has a bad effect on the people. It places them in a false position, and makes them judges where they should be learners. It destroys the docility of their dispositions, the loyalty of their hearts, and makes them proud, conceited, arrogant, turbulent, and seditious. It throws them into a state in which there is no good for them, in which Almighty God himself cannot help them, if he respects their free-will, if he does not convert them into machines, and annihilate them as men. We see this in the present state of the Protestant world. The child is hardly breeched before he is wiser than his parents, and regards it as a violation of his natural rights that he should be required to obey them. The pert youth, with the soft down on his chin, has no idea that he shows any lack of modesty in telling a Webster or a Calhoun that he differs from him in his political views; or in saying to the most grave and learned divine, "Sir, we differ in opinion, and are not likely to agree." Hodge sits in judgment on the Angel of the Schools, and Goody Jones instructs her minister in the interpretation of Scripture. The pretty miss, hardly in her teens, never once doubts that she has discovered that all mankind have hitherto been wholly in the wrong, and that

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nobody ever had a clear and comprehensive view of the truth in morals, politics, or religion, till she planted herself on her young instincts, and mastered all things. Sentiment is placed above reason, even by your great Dr. Bushnell; instinct is declared the great teacher of wisdom, by your greater Emerson, said to be the greatest man in America; and Alcott and Wordsworth tell you to sit down by the cradle, and look into Baby's eyes, if you would learn the secrets of the universe. It requires no great wisdom to sneer at what transcends our own limited capacity, no great knowledge to reject as non-existent whatever appears not within the circle of our own mole-eyed vision, or to forego all the accumulations of the race, to strip ourselves naked, and to run through the streets of the city calling out to the people to look and see what marvellous progress we have made, how far we have advanced on our predecessors.

But the question is no longer an open one. We may see and deplore the evils of the press or journalism, but it exists, and we must deal with it as a fact, and as a fact which will exist in spite of us. The only question for us is, whether we will use it in the cause of truth, religion, freedom, social order, or suffer it to be used exclusively by radicals and socialists against them. There is no doubt in our mind that the press has done immense harm, by bringing before the public questions which should be discussed only in the schools, by and for those who are to be the teachers of the people, and by whittling literature and science down to the narrow aperture of the vulgar understanding. We cannot help regretting those old times,—those ages of monkish ignorance and superstition, as modern sciolists and unbelievers term them,—when science and learning flourished in the schools, and the few who were to teach and govern were well and thoroughly trained for their state, and the people were docile and loyal. But those ages have passed away, never to return. They cannot be recalled, and we have only to determine and to make the Christian use of what has taken their place. No man of sound sense and respectable scholarship can countenance, for a moment, the modern doctrine of progress, belied by all the monuments of the past; no man, with any just appreciation of the fact, that we are pilgrims and sojourners here, that this world is not our home, that we are here to secure a good to be possessed only hereafter, can for a moment doubt that we have fallen on evil times, and that there was much in the past,

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the loss of which is to be deeply deplored. Nevertheless, it is not the part of wisdom to waste ourselves in idle regrets for the past, any more than in vain apprehensions for the future. No state is or can be so bad, that we cannot serve God in it, if we will, do our duty, and gain the heaven for which our good Father intended us,—all that is or can be desirable. After all, those glorious old monkish times may not have been so superior, all things considered, to the present, as we and those who think with us sometimes persuade ourselves. All who see no wisdom or piety in cursing the mother that bore them are apt to remember of the past only the good it had which the present needs, and to dwell on those evils which the present has which the past had not. They sometimes thus overlook present good, and forget past evil. The evil we have and the good we have lost are always the things which the most sensibly affect us. But there is seldom a loss on the one hand without a gain on the other. Every age has its peculiar defects and its peculiar merits, and it may be that the absolute superiority of one age over another is far less than is commonly imagined. Perhaps, after all, if we were transported to those old times which we regret, we should find them not more tolerable than we find the present.

All things, not divine, are mutable, and constantly changing under our very eyes. Nothing continues as it was; nothing will remain as it is. This is the law of the sublunary world, and we cannot abrogate it, if we would. We must submit to it, and the more cheerfully we submit, the better. We need not suppose that every change is an advance, for, in itself considered, every change may be a deterioration. But when one change has been effected, another often becomes necessary, in order to restore or preserve proportion or equilibrium. Institutions which were good in a given state of things, and better than any thing which can take their place, may, in another state of things, in which they are out of proportion, prove useless, nay, even hurtful. True wisdom then requires them to be changed; and to change them will be, relatively to the new order of things, an improvement, if you will, a progress, though involving the loss of a good once possessed. Thus, the church, which, as a divine institution, is invariable and immovable, proposing always the same end, holding the same principles, teaching the same doctrines, offering the same sacrifice, and employing the same agencies, consults

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always, in her *modes* of acting on the world, in relation to its affairs, the exigencies of time, place, and circumstance. If she did not do so, she would fall, as an active agency, into the past, and fail to accomplish her mission in governing the world and saving souls. To cling to an old mode of acting after it has become superannuated, or to a human institution after it has served its purpose, is as unwise as to seek uncalled-for changes. The church does not insist upon all the provisions even of the canon law in a missionary country, where many of them are and must be inapplicable, and would only embarrass her missionaries and impede her operations. She does not adopt the same mode of dealing with the civil government that is uncatholic that she does with the one that is Catholic and enacts Catholicity as the law of the land. Matters which were disposed of without direct resort to the sovereign pontiffs, while the great patriarchs of Jerusalem, Antioch, or Alexandria retained the apostolic traditions, were necessarily transferred to Rome when those patriarchs had fallen into schism or heresy, and Rome alone retained the faith. Changes of this sort do and must take place, as changes in the world around the church go on. It is hardly necessary to add, that these changes in her modes of acting to meet external changes imply no change in the church herself, no development of doctrine, and no spirit of compliance with the age. She remains the same, and only changes her policy in so far as it falls within the province of human prudence,—and even this only so as to place herself in the attitude to resist the world more effectually, and to guard the faithful against the new dangers to which the external changes expose them. The spirit of compliance does not belong to the church, and it is only in the sense antithetical to the one insisted on by the men of the world, that her children are free to conform to their age. They are to conform to it only in the sense of being always ready to confront it, and to battle against it in the new position it takes up.

In those old times when the people were contented to learn of their pastors, and to obey their lawful rulers, both in church and state, popular literature was not needed, and could serve no good purpose. Special literature in the schools was needed for those whose office it was to teach or to govern, and was cultivated to an extent far beyond what it is now; but a general literature, for the great body of the people, was and could be no want of the times.

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It was enough for the people to be instructed in the elements of Christian doctrine, and the practical duties of their state of life. Any thing more would have done them no good, and might have done them harm. All they needed was to be firm believers in the things necessary to salvation and good practical Christians. To this end they did not need to be speculative philosophers, classical scholars, or profound and learned theologians. Science and literature for amusement, for their own sake, or as a means of keeping people out of mischief, are not wanted, when men have faith in the Gospel, and understand that their sole business in this world is to prepare for another. If people must have amusement, they can always find it in something better than in lying on the sofa after dinner reading the last new novel.

But when those old times passed away, and a new state of things was ushered in,—when the people become indocile, disloyal, restless,—when literature became the *rage*,—when all the passions were stimulated into fearful activity, and all questions, sacred and profane, were wrested from the schools and brought before the multitude, and placed at the mercy of an unenlightened and capricious public opinion,—evidently something more became necessary, and new modes of meeting the enemies of religion indispensable, if the people were not to be abandoned to their own ignorance, conceit, and self-will. Religion must then possess herself of literature, or suffer its influence to be wielded against her. The world had changed; the enemies of truth and justice appeared in new disguises; new evils sprung up, and new dangers threatened, not to be met and discomfited on the old battle-ground, and with the old kind of armour. The enemy having changed his tactics and his armour, the church was obliged to change hers. The amount of instruction in Christian doctrine, the amount of popular intelligence, amply sufficient before, ceased to be adequate, and if not increased, the faithful in large numbers must fall a prey to the artful and designing demagogues, heretics, and infidels lying in wait to seize them. Authority ceased to be respected, law to have any hold on the conscience of the people, and they could be saved only by being enabled, in some degree, to detect and despise the subtilties and the specious promises of their enemies. While there remained, as in the earlier stages of Protestantism, some degree of modesty, even in the heretical populations, and

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their chiefs retained some traces of the culture they had received in the old Catholic schools, it was possible to carry on the war through books elaborately written, and proportioned in size to the magnitude of the subjects treated; but now, when the folio has disappeared, the quarto become a scandal, and the octavo a burden,—when there is a great dearth of clergymen, and nobody respects his superior, or is willing to be taught *viva voce*, we are forced to resort to the press, to *journalism*, as our only practicable medium of reaching that public which most needs to be addressed.

Questions of vital importance have come up which cannot be properly discussed from the pulpit, and which can be treated in a popular manner only through a periodical press that can penetrate where the voice of the preacher cannot reach, and the printed volume will not find its way. Whatever opinion, then, we may form of journalism in itself considered, and however obvious the fact, that editors, as such, do not constitute an order in the Christian hierarchy, we must resort to the means of influence left us by the age in its changes, and, subjecting editors to their legitimate superiors, and confining them within proper limits, employ them to diffuse Christian doctrine, and to defend the rights of the church and the freedom of religion, as well as the social order and the rights of man, or abandon no small portion of the modern world to demagogues, infidels, and heretics,—or, in a word, to the socialism of the age.

The chief danger to be guarded against, in using the press, is that of confounding it with the church, and its managers with divinely commissioned teachers. The modern doctrine of the uncatholic world ascribes to the press most of the attributes which Catholics ascribe to the church, and claims for editors the authority which we concede only to the pastors whom the Holy Ghost has placed over us. Hence it is that editors, and now and then even Catholic editors, forget their place, and seem to regard themselves as so many sovereign pontiffs commissioned to superintend all the affairs of both church and state, and to dictate to the pope, the patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, and clergy the policy they are to pursue. We have before us a work translated from the French, by the able and spirited editor of the *London Tablet*, entitled, *How to enslave a Church*, in the preface to which, the translator with great force and earnestness speaks of the necessity of bringing public opinion to bear upon the legitimate pastors and governors of the church. The worthy

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man in his zeal forgot that he was appealing from authority to the mob, and adopting the very principle of Protestantism and of the grand heresy of modern times. The press is not at liberty to dictate to the church or to her officers, or to superintend or supervise her acts. It must act under authority, under the direction of the church, as her servant, according to her views of what is her service, not as her mistress. It must do her bidding, and have no thought, will, or wish, but hers,—derived from her through legitimate channels. Bearing this in mind, and never forgetting that the press is a mere instrument in the hands of the church, which she condescends to use for her own purposes of charity to mankind, it may not only be resorted to, but resorted to with great profit to the sacred cause of truth and piety.

This has, evidently, become the conviction of Catholics at home and abroad. Hence, within a few years, a Catholic press has sprung up in our own country, in England and the English colonies, and, recently, the Bishop of Ivrea, in Piedmont, has established a journal entitled, *Harmony of Religion with Civilization*, with the express sanction of the Holy Father,—the first journal, we are told, ever established in Europe directly by a bishop. But its establishment, the approval of the design by the Holy Father, who pronounces it very opportune at the present time (*consilium hoc temporibus istis valde opportunum*), and the encouragement which has been given to the Catholic press in this country, by our illustrious prelates and the venerable clergy, prove sufficiently that the church accepts the press, and is willing to use it against the heresy, infidelity, apostasy, and pernicious socialism of our times.

The Catholic press has already acquired no inconsiderable extension among ourselves. Aside from several papers owned and conducted by Catholics, but devoted chiefly to secular matters, such as the *Boston Pilot*, the *Truth-Teller*, the *Nation*, &c., which we do not include in the Catholic press, we have thirteen journals, of which eleven are published once a week, one once a month, and one once in three months; ten in the English language, two in the German, and one in the French. Leaving our *Review* out of the question, of which it does not become us to speak, these journals are, in general, conducted with learning, spirit, and ability; and several of them deservedly rank high among the periodicals of the country. In them all, with one or

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two exceptions, there has been a manifest improvemen during the last two or three years. They have assumed a bolder tone, and exhibited a freer and more independent spirit, taken a wider view and shown a more correct appreciation, of the general characteristics of the age.

Undoubtedly, the Catholic press, with us, has not in every respect met, and does not yet meet, the wants of the age and country. It has had difficulties of no ordinary character to contend with. Laymen, ordinarily, are not the proper persons to conduct a Catholic press, and never, unless they have made special theological studies, or take the precaution to submit what they write or intend to write to some one who has,—and our clergy have been too few in number for the Catholic population of the country, have been necessarily engrossed with the multiplicity of their missionary duties, and have had, after being placed on missions, little time for study, and still less to write for newspapers. That they have been able to do no more need not surprise us; that they have been able to do so much, and to do it so well, is the wonder.

Moreover, the people on whom our journals have had to depend for their support were, for the most part, recent emigrants from foreign countries, and limited in their education and in their means. They came from countries subjected to Protestant or infidel rulers, where their religion was oppressed, and all that power, malice, and ingenuity could do had been done to degrade and brutalize its adherents. They were, as to the majority, firm believers, sincere Christians, honest and hard-working men and women, but they were not profound philosophers or erudite scholars. They knew of their faith all that was necessary to salvation, and understood the practical duties of their state; but they did not understand the Catholic doctrine in all its relations to the several departments of human thought and action, nor did they take enlarged and comprehensive views of the various tendencies or peculiar heresies of the age or country. How should they? It had been as much as they could do to continue to live and to practise the Catholic worship. They could not understand or feel the importance of discussions, however necessary for the age, which were foreign to their habits of thought and sphere of action. They were strangers, exiles from home, and their interests and affections naturally clustered around the land from which they had been driven. If they took a paper, it was to learn some-

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thing of the home which they had left beyond the blue waves, of the friends and relatives dear to their memories, still lingering and suffering there; nothing more natural, nothing more innocent, nothing more honorable to the human heart. The press was obliged to recognize this state of the Catholic population, and to confine itself, in no small degree, to the news and interests of the several foreign countries from which they had emigrated. Beyond these, it could go no further than to touch upon a few matters connected with the rights and duties of Catholics here, and to repel such attacks upon their religion as in their daily intercourse with non-Catholics they were most exposed to. More than this Catholics did not ask from their journals; more than this they were not prepared to receive; and for an editor to have attempted much more, even if he had had the leisure, would only have lessened the interest of his paper and endangered its existence. While things so remained, it was impossible for our Catholic press to be other than it has been. The individuals amongst us disposed to speak lightly of it, and to complain that it has not assumed a higher tone and broader views, should remember this, and withhold their censures. Instead of finding fault, we should give our hearty thanks to those who, amid so many difficulties and so many discouragements, have labored so successfully to build up for us a Catholic press.

But the position of Catholics in this country has already changed, and is every day changing, for the better. It is still, in many respects, no doubt, "the day of small things." Every thing cannot be done in a moment. The church was six hundred years in expelling paganism from the old Roman empire. But all is every day taking a more favorable turn; our strength is daily increasing, and our population is becoming more compact and homogeneous. We have already a large and intelligent body of Catholics, who look upon this country as their home, and who feel, without forgetting their fatherland, that this is to be the home of their children, and that it is their first duty to make it a *Catholic* home for them. They are finding themselves in easy circumstances, and begin to see that they are no longer mere outcasts, but in a position to take part in the affairs of the country and the great questions of the day. We have now our own colleges and seminaries; shall soon have our own primary schools, and form a strong, compact, and influential body in the American republic. All this imposes upon us

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new duties, and develops new wants, literary and social. The state of things with us has evidently changed, and the Catholic press must change, and, in fact, is changing accordingly. It may and it must assume a higher tone, enlarge the range of its discussions, and rise to the exigency of the times.

The salvation of the American republic depends on Catholicity. The principles adopted by Protestants and infidels, if logically developed, can give us nothing but the most ultra socialism; yet Catholics, at least many of them, the moment they come out of the sphere of what is immediately of faith, unwittingly adopt these very principles, and sustain in literature and politics premises which, in their legitimate consequences, are hostile, not only to the church, but to social order and to all natural morality. They mean nothing of all this; they love their religion, and would not knowingly do or say aught inconsistent with it; but in proportion as they take part in the political world, they catch the spirit of the age, and that spirit is socialistic, against which the Holy Father, Pius IX., in his noble encyclical, has solemnly warned us. What portion of the American population has outdone the nominally Catholic population of our cities, in their enthusiastic admiration of the late infidel and socialistic revolutions in Europe? And does not all this prove that the bulk of our Catholic population do not understand the relations of their religion to the great questions of the day, —that they do not understand their religion in its application to politics and social reforms, and, therefore, in these matters, borrow their notions from the world, which seeks, first of all, to crush the church? Catholicity can save our republic only by being practised in public as well as in private life,—only by prescribing our public as well as private morals.

Here is a great subject of immediate practical importance, on which our Catholic press may and must speak, if it would not fail in its duty, with a boldness, an energy, and a distinctness it has never yet assumed. On this point, with a few exceptions, it has been feeble and timid, and, apparently, half afraid to grapple with the monster heresy of modern times. Indeed, if a Catholic editor ventures to repeat the words of our Lord, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice," and to censure as uncatholic the contrary doctrine, there are not wanting papers, owned and conducted by Catholics, and having a wide influence over the Catholic

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community, to denounce him, sneer at him, and to hold him up to the contempt of the Catholic public, and not altogether without success. Here is an evil to be remedied, and in remedying which the Catholic press must unite with one voice, heart, and soul, and speak out as becomes a Catholic press.

The press, to be useful, must understand thoroughly the age and the form of its heresy. The heresy of our times is socialism,—manifesting itself in indifferentism on the one hand, and in the elevation of the earthly above the heavenly on the other. The press, without intending it, may, and sometimes does, strengthen this heresy. In a particular locality there occurs a particular act of bigotry. The press, in exposing it, declaims against bigotry and intolerance, and thus gives occasion to the inference, that Catholics hold that men have the moral right to be of any religion they choose, and that, if a man is only honest and sincere in his religion, be that religion what it may, it is enough. We have heard Catholics actually say as much. Foolish men allege that the church is hostile to liberty. A Catholic editor feels that he must repel the charge; and, in doing so, gives occasion to the inference, that the church approves of liberty not merely in its true sense, but in the false sense in which it is understood by her enemies. A miserable demagogue alleges that she is anti-democratic; an inconsiderate Catholic, full at once of Catholic and democratic zeal, undertakes to prove the contrary; not perceiving, that, by entertaining such an objection, he raises politics above religion, and subjects, in principle, the church to the state. Another asserts that the church does not favor the movements for social reform. Forthwith Catholics come out and propose *an alliance* between the church and socialism, that is, an alliance of the church with the peculiar heresy of the age,—a heresy which is the *résumé* of all the heresies which have been from the time of Cerinthus down to our time. All these blunders we have seen during the last four years in Catholic publications at home and abroad, and the consequences may be read in the treatment the church now receives in every European country. The universal persecution of which the church is now the object is all owing to Catholics who failed to detect and denounce the heresy when it first began to creep in, and to stand firm to the principles of their own holy religion. Their own cowardice and shameful compromise with error have brought down upon them the chastisements of Almighty

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God. If Catholics in England had not been steeped in worldliness and been rank cowards, Henry VIII. could never have involved them in schism, and Elizabeth could never have founded the present Anglican Church. To find the proof of it, we need but look to Ireland, to Irish Catholics, who, while they feared God, feared nothing else. There is no sense or propriety in declaiming against those outside of the church. They are of their father, the devil, and his works they will do. What else should we expect? The fault to be deplored and remedied is in Catholics themselves. If they abuse the gifts of Heaven, they must expect them to be withdrawn.

Socialism, the legitimate consequence, not of republicanism as understood by our American fathers and incorporated into our American constitutions, but of modern *progressive*, philosophical, or radical democracy, such as has led to the French revolution, such as is seeking to triumph in Germany, is the great question of the day, and a question in the discussion of which Catholics in this country, as well as elsewhere, must take part. It has found its way here; it is playing an important part in our politics; it is undermining our free institutions; and there is no power on earth but Catholicity that can arrest it. Nothing else furnishes the principles from which it can be logically refuted. The whole uncatholic world would embrace it, if it had only the courage to be consistent, as we proved, over and over again, when we had the misfortune, the sin, and shame of being ourselves a socialist. Many denounced us then, but no man not a Catholic did or could refute us. No advocate of the late French revolution approaches to a refutation of the doctrines of the red-republicans and the socialists of France. A thousand voices denounce Cabet and Proudhon, but not one refutes them. They only draw the conclusion for which the moderate republicans provide the premises. It is only from the high standpoint of Catholicity that any man has or can have a word to say against that terrible socialism which sweeps away the church, the state, the family, property, and reduces all men to a dead level, and a level with the beasts that perish. On Catholics in Europe and on Catholics in America is devolved the task of resisting and overcoming, by the grace of God, this monster. Opposition to it from any other quarter is an inconsequence, a fallacy. Our Catholic press does not seem to us to have felt the full importance of this subject. Mere political changes are of comparative

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ndifference; the church can coexist with any form of government, but she cannot coexist with socialism. The two forces are inherently antagonistical, and one can exist only by the destruction of the other. There can be no *transaction*, no compromise between them. The one is Christ, the other is Antichrist.

We urge this point, because we feel that it is one on which Catholics, as well as others, need enlightening. Many of the questions which come up are new, and can be decided only in the light of general principles. The application of Catholic principles to social and political questions, in the new forms in which modern society brings them up, is hardly better understood by the great body of the Catholic laity than by non-Catholics themselves. They know that in all matters they are to act honestly, conscientiously; but beyond this they have received very little, if any, direct instruction. But now, when all political and social affairs devolve on the people at large, this is not enough. Popular instruction must enlarge its sphere, and a portion of that knowledge which was formerly necessary only for teachers and rulers must now be diffused through the great body of the people; and to do this seems to us to be peculiarly the province of the Catholic press. No doubt a clamor will be raised, no doubt all manner of charges will be made, and good timid souls will tremble, if the press venture to speak out distinctly, firmly, boldly, the truth as enlightened Catholics do and must hold it; but what of that? Who cares for clamors and false charges? Who is a coward? Who is afraid to live or die for Catholic truth? Who so base as to take counsel of his fears? Let the timid quake, let the false heart denounce, let wicked men and devils rage. What if they do? Put on the whole armour of God, and fear nothing. If you are for God, is not God for you? and who is so silly as to suppose, if God is for him, that any thing can be against him? Out with the truth, out with the precise truth needed by this age, and shame the devils back to their den. Have ye not the old saints and martyrs for an example, and for advocates and protectors? Had they heeded clamors, and outcries, and the fears of the timid, the terrors of the cowardly, think ye they would ever have conquered the world, and made the heathen the possession of their King?

We know that the press cannot take its proper stand without loss of popularity, and that a press that wants popularity

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can receive but a feeble support. This is one of the evils to which the press is always exposed, and why it can never be so efficient an instrument for good as men suppose. The popularity of a paper is in an inverse ratio to its worth. It is popular by virtue of appealing to popular passion or prejudice, by encouraging popular tendencies, falling in with the spirit of the people or the age,—the very things it should resist. We know this very well; but still we believe that this evil is less among Catholics, or more easily overcome among them, than among others, for they have faith and conscience. And we also believe that there is already a body of Catholics in this country, of right feelings and views, numerous enough to sustain a truly Catholic press, adapted to the real wants of the times. Catholics are not strangers to deeds of charity, and there are many who have means, and who, we doubt not, have the will, to sustain a press beyond the subscription to a single copy for themselves individually. Let the journal take a high stand, be conducted with energy and ability, on true Catholic principles, and we will not believe that Catholics will suffer it to languish.

We know perfectly well that the press cannot with us assume its proper rank without much labor and sacrifice, and not at all, unless its support is looked upon as a religious duty, and men undertake to sustain it for God's sake. But in these times and in this country, we hazard nothing in saying that the support of the *Catholic* press is a religious duty, a duty to our God and to our neighbour. It is an act of spiritual charity, which, if we love God, we shall feel it not only our duty, but our pleasure to perform. If the press has, as we have endeavoured to prove, become in these times an indispensable or even a useful instrument in the hands of Catholics for the defence of religion, the doctrines and rights of the church, and even of social order and natural morality, it is the duty of Catholics to support it to the full extent of its wants and their means. Suppose this Catholic may not want this or that journal for himself personally. What then? Has he means? Can he afford to take it and pay for it? Let him do it, then. It will help sustain the journal for those who do need it, and perhaps his own family may find an advantage in it, if not to-day, at least to-morrow. The volumes of *The Catholic Magazine* or of our *Quarterly Review* will have a value next year as well as this, and we may say nearly as much of even any weekly

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journal, well conducted, on truly Catholic principles, like *The Freeman's Journal*, *The Pittsburg Catholic*, or the *Propagateur Catholique*, to mention no more. It is of great importance to us as Catholics, as American citizens, that we have such journals in the country. We want a quarterly review, for the more elaborate and scientifical discussion of the great questions which come up; we want also a monthly magazine, for that class of readers who have not the leisure to master the elaborate discussions of the quarterly,—supposing the quarterly to be properly conducted,—and who yet want something more solid and of more permanent interest than the weekly journal; we want the weekly journals in all parts of the country, for the whole body of the Catholic community, to keep them informed of what is passing at home and abroad, and to direct them in forming their judgments of passing events. These three classes of publications, each in its sphere, are all wanted, and one as much as another. The only rivalry there can be between them is as to which shall most efficiently serve the cause of Catholicity. Catholics should feel that it is a religious duty to support them all, and even when they do not always see the soundness of the views on various questions which one or another of them may from time to time put forth. No editor of a *Catholic* journal speaks out of his own head, but, if not a doctor himself, takes care to submit to the supervision and direction of one who is. If his journal puts forth an unpopular doctrine, the Catholic reader may in general be sure that it has been done not inconsiderately, but only because it is Catholic doctrine, or implied by Catholic doctrine, and cannot be lost sight of without detriment to Catholic life. If you ever distrust a Catholic journal at all, if published with the approbation of the ordinary, distrust it when you find it falling in with the popular doctrines of the day, and confirming the public in their prejudices or their fallacies. We make no personal complaints; we have been treated by the Catholic public with a kindness, an indulgence, which goes to our heart, and makes us feel how unworthy we are to fill the post we occupy; but we cannot help thinking that Catholics do not generally feel as they should the importance, nay, the obligation, to support a *Catholic* press, and all the more earnestly and perseveringly, the more indisposed it is to appeal to popular prejudices, and to flatter popular passions.

The press may itself do not a little to promote right views

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and feelings in the Catholic population on this point. The principle of the Catholic press must always be different from that of the Protestant or infidel press. The non-Catholic press proceeds on the principle, that the people are the jury, and that editors are simply advocates addressing them. It seeks simply to obtain from the people a verdict in favor of its client. The Catholic press proceeds on the principle, that it has nothing to do but to make known to the people the judgment of the court, that is, of the church, to explain it to the people, and to induce them to accept and conform to it. The Catholic press is and should be simply the organ of authority, and never is and never can be the organ of the people,—a popular tribune. A socialist like Horace Greeley of New York may call his journal *The Tribune;* it is in character, for the people are his church, and humanity is his god; but a *Catholic Tribune* would be a contradiction in terms. Catholic editors never lose sight of this, and, since they must always make it a point to speak under instruction, save on those points where authority leaves them free, they should labor to form their public accordingly, and to correct that tendency, everywhere so strong, to reject as unsound whatever is unpopular, that is, to substitute the judgment of the taught for the judgment of the teacher.

The press must also strengthen itself and extend its influence by its unanimity. In matters expressly of faith, all our journals of course agree; but in other matters it cannot be denied that there has been neither that unanimity nor that mutual good feeling which is so necessary to be maintained. Nearly all our journals are sufficiently courteous towards "our separated brethren," but some of them show a singular want of courtesy, when they have occasion to express their differences from one another. There is no necessity for this. There is no wisdom or piety in vituperation, in personal abuse, in one editor calling another hard names, or in saying things which must wound his feelings. If one journal falls into an error, another has, no doubt, the right to expose it; or if one advances something which another judges to be wrong, the latter may give his views in opposition, freely, and with all the strength of argument he can command; but this he may do, and ought to do, without passion, without personal abuse, and with perfect courtesy and respect towards the journal judged to be in error. Generally speaking, we have ourselves received nothing but praise from the Catholic press, but only one instance has

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come to our knowledge in which a Catholic, or a nominally Catholic, paper has expressed a dissent from our views on a given subject in a courteous tone, or without a sneer. Now this is wrong. If the error is not of sufficient importance to deserve a grave and candid refutation, it deserves no notice at all. Cobbett's style of writing is hardly the one to be cultivated by Catholic editors, even when carrying on a controversy with those without,—certainly not when carrying on one with those within. In replying to those out of the church more latitude is of course allowable, for their good faith is never to be presumed; but in controverting a Catholic editor's statement we must always presume good faith, and that he is ready to correct any error into which he may have fallen the moment it is clearly and distinctly pointed out to him. We have enemies enough elsewhere, without making enemies of one another. We do not hold ourselves infallible, and we recognize the perfect right of others to differ from us; but we do insist that the journal that arraigns what we publish is bound to give its reasons. Simply to object to an article, to say it is *captious*, or not sound, without pointing out what is regarded as captious or unsound, and wherefore it is so regarded, is a want of editorial justice. No professedly Catholic paper should be *cried down* until it has given conclusive evidence that it is hostile to religion, and will not amend its errors; till then, we are free only to *reason* it down.

We have dwelt upon this point because it is important, and because the several Catholic journals, embarked as they are in the same cause, should have a good mutual understanding, and, if they must occasionally rebuke one another, should do it in a truly fraternal spirit, so as to lead to the correction of the error, without any loss of mutual good feeling and affection. There need be and should be no jealousy one of another. There is ample room for all the journals we have; all are wanted; not one of them can be spared; and instead of one interfering with another, they may all be serviceable each to the others. None of them, we trust, have pecuniary gain, or the fame of their editors, for their primary object. They are all established for the good of the Catholic cause, and no one has or can have any other ambition than to serve it as effectually as may be in its power. Let each rejoice, then, in the others' prosperity, and do what it can to promote it.

It is clear from what we have said that the Catholic press

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has to make its way against the popular current, and must often take unpopular views of the great questions which come up. It is highly necessary that we all understand this, and that, when one journal does this, the others should be ready to second it, and never leave it to fight its battles single-handed. The instant and hearty coöperation of the whole press adds greatly to its power and efficiency. But this is a point on which we need not enlarge, because, in the main, on this head there is not much ground of complaint. And, indeed, excepting the want of personal courtesy and kind feeling between editors who chance to differ on certain questions, in stating what the Catholic press should be, we are only stating what the Catholic press proper, excluding the papers excluded some pages back, has already become, or, as rapidly as circumstances permit, is already becoming. *The Catholic Magazine* is an excellent periodical, and fills its place well; *The Pittsburg Catholic* is a journal conducted with great energy and ability, with true Catholic courage, and with a full appreciation of the age and country; and we may say the same of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, which bids fair to become the model of a Catholic newspaper, and which is already superior, in our judgment, to *The London Tablet*, —at least in the fact that it keeps within its legitimate sphere, and does not assume a sort of episcopacy over the pope, bishops, and clergy, as if it devolved on it to see that they discharged their duties properly.

The class of papers which we have not included in the Catholic press may also do great service. They are devoted chiefly to Irish interests, but that is a recommendation; for nothing that can be done here can more effectually serve Ireland than the elevation and independence of our Irish population. These papers, if judiciously conducted, may be of immense service, not only to the Irish population, but to the whole people of the United States. The fault we find with these papers is, that they take their political and social principles from the age, instead of Catholicity, and, directly or indirectly, favor the socialistic or radical tendencies of our times. Espartero, Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, and Hecker have found defenders or eulogists in the columns of *The Boston Pilot*. It is not the Irish feeling or devotion to Irish interests of these papers that offends us, for we will go as far to serve Ireland as will the Irish themselves, but their radical or socialistic tendency, of which their conductors seem to be wholly unconscious. Their editors accept and

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follow that spirit of the age which the church does and must resist, for it is antichristian. No doubt, they believe that they are following no spirit not perfectly compatible with their religion. No doubt, they suppose that their religion leaves them free to adopt any views of man and society in regard to this world they please. We do not believe that one of them would knowingly, intentionally, do aught to injure the cause of religion; but they do not know what spirit they are of; they do not see that the spirit they are following is the spirit of the world,—that spirit which places the earthly above the heavenly,—and that the principles they adopt, and which they find everywhere taken for granted in the books and journals they read, if carried out, would overthrow all religion, all morality, all society. They are popular writers, full of noble and generous impulses, and well fitted in these times to draw the multitude after them. Let them but defer to authority, let them take their politics from the approved doctors of the church, and their views of society from Catholic theology, study their religion in its relations to society, and remember that our condition in this world can be really ameliorated only in proportion as we seek heaven and live for God, and they will render an essential service to their countrymen and ours. They would then be a noble auxiliary to the Catholic press, and would exert a salutary influence where that does not and cannot penetrate. We want a secular press. We want just such journals as these might be, just as much as we want any others. May we not hope that the developments of the revolutionary and socialistic spirit in Europe, the terrible evils to religion they bring in their train, the present situation of the church,—opposed everywhere, her rights disregarded and trampled on, the liberty of teaching denied her, her religious driven from their homes, her priests assassinated, her bishops exiled, imprisoned, or hung, and all the sympathy of the world, even in nations professedly Catholic, if we except Ireland, given to the party that persecutes her,—will not be without effect on these secular editors, induce them to review their principles, to reëxamine them in the light of the true Catholic doctrine, and finally bring them into line with the Catholic press, to do valiant battle on the same side, against the same enemies, and for the same glorious but unpopular cause? In these times, all that is true-hearted and chivalric should rush to the defence of the church, without which there is no salvation, no moral or so-

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cial well-being. Can any one who calls the blessed old church of God his mother fail to see that his place is on the side of authority against the anarchical doctrines of the day, and that there is no hope for any country but in the freedom and independence of the church, and through her ministry?

But we have spun out our remarks to a far greater extent than we intended. We have spoken as one of the editorial corps to our brethren, to interchange our views with them, not to dictate to them the course they ought to pursue, for we have no disposition and no right to dictate. We have only thrown out our views, and endeavoured to justify them by solid reasons. We have spoken not for our brethren of the press so much as for the public, who seem to us not to appreciate properly the importance of the Catholic press, nor to understand precisely the difficulties it has to contend with, what they ought to expect from it, or what is their duty in reference to it. They seem to us too remiss in supporting it, and too ready to find fault with it whenever it does not happen to countenance their momentary crotchets. To our brethren of the Catholic press we return our cordial thanks for the kindness they have shown us, and beg them to pardon us if in any respect we have violated in their regard the principles we have insisted upon in the present article. It is not every one who "recks his own rede," or practises what he preaches, and we are not exempt from the common infirmities of our race. We mean never to disfigure our pages with any other severity than that of reason, and if we ever do, it is unintentionally and unconsciously.

We have insisted earnestly upon the importance of the press, but we have wished to be understood as insisting upon its importance only in its sphere, and as controlled and used by the church as an auxiliary to her other modes of operation. We want the press free, independent, as it regards the people and secular authority; but as regards the church, free only to do her bidding. We do not want it to exist as an independent institution, a sort of lay episcopacy. Doing the bidding of the church, it can do no harm, but may do much good. Nevertheless, let us never forget that the great work itself we want done is, after all, done not by men, but by God himself, using or not using men, as seems to him good, and therefore that always our most effectual working will be prayer to him that he will be pleased himself to work. A single prayer offered in secret to Almighty God,

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by some devout soul, unknown to the world, shall effect more than our most elaborate articles or brilliant and stirring editorials. God loves the simple and humble, and will do any thing for them. The times are fearful; the dangers are thick and threatening. Let us, therefore, betake ourselves to prayer, as the surest and speediest remedy.

CATHOLIC SECULAR LITERATURE.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for July, 1849.]

Our readers will perhaps remember, that, some time since, we expressed our decided disapprobation of the greater part of modern novels, and especially of a certain class of so-called Catholic novels, with which, for a moment, it seemed that our community was to be inundated. Our censures were far from being received in the spirit in which they were offered; and we were charged with being invidious, one-sided, bigoted, and ultra-Catholic,—though what *ultra-Catholic* means, or what sort of an animal it is, we are sure, is more than we know. The Catholic authors censured appear to have taken it for granted that we intended to condemn all works which make use of fiction as a medium of amusement or instruction; and one gentleman, who had written the longest and heaviest, if not the best, novel of the class specially disapproved, opened a fire upon us in the newspapers, applied to us sundry uncouth epithets, and proved to his own satisfaction, we presume, that we were certainly erroneous, if not, indeed, heretical; for Nathan the Prophet used allegory, and our Lord himself spake in parables! It is true, we limited our censures to a special class of works; it is true, also that, while we censured that class, we praised another class, in which fiction is employed with great effect as a medium both of instruction and amusement; but that counted for nothing, for readers who are one-sided, and averse to "nice distinctions," are pretty sure to suppose that authors must be as narrow and undiscriminating as themselves.

**Spirit Sculpture; or the Year before Confirmation.* By Enna Duval. Philadelphia: 1849.

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It is no easy matter to set the public right, when once it has got a wrong notion concerning your views into its head. It is infallible, and if there has been a blunder, it is, of course, yours, not its. If you finally get it to take in your real meaning, and to understand you correctly, it never conceives that it had misunderstood you, but quietly assumes that you have changed your views, and abandoned your former notions. Nevertheless, on this subject of Catholic novels, we shall try once more to place ourselves before our own public in the light in which we choose to stand, and that too, without abandoning the ground we have heretofore assumed.

This is a reading age, and reading of some sort Catholics, as well as others, must and will have. It is idle to suppose that we can satisfy the reading propensity with polemical or ascetic theology. This may be an evil, but it is one we cannot remove. Perfection in human affairs is not to be expected; and the greatest fool going is he who imagines himself able to mend all things, and who will tolerate no imperfection. We must do what we can, not always what we would. Religious are always a small minority, the exception rather than the rule; the great majority are and will be seculars, with secular habits, secular tastes, and secular pursuits. Our chief attention is due to these, and our principal study must be to enable them to live secular lives without forgetting God, or coming short of salvation; that is, to save men in the world, without compelling them to retire from the world. The religious state is far higher than the secular, and blessed are they who are called to it; but the secular is not unlawful, and salvation is attainable without forsaking it, and becoming monks, friars, nuns, or sisters.

A slight glance at our Catholic literature—we mean that which is accessible to the mere English student—is sufficient to satisfy us that we have very little literature adapted to seculars, to the great body of the laity living in the world and taking part in its affairs. The religious are amply provided for. Our ascetic literature is rich, varied, and extensive. We have admirable manuals of devotion for all ages and classes, and suitable to all stages and modes of the spiritual life; we have, too, an abundance of theological works, speculative and practical, dogmatical and polemical; but we have no secular literature in English. The monastery is richly endowed; our secular life has nothing but the crumbs

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that fall from its table, or the soup dealt out at its gate. Secular literature, whether its authors are Catholics or Protestants, breathes, for the most part, an unchristian spirit, and is dangerous to Christian truth and Christian piety. Here is the literary defect we have wished on various occasions to point out, and which we wish our authors to undertake to remedy.

The novels we censured were intended to remedy this defect,—to supply seculars with amusing, interesting, and instructive reading, which should keep their minds free from error, their hearts protected from impure influences, and both in a healthy state, alike compatible with religious duties and worldly avocations. So far as the intention of their authors was concerned, they were admirable; but in execution they were failures, because they were marked by the schism between the spiritual order and the secular, which characterizes all modern society. On their religious side they smelt of the schools or the convent; on their secular side, of unregenerate human nature; and could as well have been written by pagans, Protestants, or unbelievers, as by Catholics. They lacked unity, failed to temper the two orders together, to blend them in one, or, in other words, to baptize the secular, to infuse into it the Catholic spirit, and yet suffer it to remain secular.

Christianity undoubtedly enjoins self-denial, detachment from society, and contempt of the world; but morally, not physically. She recognizes and preserves these as physical facts, and the denial enjoined is simply their moral destruction as motives or ends of human activity. Physically considered, they are indispensable. Without the world, there were no society; without society, no self; and without self, no subject of the Christian law. Hence Christianity suffers us to do no injury to self, to society, or to the world, but, in fact, commands us always and everywhere to seek their true interest, their greatest good,—only as means, not as ends. The cultivation and perfection of our nature, so dwelt upon by the Goethean school, Christianity cannot, in the sense of that school, tolerate,—that is, for the sake of our nature itself; but as the means of comprehending and successfully discharging the duties which devolve on our state in life, she makes them morally obligatory on each one of us to the full extent of our ability and opportunity. The amelioration and perfection of society as an end, or for the sake of society itself, Christianity forbids, and there-

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fore forbids us to sympathize with modern socialists; but as a means of enabling all to fulfil the great purpose of their present existence, or to provide for the free and regular operation of the means of securing eternal life, the ultimate destiny of man, she enjoins them, and in no degree permits us to neglect them. She certainly bids us remember always the end for which we have been made, and declares every act sinful, or at least destitute of virtue, that is not referred to God as its ultimate end, and therefore recognizes no duties but duties to God; yet she makes these duties in almost every case *payable* to our neighbour, so that, while their glory redounds to God, their benefit inures solely to man and society.

The principle here involved is universal in its application. In no case does our religion require ontological or physical destruction. Our ascetic writers, indeed, tell us of the necessity of self-denial, self-crucifixion, self-annihilation; but their sense is always moral. What is physical or ontological is the work of the Creator, and all his works are good, very good. Physically considered, man's nature has not been essentially altered by the fall, and is good now as well as when it came from the hands of the Creator. We have not a single appetite, passion, or faculty, which, in its being or essential nature,—not in its exercise or manifestation,—did not belong, and which would not be necessary, to us as human beings in a state of innocence. We did not lose our nature, we did not acquire another nature, by the fall. By the fall we lost the supernatural grace and endowments we before had, by which our nature was maintained in its integrity and we were established in justice, and in consequence of the loss of which our nature became turned away from God, so that we are now naturally averse to him, and need to be converted, that is, turned towards him; but, ontologically considered, taken as pure nature, our nature remained essentially what it had always been, and remains so still, even after conversion or regeneration. Take, for instance, the appetite for food. This appetite belongs to us in a state of innocence precisely as much as in a state of sin. Its satisfaction, that is, the partaking of food, must, then, be a legitimate act; and it would, as we all know, be a sin to starve ourselves to death. The same is to be said of all our natural appetites. The crucifixion religion enjoins as a duty—we speak not now of voluntary penances and mortifications—is a moral crucifixion. It forbids us to take

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food for the sake of the sensual gratification it affords. It requires us to eat for the sake of preserving our life and health, and requires us to preserve our life and health, not for their own sake, but for the sake of God. But in eating and drinking for the end here proposed, and as far as requisite to this end, we experience as much sensual delight as they do who eat and drink for the sake of that delight itself, and perhaps more too. Hence our Lord says, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added to you"; hence he promises that they who lose their life for his sake shall find it, and they who forsake all for him shall be rewarded a hundred-fold even in this life.

Since, then, the self-denial or self-annihilation is moral, not physical, the destruction of nature, and therefore of the secular order which Christianity enjoins, is their destruction simply as ends or motives of our activity, and therefore a destruction perfectly compatible with their physical existence and prosperity. In the conversion of the individual, grace does not destroy or supersede nature; it retains and elevates or supernaturalizes it, by infusing into it a higher principle, and enabling it to act to a higher end, as is inferable from the well-known fact that Christianity does not abrogate the law of nature, but confirms it, and makes it an integral part of her own law. The fault of nature, aside from its inadequacy to the supernatural end to which we are destined, is, that, when left to itself, to act without grace, it acts to a subordinate and selfish end, and by so acting carries us away in a direction contrary to that required by religion. Because this is so with nature, it is so with the secular order. What is wanting, then, is not the destruction of the secular, but the change of the direction of its activity; so that, though it remains, as it always must, below the spiritual, its heart shall always beat in unison with it, and conspire to the same ultimate end.

What we are here to labor for is to conform the secular to the spiritual, so that we may retain it in its natural sphere, and remain seculars, without ceasing to be good Christians, devout Catholics,—not, indeed, by virtue of the secular, but of the spiritual which transforms it, as in conversion our nature itself is transformed by grace, so that our proper acts have a supernatural character and worth. If we overlook or deny this, we, on the one hand, run into infidelity or license, or on the other, assert that the monastic life or its equivalent is the only normal Christian life, and that we

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can lawfully be seculars only by dispensation. Religious who withdraw from the world do so, not because it is unlawful to remain in the world, or because they could not have remained in the world without a dispensation,—not because salvation is not attainable without entering religion,—but because they have a vocation to do more than is enjoined, to fulfil the counsels as well as the precepts of the Gospel, and to labor, not only to inherit eternal life, but also for perfection. They voluntarily assume obligations beyond the precepts of the law, and bind themselves to penances and mortifications which exceed what the law exacts, and thus place themselves in a state above that in which we are who have taken upon ourselves no obligations but those which the law imposes. They are, no doubt, highly privileged; but to require all to be like them, or to treat us poor seculars with food prepared only for them, is only converting in effect the evangelical counsels into precepts, and making the road to heaven narrower and more difficult than our Lord himself has made it. It would be not baptizing the secular order, and, by infusing into it the Christian spirit, christianizing it, but disowning it altogether and keeping it always outside of Christianity, and therefore hostile to it.

Undoubtedly, the Christian should always and everywhere aspire to the highest; and he may well fear, if he only aims to get into heaven by the skin of his teeth, that he will not get in at all. Undoubtedly, exhortations and admonitions to aspire to the highest sanctity should be addressed to all men, to seculars as well as to religious, in such form and manner as the pastor and the spiritual director judge best; but we must deal with the world as we find it, and consult the practicable as well as the desirable. By exacting too much, we may get nothing. The bow over-bent is sure to break. If we furnish to seculars only the spiritual food appropriate to religious, we shall leave them to die of inanition; for that food the state of their stomachs will not bear. By insisting on a monastic discipline for seculars, we make them rebel against all spiritual discipline, and leave them to the operations of unbaptized nature. Refusing to accept the secular in a subordinate and subservient sphere, we force it, as the condition of its existence, to assert its independence, and to aspire to supremacy. We thus widen the schism between the spiritual order and the secular, which is the great evil of all modern society.

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The secular order, in its subordinate and subservient sphere, exists by divine right; and within that sphere we have no more right to labor to destroy it, than we have to labor to destroy the spiritual order itself. We have on the other hand, no right to assert its independence and supremacy. It has the right to exist as a servant, no right to exist as a master. Here are the two truths which it is always necessary to keep in view. The recognition of the spiritual alone leads, in effect, to the same result as the recognition of the secular alone; for the secular will always, in spite of us, remain and assert itself; and when not subject to law, it will assert itself without law, or, if need be, against law. The only way to escape infidelity or licentiousness is, not to demand exclusive spirituality of the mass of mankind, but to accept within its sphere the secular, and, by christianizing, render it not only innocuous, but even serviceable to religion. We utter nothing new here, and, indeed, only advocate what a class of writers we have for years warred against really have in their minds, if they did but understand themselves. The only difference between them and us is, that they secularize the spiritual, while we would spiritualize the secular; or rather, they seek a sort of alliance or compromise between the two orders, while we allow no compromise, and seek to temper together the two orders in the unity of life, as soul and body are united in one living man. They would bring religion down to the secular, and take from the integrity of the spiritual, subtract from its sublimity and universality, while we would leave, as in duty bound, the spiritual in its integrity, its sublimity, and its universality, and simply conform the secular to it without destroying it. It is not that we would have less of the secular than they, but we would have it under more orthodox and Christian conditions.

One of the most powerful instruments of bringing about the unity we contend for is literature, and in this we agree perfectly with the authors of the Catholic novels we have censured. We censured them because they did not furnish the kind of literature we needed. On one side they give us religion, but religion that excludes the secular order; on the other side, they give us the secular order independent of religion. Their religion is for religious, their secularity for the infidel and licentious; and instead of tempering the two orders together by infusing the spiritual into the secular, they only alternately sacrifice one order to the other,

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now the secular to the spiritual, and now the spiritual to the secular. Here is their defect, a defect which proceeds, not from the intention of their authors, but from the duality which introduces antagonism into their own life,—from the schism which, unsuspected by them, runs through their own interior moral and intellectual world, sundering the two orders, and maintaining them in perpetual hostility one to the other. What we want is a literature which is the exponent of the harmony in the mind and heart of the two orders, which is adapted to the secular in its subordinate and subservient sphere, and which, without any formal dogmatizing or express ascetic dissertations, exhortations, or admonitions, shall excite the secular only under the authority of religion, and move it only in directions that religion approves, or at least does not disapprove.

We are far from pretending that works pertaining to a literature of this sort should supersede dogmatical, controversial, or ascetic works,—that they are works of the highest order, or even works that are always and everywhere needed. We hold, of course, that the religious state is higher than the secular, and that general literature is a temporary and accidental want. But here and now, taking into consideration the age and country, such works are much needed and would be of very high utility. They would amuse, interest, instruct, cultivate in accordance with truth the mind and the affections, elevate the tone of the community, and, when they did not directly promote virtue, they would still be powerful to preserve and defend innocence,—often a primary duty. They would weed out from the modern world what it still retains of mediæval barbarism, advance true civilization, open to thousands a source of rational enjoyment, and preserve a healthy and vigorous state of the public mind and heart. In a word, they would contribute to what we need, a Christian *secular* culture, perhaps the greatest want of our times, and that which would more than any one thing else—the grace of God supposed—aid, not only in preserving the faith in those who have it, but in winning to it those who now have it not. Purely spiritual culture is amply provided for; but owing to the barbarism of past ages, and the incredulity and license of the last century and the present, secular culture in unison with the Christian spirit is, and ever has been, only partially provided for, and but imperfectly attained. It seems to us that the best way for our Catholic writers—not theologians

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by profession, and whose works come and must come under the head of general literature—to serve the cause of truth and virtue is to devote themselves, not to controversial or ascetic works, of which we have enough, but to the *Christian secular culture* of the age, or, in a word, to the advancement of Christian civilization. They need not aspire to teach Catholic theology; let it satisfy them to breathe into literature the true Catholic spirit, and, as far as possible, inform the secular world itself with the genuine Christian life.

The field is ample, and genius and talent can never be at a loss for materials. Undoubtedly, the composition of such works as we suggest will require genius, talent, learning, long and patient study, as well as profound and devout meditation; but we cannot understand wherefore that should be an objection. Nothing great or good is ever produced on any other conditions, and what is neither great nor good in its order we do not want; we have enough of scribblers and drivellers. No man should open his mouth in public unless he has something to say, and something, too, which the public ought to hear. We know no necessity there may be that every one who can bring together a mass of high-sounding words, or round or polish a period, should turn author, and send forth, to the great annoyance of good sense and good taste, his wordy or his polished no-meanings. Many a good man, many a worthy man, who would have made an excellent hodman, shoemaker, or carpenter, has been spoiled by his ambition to be an author, or at least a writer for the newspapers. Alas! the newspapers have much to answer for. Had it not been for them, we ourselves probably should have gone through life a respectable mechanic. Indeed, many of our so-called able editors themselves are more at home at the case than at the desk, and far better at clipping than at inditing. Even with good brains, no man can succeed well as an author without discipline, without cultivation. How, then, shall the poor wight succeed who has neither brains nor culture? Let no such wight attempt authorship on either a large or a small scale.

But, nevertheless, let no one despair. Genius and talent are more widely diffused than is commonly pretended. They are both susceptible of growth, and where there is a firm will and a noble purpose, those who promise little in the beginning by persevering effort may finally attain to ex-

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cellence. All men are born helpless infants, and are subsequently what they are made or make themselves. Bulwer, no great philosopher, but a keen observer, shows in his novels two characters, Alice and Fanny, regarded in childhood as partially idiotic, subsequently expanding under the strong passion of love into not only amiable, but highly intellectual women. His explanation of the fact we reject, but the fact itself we can believe was taken from actual life The love did not expand the intellect; it simply concentrated the will, and enabled it to act with firmness and vigor. Feebleness of intellect is usually the effect of feebleness of will. The intellectual faculties are present and good enough in most men, but the will is too weak and inconstant to apply them with the requsite steadiness and perseverance. Whatever strong passion or sentiment, demanding for its gratification the exercise of intellect, possesses a person, tends to strengthen the will, to give it the force and constancy necessary to call into play the intellectual powers which were previously dormant or dissipated by being left to themselves. Alice and Fanny have great susceptibility, great quickness and strength of feeling, but feeble wills. They are infantile, and have no self-subsistence, no force of character, till the powerful passion of love seizes them. Then they suddenly unfold, develop unexpected intellectual power, because then, subjected by an invincible motive, they apply it with intensity, energy, constancy, and perseverance. The principle is not applicable to the passion of love alone. Men weak and inconstant in all else are often remarkably steady, persevering, and acute in all matters of business. Eminent saints, estimable for their genius and learning, had been dismissed in youth from school for their incapacity. The love of God became with them a ruling passion, made them strong, energetic, firm, constant, and then they showed to all men that they had no lack of intellect. The same thing is evinced by the fact, that some men write and speak admirably under excitement, who can hardly speak or write at all when unexcited. They do not want intellect, but they want the force of will to use it. Wherever there is a noble purpose, a firm will, a fixed resolution, genius and talent never fail.

The feebleness and frivolousness of modern literature are due to no deterioration of men's intellectual powers, which are as great and as good now as ever they were, but to the want of force and constancy of will, which itself is owing

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to the neglect of severe studies, the want of true philosophical discipline, and of high and noble aims. We have, in consequence of the ruin of philosophy commenced by Descartes and completed by the modern French and German philosophers, had our minds brought down from the higher order of speculative truth, and turned outward upon merely material and sensible objects, in which there is nothing to demand and nothing to suggest noble aims or lofty purposes. The good the will seeks is low and trifling, and no grand and mighty passion seizes the soul, and concentrates and employs all its energies. Hence we see everywhere weakness and frivolity, imbecility and inconstancy, and hear from the depths of all souls a low wail for something they have not, and which may prove itself adequate to their inborn nobility.

If, then, the order of literature we are contending for does demand genius and talent for its creation, so much the better. It presents a high and noble aim, demands a lofty purpose, and, with a strong will and a firm resolution that shrink from no labor, pause before no obstacle, and only gather force from opposition, we can easily answer to its calls. Nature is kinder to all men than we commonly imagine, and few there are who cannot, with God's blessing, if they strive with a strong and constant will, form their own characters, and attain to more than respectability, if they choose. To will is always in our power, for will is always free. Will strongly, will nobly, will firmly, will constantly, and fear not but you will execute, in due time, bravely and successfully.

The aim of the literature we demand is not positive or strictly scientific instruction in religion and morals. The purpose is to cultivate the secular element of individual and social life,—to press that element into the service of religion and morality, on the principle that the church makes use of poetry and music in celebrating her divine offices, or art in the construction and decoration of her altars and temples. The great artist, if he is to aid religion, if he is to subserve her influence by removing the obstacles which the flesh interposes, subduing the passions, and setting the affections to the key-note of devotion, must, it is true, understand his religion well, and in some sense be himself eminently religious; he must also, if he would be great even as an artist, whatever the sphere or tendency of his art, be a man of genuine science; for art is the expression of the true under

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the form of the beautiful, and it is obvious that a man cannot express, under the form of the beautiful, or any other form, what he does not apprehend. Here, perhaps, is the secret of the present low state of art. There is no want of artistic aspiration, skill, or effort, yet throughout the world art languishes, and no great master makes his appearance; because the aspirants do not qualify themselves for success by genuine scientific culture, do not rise to the clear, distinct, and vivid apprehension of the higher order of truth, the eternal verities of things, and there obtain a noble and worthy ideal. The most that art, in our days, can do, is to copy external nature, paint flowers or babble of brooks, woods, and green fields; for we have no science, no philosophy, and even our faith is languid when it is not wholly extinct, and seizes nothing firmly, vividly. Nevertheless, though the artist must be well instructed, be a great theologian, philosopher, and moralist, his province is not to express truth under the form of science, but, as we have said, under that of the beautiful. In a degree, the province of the literature we are contemplating is and should be the same. Instructive it should be, by all means; but as Beethoven's Symphonies, Haydn's Masses, or Mozart's Requiem are instructive,—instructive by the moral power they excite, the lofty thoughts they suggest, the tone and direction they impart to the whole interior man.

Or, if more direct instruction is aimed at, it should be of that general kind, and in those general departments of knowledge, which are open to men who may be widely apart as to their special views. The Catholic cultivator of secular literature should, of course, be always governed, influenced, by his religion, and should always take care not to utter a single sentiment not in perfect harmony with his Catholic faith and morals; but his aim should not be the direct exposition or propagation of his faith, any more than it is when he is cultivating his field, attending to his merchandise, or taking part in the political affairs of his country. He must not affect to be the theological doctor, the missionary, or the spiritual director. He must remember that he is a layman, or at least is to act here as a layman, not as a professional man. He may instruct, but it is with regard to those matters which are properly within the province of laymen. He may even be controversial; but let the controversy be on matters where he may carry with him the suffrages of all men who recognize the law of nature

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or the authority of natural reason,—where he may have intelligent and well-disposed men, who are not of his communion, for readers and for friends. There is a vast field in which we can labor, a field which is our own, but in which we may have for fellow-laborers many who, in the immediate province of religion, would be against us. Not that we are to make any concession to them, or to go out of our way to please them,—far from it; but it is lawful and profitable to bring out the truth which they and we hold or may hold in common. We must follow out our own principles, and should never court or seek to gain them; but if, in following out our own principles on literary, moral, historical, or political subjects, we gain them thus far, it is an advantage for us, if not for them, that we are under no obligation to forego. Thus Lingard, in writing the History of England, did well to keep to his character as an historian, and to waive in that work his character as a Catholic doctor. His business in his work was to write true history, not theology. If the truth of history redounded to the credit of his church, all well and good; so far the defence of his church was legitimate; but beyond that he had nothing to say on the subject. We wish he had been always mindful of this, and had suffered the theologian to appear less often; for then he would have avoided certain judgments not called for by the purposes of his history, not essential to the full and impartial statement of historic truth, and which, however pleasant they may be to Protestants, are not a little painful to Catholics.

As to the form Catholic literature among us should assume, there need be no controversy. We make no objection to the novel as a literary form, and it has much to recommend it. The strong man, of good taste, always avoids whatever is singular or eccentric, and conforms to the fashion and tastes of his age and country as far as he can do so without sacrificing truth and simplicity. The novel is a popular form, and may be adopted by those who have received the proper culture, and entertain just views, with advantage. Perhaps there is, just at the moment, no literary form which promises more advantage to the Catholic secular writer than the historical novel. What might not a Catholic of genius, talent, and learning have made of such a subject as Rienzi, Harold, Warwick "the kingmaker," the destruction of Pompeii, Attila, Wat Tyler, Van Artevelde, Darnley, or many others seized upon by English novelists? He would have

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had open to him all the sources of interest which were open to Protestant authors, besides others peculiar to himself. He could have been at once true to nature, to history, and to religion and morals, and even without trenching upon the province of theological controversy. In Rienzi he could have shown us the impotence of genius, learning, and zeal to restore an order of things which have passed away, or to establish a political and social order incompatible with the ideas, manners, and customs of the age or country. In Harold he could have traced the effects on civilization in England, on the one hand, of the barbaric and heathen invasion by the Danes, and, on the other, of the partially civilized and christianized Normans. In "The Last Days of Pompeii," he could have introduced real Christians in the place of the wild and uncouth fanatics imagined by Bulwer, delineated the corrupting effects of paganism, and sketched the amelioration of morals and manners which everywhere followed the introduction of Christianity. In Wat Tyler, or in Jack Cade, he might have portrayed the barbarous state of society which resulted from the establishment of the northern barbarians on the ruins of Græco-Roman civilization, the sufferings of the enslaved masses, the arrogance and cruelty of the feudal nobility, and at the same time given by way of example solemn admonitions against the folly of attempting to reform society on pantheistic, socialistic, and agrarian principles,—the madness of an insurrection of the poor against the rich, of subjects against legitimate sovereigns. History, indeed, is full of passages which are replete with instruction for the present, and which the enemies of truth and morals and social order have seized upon and perverted to their base and destructive purposes. Why cannot Catholics seize upon them, and, without perverting them, use them in the cause of truth, justice, wisdom, and social order? Are we less learned, less active, less energetic, than our enemies? Can we not do as much in the cause of truth as they do in the cause of error? In fact, we sometimes half doubt it, when we see large Catholic populations controlled, enslaved, by a handful of radicals, as we have seen in France and Italy.

Indeed, we feel a little indignant when we see, as we did in the old French revolution, more than twenty millions of nominal Catholics subjected to the reign of terror, instituted and upheld by a small and contemptible faction, not numbering a twentieth of the whole population; or as we do

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two millions and a half in the Papal States without sufficient energy or force of character to free themselves from the despotism of a contemptible radical mob, numbering at best only a few thousands; or even in Catholic states, Jews, heretics, and infidels at the head of affairs; and we confess we cannot but think that the storm that is sweeping over them is but a just judgment of Almighty God upon them for their imbecility and sluggishness. It is time that the friends of truth try to prove themselves men, and to take the lead in affairs; and we are sure that Catholic secular writers in our day can render no better service even to religion than to possess themselves of the secular literature of the age, and to make it speak the language of truth, of wisdom, of moral majesty,—not in faint, timid tones, or feeble, apologetic whispers, that will be lost in the infidel, socialistic, and revolutionary din of the times, but in free, bold, manly tones, that will ring through all men's hearts, and recall them to their senses, to think and to act. Resist the devil and he will flee from you; show yourself afraid of him, cower and crouch before him, and you are gone. Pray, trust in God, by all means; but be also active, strong, energetic men, quick to perceive and fearless to perform what duty commands.

Of the little work, the title of which we have quoted at the head of this article, we have not much to say. It is a quiet, domestic tale, intended for children preparing for the sacrament of confirmation. It shows fine taste, very considerable powers, and much facility on the part of the author, and gives us promise of far greater and better things from the same source hereafter. We like its design, its sweet spirit, and its healthy tone. The author has a ready eye for the beautiful, a keen perception of character, and, with a little more maturity and practice, will be able to give us specimens of the domestic novel that will rank favorably by the side of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's *Grantley Manor*, which, but for the mistake of mixing up Protestants and Catholics together, would be a model of its class. We should have been better pleased with Miss Duval's book, if she had left out the excellent Protestant lady she has introduced, and also if she had been less theological. In her own proper department, that of the domestic novel, she writes admirably, with great truth and beauty; but her theological attainments are not precisely those we look for in a theological professor. We do not mean this as a cen-

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sure, for she everywhere maintains the modesty which becomes her sex, and professedly uses, in explaining Catholic doctrine, works which she could have no reason to distrust; and the errors into which she is betrayed are the errors of those she has innocently followed. Yet, with the exception of three pages (152–154), which contain what we believe all theologians on a critical examination will agree with us is unsound doctrine, we like *Spirit Sculpture* very much, and cordially commend it to the Catholic public. We assure the excellent author that we shall be happy to meet her again in a larger and more elaborate work, and risk nothing in promising her beforehand the most gratifying success.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for April, 1849.]

THOSE of our readers who have not read this beautiful little volume from the University Press, Cambridge, will be able to form some idea of its general purpose and character from the author's "Note," which we copy, as its most appropriate introduction.

"NOTE.—According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years, in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

"The plot (if I may give that name to any thing so slight) of the following poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign."

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* *The Vision of Sir Launfal.* By J. R. LOWELL. Cambridge: 1848.

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Mr. Lowell may be right in calling the Holy Grail the cup from which our Lord communicated his disciples at the last supper, but, properly speaking, the Holy Grail, or San Greal, was not the cup, but the blood, *Sanguis realis*, from the side of our Lord, when on the cross, which the legend asserts was received into the cup, and preserved in it. The name is a corruption of the Latin *Sanguis realis*, or of the French *Sang réel*. Mr. Lowell has materially changed the character of the old legend. In the original legend, the knight, after performing his devotions and preparing himself for the search, went forth in pursuit of the Holy Grail, and the poet simply narrated his adventures, and his success or his failure. Mr. Lowell dispenses with the devotions, with the actual pursuit and adventures, and contents himself with making his knight see a vision. This alteration is characteristic of the difference between the early romantic age and our own. The old knights of romance, whatever the defects of their lives,—and they were rarely perfect models,—were always devout, always retained and loved the faith, and, if they sinned, were ready to do penance,—the next best thing to not sinning; and they really did go abroad, were active, ready, and able to encounter danger and to endure fatigue. They lived and acted in the open world, out of doors, among real objects. But the moderns stay for the most part in-doors, repose on soft couches, and dream. Their adventures all pass in their sentimental reveries; their heroic deeds, and knightly conduct, are visions.

Mr. Lowell has not only modernized the external character of the old legend, but he has entirely changed its internal character. The moral of the old legend was the merit of chastity, in thought, word, and deed; and chastity, not merely in relation to one passion, but in relation to all the passions,—chastity of the entire body and soul. Mr. Lowell dispenses with this as with the devotion, as foreign to the ideas and habits of the moderns, and more likely to offend than to interest. He makes the moral turn, not on the motives from which, but on the feelings with which, one acts. Thus he sings,—

"As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,

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The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

"The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
'Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.'"

This giving of alms from a sense of duty will not do. The vision continues.

"'For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms';—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees naught save the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowered beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

"And Sir Launfal said,—'I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!'

"Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,

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When he caged his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

"As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

'His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me.'

Sir Launfal awoke, as from a swound:—
'The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail.'"

Here is the moral: no matter what we give, if we give from a sense of duty, we merit nothing; we are truly char-

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itable and meritorious in our alms only when we give with them our feelings, or rather when we give them without motive, from the simple impulse of love. Mr. Lowell is either a bad psychologist or a bad moralist. Love, as distinguished from the sense of duty, is an affection of the sensible instead of the rational nature. He who acts from a sense of duty acts from the highest and noblest love of which man is capable; he who acts only from what we may term sensible love acts from his lower nature,—that which he possesses in common with many animal tribes. For our own convenience and pleasure in acting, it is always desirable that our emotions should harmonize with our sense of duty; but for the meritoriousness of our actions, it is not at all necessary. He who performs a duty which is repugnant to his nature, and which demands great self-denial and self-command, is far more meritorious than he who performs an act, in itself considered, of equal worth, to which he feels no repugnance. To throw an alms in scorn to a beggar is, indeed, not meritorious, because there is no virtuous intention, and because scorn of a brother man, however low, or however loathsome his appearance, is always wrong. But it is clear, from the author's comment, that the "scorn" he charges upon Sir Launfal, was simply giving from a sense of duty, and therefore no scorn at all.

> "He gives nothing but worthless gold
> Who gives from a sense of duty."

In fact, the author shows through his whole poem, that he has never made his philosophy, and is ignorant of the first principles of ethical science. This detracts from his merit as a poet no less than from his merit as a moralist. The poet aims, and should aim, at the expression of the beautiful; but the beautiful is the form of the true, and cannot be found where the true is wanting. We are not so unreasonable as to ask of the poet a system of metaphysics or a code of ethics; we do not ask the artist to leave his own proper department, and to enter that of science; we understand the distinct sphere of art, and highly appreciate it,—more highly, perhaps, than we get credit for; but we do contend that no man can be a true poet, or artist, who has in his mind a false speculative system. His mind must be informed with ideal truth, or he can never apprehend or express true beauty of form; and all ideal truth pertains to the department of speculative science. The poet must know

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as well as feel, and know principles, the eternal verities of things, in their normal order and relations, or his expression will be broken, confused, the ebullition of lawless passion, the extravagances of a wild and inconstant fancy, or the incoherent ravings of folly and madness.

Here is a point on which, in these times, there are many erroneous and mischievous opinions afloat. Everybody knows that the great poets, the great artists, have never flourished, save in epochs and countries marked by severe discipline, and ennobled by serious and solid studies. The flourishing period of true art is always immediately preceded or accompanied by a flourishing period of philosophy, of moral science, and of religious truth; and just in proportion as men lose sight of the great and eternal truths of religion, of the discoveries and teachings of a sound philosophy,—that is, of the ideal truth in the supernatural order and in the natural,—their artistic productions become mean and contemptible. It is not that art must dogmatize, speculate, or indulge in didactic teaching, but that the truths of religion and philosophy must be received into and form the mind of the artist. In ages that are serious, earnest, enlightened, when men do not scorn the ideal truth and fritter away their powers on merely external and sensible objects, these truths are generally recognized, form the basis of all moral and intellectual culture, and are taken in with ordinary speech or language, in which they are embodied,—so to speak, incarnated. The man endowed with artistic genius—that is, one who has received from nature the gift, when they are presented to his mind, of apprehending and distinguishing these truths under the form of the beautiful—is furnished with the requisite conditions of art, and can give birth to expressions which all men shall admire; for then he has present to his mind and soul ideal truth, which is always universal and eternal.

But in other epochs, when religion and philosophy, which supply the artist with his materials, are lost sight of or obscured,—when the truths of revelation and speculative science no longer preside over education, and form the basis of moral and intellectual culture,—when the mind and the heart are turned to the external, and become intent only on sensible and material objects,—there can be no genuine art; for the ideal truth is no longer distinctly apprehended, and, when no longer so apprehended, it can no more be expressed under the form of the beautiful than under the form of science itself. Hence it is,—though, for the last two hun-

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dred years, there has been no lack of aspirants to artistic creation,—there has been no art. The divine idea, supernatural truth, was obscured by the reformers, and has been pretty much lost sight of by their descendants; and there has appeared no philosopher, and there has been no philosophy, since the middle of the seventeenth century. The ideal truth, which was embodied by our Creator in language, has remained undistinguished; serious studies, unless in some of the physical sciences, have been despised; the mind has been turned outward to sensible objects, and the heart and soul have been wasted on the material, the ephemeral, and the frivolous. Art has therefore languished, and its cultivators have been able to copy only imperfectly the old masters. If we except, and we are hardly willing to except, Alfieri, there has been no poet since Milton. Goethe and Schiller had poetical genius of a high order, but the former was ruined by sensism and pantheism,—both equally opposed to ideal truth,—and the latter by his lack of religious faith, and his Kantian philosophy, which even in the practical reason obscures and enfeebles the truth which the poet must seize and express. Byron had the subjective power of a great poet, but had present to his mind, as the material of art, far less of ideal truth than either Goethe or Schiller. France has never excelled in art, for her genius is not philosophical, does not aspire to the higher order of truth, is turned to objects of sense, to the outward world, and seldom rises above secondary ideas. The first American poet is probably not yet born.

Mr. Lowell has a lively fancy, a quick eye for material beauty, or, as we say, the beauties of nature, and considerable facility of expression. He can see and express the beauty of a daisy, of the bee collecting honey, of cows feeding in the pasture, of the cock clapping his wings and crowing, and even something of the life of a spring morning, the sultriness of a summer noon, and of the golden hues of an autumnal sunset; but beyond or above he does not appear able to go. When he aspires, he falls; and when he seeks to express the beauty of moral truth, he only proves that he has never clearly and distinctly beheld it. His glory is, that he believes in moral truth,—that he believes that there is the divine and eternal idea back of the ever-changing appearances which flit past his vision; but his misfortune is, that he has never beheld it,—that he has, at best, caught only a partial and transient glimpse of the objects around him, in

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the night, when a sudden flash of lightning for an instant furrows the darkness which envelops them. With solid training under the direction of religion and sound philosophy, which should have given elevation to his soul, clearness to his view, firmness to his will, and sanctity to his aims, he would have been a poet. He has no complaint to bring against nature. He has, if we may so speak, genius enough potentially, and artistic genius; but he has neither been subjected to the discipline, nor has he submitted himself to the serious and patient labor of thought, necessary to reduce the potentiality of his nature to act. Alas! we must say this, not alone of Mr. Lowell, but of nearly all our contemporaries, in this superficial and frivolous age.

We have touched cursorily on several points in these brief remarks, which we regret that we have neither the time nor the space at present to develop. We love art, and, of the various species of art, we love poetry the best. But we have too high an appreciation of its character and office, to receive with favor the light and frivolous productions of our modern race of poetasters and versifiers, however beautiful their print and paper, or rich and tasteful their binding. Puerile conceits, flimsy sentiments, false philosophy, bad morality, even delicate and truthful descriptions of merely material objects, though expressed in flowing numbers and harmonious verse, we cannot honor with the name of poetry. We have no wish to treat harshly our young aspirants to poetic fame, to wound their feelings, or to damp their courage; but, for the honor of our age, and the interests of modern civilization, we feel that it is necessary to raise our voice, feeble though it is, against the miserable trash which under the name of literature, is inundating Europe and America, and threatening the extinction of what little virtue and manliness may yet remain. Would that there were amongst us a strong masculine voice, that could make itself heard amid the din and chatter of the age, and, with mingled kindness and severity, recall our youth to the antique depth of thought, greatness of soul, and energy of will, and impress upon their yet ductile minds the solemn truth that they must aim higher, submit to longer and more rigid discipline, and devote themselves for years to those solid studies which task all their faculties, and call forth all the potentialities of their souls, before venturing to appear before the public, either to instruct or delight it. No one who would deserve well of his countrymen, leave

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his mark on his age, or live in the memory of his race, should entertain for a moment that silly doctrine now prevalent, that the great and enduring in art must be a spontaneous production, and that a work is worthless in proportion to the labor of intellect and will that its creation has cost. Poetry is not the instinctive and unpremeditated utterances of the spontaneous emotions and conceits of the poet. It might do to say,

> Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
> Der in dem Zweigen wohnet,

if man were a blackbird; but it will not do, unless we are careful to understand it in Goethe's sense, now since man is man, and must find his glory in the cultivation and exercise, under the will and by the aid of his Maker, of his proper humanity.

We do not ask the poet to encroach upon the province of the theologian, or of the philosopher. We do not ask him to make his poem a sermon, a didactic lecture, nor do we wish him to be careful to tack a formal moral on to its end, as is done in Æsop's Fables; but we do ask that he feed his mind and his soul with the highest order of religious and speculative truth, and that he discipline himself to express this truth under the form of the beautiful. We would have him eminently religious, because eminently true, and eminently moral, because eminently religious; we would have him serious, earnest, great, sublime, by virtue of the universal and eternal verities of things with which he holds intercourse; but we have no disposition to restrict his sphere, to trammel the freedom of his mind, or to forge shackles for his genius. Nay, what we desire for him is freedom, elevation, greatness, manliness, a clear and lofty intelligence, and a robust virtue, which are absolutely impossible in the nature of things without a severe and thorough discipline, and the possession of the highest order of truth, both natural and supernatural.

Our readers will understand from these remarks why it is we have been so severe on the light literature of the day, and why we have treated with so much harshness the young brood of religious novels with which we were threatened. We condemn not art in any of its forms; we condemn not poetry; we oppose not even works of fiction; we object not to the cultivation of man's whole nature, to the employment of any of his faculties, or to pressing into the service of re-

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ligion even sentiment and imagination; on the contrary, we approve and call for them all; only let the mind that writes be fed, and the heart that admires be filled, with the truths of religion and philosophy. The man who has been rightly nurtured, whose faculties have been rightly disciplined, and whose mind has been enlightened, will strengthened, and soul elevated by profound study of ideal truth, and possession of the eternal verities of things, may appeal to all nature and express himself in what forms he pleases. His expressions will be true and beautiful, his influence will be moral, will favor a robust civilization, and manly virtue, which in the saint will rise to heroic sanctity and command the veneration of all good men.

DANA'S POEMS AND PROSE WRITINGS.

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for October, 1850.]

MR. DANA is one of the patriarchs of American literature, and we are not called upon to treat him as an author making his first appearance before the public. The contents of his volumes were written many years ago, and have long been familiar to the grown-up generation of the author's countrymen. They have already passed the ordeal of the critics, and their author's reputation is too well established to be much affected one way or the other by the comments of reviewers. All that need be done on the appearance of any new edition of them is simply to announce it. Nevertheless, we are unwilling to let this new edition pass without making it the occasion of paying the tribute of our respect to the author, and of throwing out some suggestions which may not be wholly unprofitable to our younger aspirants to artistic excellence and literary glory.

We are reviewers by profession, but reviewers of the subjects, doctrines, principles, or tendencies of books, rather than of books themselves, as mere literary productions. We prize literature and art only as they subserve Christian doc-

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Poems and Prose Writings. By RICHARD H. DANA. New York: 1850.

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trine and morals. Apart from their relation to these, they have little value in our eyes; for so considered they cease to be genuinely artistic, and have at best merely the form, without the substance, of art. We esteem no literature which treats of matters and things in their generality, without touching any thing in its specialty, for the general without the special is mere possibility; and we belong to that class of moralists who hold that every human action is either moral or immoral, either good or bad, and that no human action is ever morally indifferent. To us the end is no less important than the principle, and the philosophy that denies the final cause is as atheistic and absurd as that which denies the first cause. Our theology determines our ethics, and our ethics determines our æsthetics. Theology is the queen of the sciences, and they have no rights or reason of existence but to be employed in her service. Art in its most general sense is simply the application of science to practical life. Hence we are always obliged, whether we are reviewing a work of science or of art, to review it under its relation to Catholicity, and to judge it by its bearing on Catholic doctrine and morals.

This is not a fashionable mode of reviewing, we admit, and is generally regarded as narrow, illiberal, and bigoted; for it is in our days thought to be a mark of wisdom to deny the unity and universality both of the first and of the final cause of the universe, to separate philosophy from theology, truth from revelation, Christianity from the church, morality from religion, and art, or, as it is improperly called, *æsthetics*, from morality. But this is a fact not precisely to the credit of the age. Catholicity, in the order of ideas or principles, is the truth and the whole truth, whether the truth evident to natural reason, or the truth revealed and affirmed to us by supernatural authority. It therefore necessarily extends to every department of human thought, feeling, and action. Nothing, then, in any order, or under any relation, is really separable from it, exempted from its law, or commendable save as inspired by it and as it conforms to it. Falsehood either as to the principle or as to the end is never commendable, and moral deformity is no less repugnant to the beautiful than physical deformity. The *Wahlverwandtschaften*, or *Elective Affinities*, of Goethe is as offensive to good taste as shocking to the moral sense.

We do not say that the beautiful is not, in some sense, distinguishable from truth of doctrine and soundness of

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morals, but we do maintain that it is never separable from them. All art or æsthetics must be addressed to man under one or all of three relations,—1. The intellect, or understanding; 2. The will; 3. The imagination. The proper object of the understanding is truth; of the will, moral good; of the imagination, if you please, the beautiful. All literature, or any other species of art, in order to meet the demands of intellect and will, must be true and morally good, therefore must be grounded in Catholic doctrine and morals; for aside from these, in the intellectual and volitive orders, all is false and immoral, neither true nor good. The imagination is commonly regarded as a mixed faculty, partaking both of the rational nature and of the irrational, and in some sense as a union of the two, so to speak, of the soul and body. But it is primarily and essentially rational, or intellectual, and moves as intellect before moving as sensibility; or, in other words, it is intellectual apprehension before it is sensitive affection, as the life and activity of the body are from the soul, not the life and activity of the soul from the body. The beautiful, then, as the proper object of the imagination, must be really objective and intelligible, and therefore belong to the order of the true and the good, and be at bottom identical with truth and goodness; for the true is, in reality, identical with the good. Consequently imagination, therefore æsthetics, demands truth and goodness for the basis of its operations, as much as does Christian theology or Christian ethics.

This is undeniable, if imagination is considered on its intellectual or rational side, and it is not less so if we consider it on its sensitive or irrational side. Undoubtedly, we may be and often are delighted, charmed, with what is neither true nor good, pleased with a literature or an art which Christian doctrine and morals do and must repugn; but this is by virtue of the irrational and sensitive side of our nature, which, in consequence of original sin, is in an abnormal state. The understanding by the fall has been obscured and the will enfeebled, but the lower nature, concupiscence, the flesh, has been turned wholly away from God, so that in it dwells no good thing. Physically, it has not, indeed, been essentially changed; but it has morally escaped from its original subjection to reason and the law of God, in which it was, prior to the fall, held by grace; and it now follows its natural tendencies,—all of which are towards the creature instead of the Creator. If we follow these natural tendencies,

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or seek their natural gratification, we convert intellect and will into slaves of appetite and passion, and are brought into bondage to sin and death. These tendencies are not destroyed, or changed, by the infusion of sanctifying grace. The flesh remains after baptism, continues to lust against the spirit, and as long as he lives the Christian must combat it unceasingly, and labor by self-denial, mortification, and prayer to overcome or subdue it, as revelation teaches us, and as all experience proves.

There are two modes in which art may affect us on this side of our nature,—one by exciting corrupt appetites and gratifying perverse tendencies, the other by allaying or tranquillizing the passions, and so diverting us from the sensitive affections as to prevent them from obscuring the understanding, or enslaving the will. The art that operates in the first-mentioned mode is not unknown, nay, is quite common. It is the fashionable art of our age, especially if we speak of literature. Under its category we must place the principal part of the poetry of Byron, Moore, and Shelley, all the fashionable novels from Sir Walter Scott down to Georges Sand, and the light, with no small part of the grave, literature of the day, and which the young man or the young woman can no more read without being corrupted than one can touch pitch and not be defiled. But art of this sort is a counterfeit or false art; because just in proportion as we follow the sensitive nature, we run away from God, "the first good and the first fair," the supreme and absolute truth, the supreme and absolute good, and the supreme and absolute beauty, and tend towards the creature as final cause, or ultimate end, therefore towards supreme and absolute falsehood, and consequently towards supreme and absolute nullity, since the creature separated from God is a nullity, and absolute nullity must needs be as far removed from the beautiful as it is from the true and the good.

The beautiful is not a human creation; men do not make it; it is real, and independent of the genius that discovers it or seeks to embody it in works of art, in poetry, eloquence, music, painting, sculpture, or architecture. It then, like all reality, has its origin in God, and even as created beauty must be, though distinguishable, yet inseparable from God, and like every creature in its degree an image of God. God creates all things after the ideas or archetypes in his own divine mind, or infinite intelligence. These ideas or archetypes in his intellect are indistinguishable from his essence;

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for, as St. Thomas, after St. Augustine, teaches, *idea in Deo nihil est aliud quam essentia Dei.* It is precisely in this image of God in which all things in their degree and according to their nature are created, that reside the truth, goodness, and beauty of things. Whatever obscures this image, or leads us away from it, or substitutes for it the image of the creature, obscures the beautiful, and leads us away from it, into the deformed and the inane, which is evidently the case with the art that takes for its object the pleasure or satisfaction of the inferior soul, or the corrupt appetites and passions of our nature. Whence it follows that only the art that operates in the second mode we have defined, that is, to allay concupiscence, to tranquillize the passions, and enfeeble their force, can be true and genuine art, or the art that really and truly embodies the beautiful. This it can do only by elevating us into a region above the sphere of the sensitive soul, above the merely sensible world, into the intelligible world, by exciting in us noble thoughts, lofty aspirations, and so charming the rational soul, the intellect and will, with spiritual truth and goodness, that the sensitive soul, so to speak, is for the time being overpowered and rendered unable to disturb us. This is what the church has always aimed at in her sacred art, whether manifested in her noble hymns, her grand cathedrals, her splendid ritual, or her solemn chants and soul-subduing music;—not, as shallow, heretical, and infidel travellers would fain persuade us, the positive enlisting of the senses, the passions, and sensitive affections in her service.

Some would-be philosophers and moralists, indeed, attempt to steer a middle course between the two extremes we have indicated. They would condemn the purely sensual art as opposed to true beauty, and yet would not require all art to be purely ascetic. They persuade themselves that the artist, the poet, the orator, or the rhetorician may lawfully avail himself up to a certain point of our sensitive emotions, passions, affections, tendencies, if he only recognizes at the same time that he delights and charms us by exciting and employing them, that we must not forget to be orthodox and moral, and takes care to caution us against suffering them to run into excess. They assume that nature is essentially good, and that its tendencies are all proper to be consulted, unless unduly excited, and inordinately strengthened. They see evil only in their excess,—in suffering them to exceed a certain proportion,—and charm us by their indulgence

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and moderation, by their suavity and condescension to our weakness. But for this very reason they are the most dangerous class of philosophizers and moralizers we have amongst us; they soothe and lull the conscience while they delight the flesh. Their error is subtile, and not easily detected by the ordinary mind. They deceive many, and would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect.

Physically considered, we grant that our nature is good, and so is the nature of the devil himself; as follows from the fact that *summum ens* is *summum bonum*, and every creature of a perfect and good creator must be itself good. Of this there is no doubt; and hence no ascetic, no master of spiritual life, ever demands of us the physical immolation of ourselves, either in whole or in part. But morally considered, our nature is not good; on the contrary, it is corrupt. True, physically considered, our nature was not essentially changed by the fall. We had the same lower nature in the state of innocence that we have in our lapsed state, and the natural ends and tendencies of that nature were then, in themselves considered, precisely what they are now: but they were then subordinated to reason, and through grace held in strict subjection to understanding and will, which were themselves by the same grace held in strict subjection to the will of God. Their natural objects were not then pursued inordinately, nor for their own sake; and the action of the man, in so far as he sought those objects, did in no sense terminate in them. He ate, but not to enjoy the pleasures of the palate, nor merely to preserve the life of his body; but to preserve the life of his body for the sake of God, of employing himself in the service of his Maker. But when he sinned, he lost the grace which held concupiscence, or the inferior powers of the soul, in subjection to the higher or rational powers, and escaping from the dominion of reason, they recovered their natural freedom, and henceforth operated according to their own inherent laws for the various sensual ends to which they all naturally tend, when unrestrained by reason and grace. The common end of all these tendencies is sensual pleasure; sensual pleasure is derivable only from the possession of sensible objects or sensible goods; and hence the sensual man, the natural or carnal man, seeks always sensual pleasure as his ultimate end, and the possession of sensible goods as the means of obtaining it. Intellect and will—the nobler part of his nature—are for him only "instrumental faculties,"

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as the Fourierists expressly denominate them, and he esteems and cultivates them only as means of gaining these sensible goods, and for procuring sensual pleasure. This carnal or natural man, following his natural tendencies, and seeking his own sensual pleasure, is intellectually and morally dead. The end and the objects he seeks are in the created order, and his activity terminates in the creature, and therefore he acts in a direction from God, and adopts as his final cause, or ultimate end, a final cause or ultimate end opposed to God, who is his sole final, as his sole first cause, his last end, as his first beginning. He sins, then, intellectually, by assuming a false final cause, denying his true, and asserting a false, ultimate end; and he sins morally, by rejecting God as his sovereign, and devoting himself to a false sovereign, and giving what is due to God alone to the creature who has no right to it. We may lawfully seek the creature in God, for the creature is in God as his beginning and end; but not God in the creature, as our modern socialists and neologists falsely teach, for, morally considered, God is not in the creature. To set our affections on the creature, to propose the creature as our final cause, as the end of our activity, or any portion of our activity, is to turn our backs upon God, is to march from him, to depart from our supreme good, and to rush into falsehood and sin, the death of the rational soul, which lives and can live only by virtue of truth and moral good. This lies in the very nature of things, and God himself cannot alter it, for not even Omnipotence itself can make the creature the creator, or seeking the creature seeking God himself, as final cause. As all morality, or all truth of conduct, lies precisely in seeking God as our final cause, or ultimate end, every act that rejects him as that end, and terminates in any created object, is immoral, and tends to kill the soul. As this is the case with every act of concupiscence, or every act of ours having for its end, no matter in what degree, sensual delight or satisfaction, there can be no compromise in the case, and the attempt of the artist, in any degree, to avail himself of our natural emotions, passions, or affections in their natural order and relations, within whatever limits he may intend to remain, is of a false and immoral tendency, and therefore unartistic.

All Christian moralists, all masters of spiritual life, teach that humility is the foundation and root of all the virtues, and that pride is the foundation and root of all sin. But

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pride is simply the assertion, in the moral order, of our own self-sufficiency, that is, the denial of God as our final cause, and the assertion of ourselves as our own ultimate end; that is, again, the blasphemous assertion of ourselves as God, and sovereign lawgiver, according to the words of the serpent to our first parents, "Ye shall be as gods." In its essence, every act of pride is the absolute denial of God in the moral, and therefore in the physical order, and the assertion of the absolute supremacy of man, of me, myself, not vaguely hinted in Dr. Channing's doctrine of the "dignity of human nature," in which, one of his brother ministers was accustomed to say, the eloquent doctor "made man a great god, and God a little man." Humility is the opposite of pride, that is, the absolute denial of man's supremacy, and the assertion of the absolute supremacy of God, in the moral order,—the annihilation of the creature as final cause, and the assertion of God as final cause, and sole final cause, or ultimate end in all things whatsoever. Pride is a stupendous lie, and as gross a violation of dialectics as of ethics; humility is simply the assertion of the truth, and conformity to it, since God, as sole creator of man, must needs be his sole final cause or ultimate end. Humility simply recognizes and practically conforms to this truth; and to recognize and practically conform to this truth in all our actions is the whole of virtue. It follows, then, that just so far as we seek sensual or natural pleasure, and make the creature the termination of our activity, we act contrary to virtue, and are immoral. We know no way to avoid this conclusion, undeniable in the nature of things.

It follows from this that these *via-media* philosophers and moralists are mistaken in assuming that the evil lies in the excess, in the undue lengths to which we suffer ourselves to be borne by our natural tendencies, appetites, passions, and affections. It does not lie in following these too far, but in following them at all. Their natural direction, from their very starting-point, is away from God towards the creature, that is, from the end we are bound, either explicitly or implicitly, actually or habitually, to seek at all times and in all our actions, great or small. Here is the fact. We cannot serve two masters; and we cannot serve God in seeking our own pleasure. The sensitive nature must be subordinated and completely subjected to the rational; and as this has become impossible since the fall, for the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither can it be,

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nothing remains for us but to resist it,—by the grace of God to fight it, and to fight it unceasingly, as long as we live. We can make no compromise, no truce even, with it, and the least relaxation of our vigilance gives it the victory over us, and enables it to bring us again into bondage to sin and death. There must be no dallying with the flesh, any more than with the world and the devil. They who fancy that there is no necessity of being so *very* strict, who flatter themselves that they can yield somewhat to concupiscence, and give a portion of their time, thoughts, and affections to the world, to its pomps, its shows, its vanities, and dissipations, without danger, labor under a fatal delusion. It requires no violent effort to live for the world; our natural tendencies are to it, and before we are aware of danger, we become so absorbed in it, that we have no longer the courage or the energy to throw it off and return to the duties of religion. Authors who set out with the lax notions we are combating, disposed to stop every now and then to gather the flowers of sense that border the path of life, without wholly losing sight of religion, always delay longer than they intend, and in the ordinary course of things finally stray from the path and lose themselves, either in gross sensuality, or in open, decided heresy. None of our natural passions or affections can be trusted; the trail of the serpent is over them all; they are all branded with the curse of original sin, and the purest and best of them,—conjugal love, love of children, love of parents, love of country, love of mankind,—when indulged for their own sake, place us on the declivity, whence it is difficult only not to slide into the hell burning at the foot.

These views are necessary, not merely to our own justification as reviewers, but also to all who aspire to artistic excellence and literary glory. These should remember that they must know and will, as well as feel, study as well as dream, and labor to rise above the merely sensible world, and fill their minds and invigorate their hearts with the highest order of intellectual and spiritual truth that Almighty God has revealed or made accessible to the human mind. It is not enough to study human nature, and to become able to address successfully, or acceptably, the various natural passions and affections from the point of view of the objects to which they naturally tend. In doing this one only speaks from fallen human nature to fallen human nature, and the truth we attain to is only truth to man in his abnor-

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mal state, which, since what is abnormal is false, is after all only falsehood, and alike remote from the good and the beautiful. Our popular authors, we are sorry to add, seem not to have considered this important fact, and hence our popular literature, almost without exception, expresses only the truth and beauty of our corrupt nature. Indeed, among non-professional writers, it is rare in these days to find an author who even aims, whether he speaks in prose or verse, at any thing more than delighting and charming us on the sensitive or irrational side. It is the tendency of the age, and indeed, as to that matter, of the world in every age, to forget that man's glory is in his intellect and will, in his reason, by which he is made but a little lower than the angels, and through grace able to rise to the contemplation of God himself and to the exhibition in his life of sublime and heroic virtue, and to place it simply in that which he possesses in common with the animal world. To divert him from all deep and masculine thought, to divest him of all rational or spiritual truth, to render him dead to all religious affections and aspirations, and to reduce him to a better sort of animal,—to a creature of mere sensation, or weak and silly sentimentality,—is seriously regarded by those who claim to be the great lights of the nineteenth century as vindicating his manhood, asserting the nobility of his nature, and elevating him to his true rank in the scale of being. To this the "movement party" of our times, following the spirit of the world, have come, and to this conspire all our popular philosophy, science, art, literature.

Yet this brutal result should not surprise us. It lay in the natural course of things, and might have been foreseen by ordinary sagacity as inevitable, except by miracle, when Dante instaurated the lay genius, and commenced the creation of a lay literature by the side of the sacred literature of the church. The literature that leaves the intelligible world, and the high order of supernatural truth, which Almighty God has revealed for our instruction, and confines itself to the sensible world, to delight and captivate the natural man, is always that which is most easily produced, and for which there is the greatest demand. It chimes in with our natural tastes and tendencies, and imposes no self-denial, no restraint, on either author or reader. Its authors may always, where the simple ability to read is general, count on a fit "audience," and not "few"; for to appreciate it exacts no preparatory discipline. In our fallen state false-

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hood and evil are natural to us, and we need no previous instruction, no previous training, to embrace them, or to be charmed with them. Error and sin, like Dogberry's reading and writing, come by nature, and there is no one who cannot err and sin without being taught, without violent effort, self-denial, or mortification. When we choose to err or sin, wind and tide are in our favor and we can rest upon our oars. Any fool is competent to err; but it takes a wise man to avoid error, to know the truth and practise it, or to lead others to know and practise it; and wisdom and virtue do not come by nature, are not natural to us in our lapsed state, and can be acquired only by hard and persevering labor,—by violence to all our natural tendencies, severe discipline, rigid self-denial, and painful mortification,—by a constant struggle against both wind and current, against the whole force of our nature, to which no man is equal, unless excited and assisted by divine grace. It is not surprising, then, that, in an age when authorship is resorted to as a profession, as a livelihood, and when almost everybody reads, popular literature and philosophy should regard only the human animal, the irrational elements of man's nature, and address only our natural tendencies to error and sin; or that the great body of the people, accustomed to no other intellectual food, and incapable, without a discipline they are far from receiving, of relishing any other food, should feel themselves flattered in being allowed to stand at the head of the *mammalia* family, and to look upon themselves as first cousins to the orang-outang and baboon. He who begins by reverencing the animal man will soon see in man nothing but the animal to reverence; and if things go on as they are now going, we must expect to see fetichism reëstablished among the poets, artists, and philosophers of the nineteenth century.

The sensitive soul is indeed integral in man, and the animal man is the same individual or person that we call the rational or spiritual man. Man is composed of body and soul; by his soul he is related to the spiritual world, and by his body to the material world. Considered on the former side he is the rational man; on the latter, the animal man. Yet he is the same man, the same individual, the same person, physically, let us consider him on which side we will, and he always acts with the unity which belongs to his nature. He never acts as intellect and will without sensibility, or as sensibility without some affection of reason; for

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the soul is essentially rational nature, and also the life of the body; for when bereft of the soul, the body is a corpse, incapable of performing a single function. What we call the irrational or animal soul must, then, undoubtedly, have its place and office in the physical economy of human life, and, physically, a share in every human act. Undoubtedly, therefore, the artist cannot move intellect and will without affecting it, and in some degree moving it also. He must, then, understand the instinctive and irrational nature, and study and even address the emotions, passions, and affections. This we grant; but what we maintain is, that he must not do it from the direction of the ends to which they tend, or by presenting them their natural objects; he must do it from the side of intellect and will, through reason, the teachings of revelation, and the precepts of the Gospel. He cannot, if he would, avoid presenting them more or less of sensible beauty, and with sensible beauty they are always pleased; but he must not present that beauty in its nakedness, in the form which carries away sensibility in its natural direction; he must clothe it with a higher beauty, a beauty not sensible, but ideal, spiritual, moral, celestial, and immortal, which is undoubtedly an achievement of great difficulty, and within the reach of none but the very first masters. It is precisely one of the miseries of our fallen state that we cannot indulge our natural taste for sensible beauty without danger; and hence, to preserve our moral integrity, we are obliged to deny and mortify that taste. The earth has been cursed for our sake, and this curse, in no small part, is in the fact that the very beauties of nature, strewn in such rich profusion around us, the mountain and plain, the streamlet and lake, the river and ocean, the varied and smiling landscape, the many-colored and fragrant flowers, the glorious sunshine, the golden-tinted clouds, the starry vault of heaven, all that poets love to see and describe, and which, had we remained in the state of innocence, would have given so pure a delight to our existence, have become to us in consequence of sin a temptation and a snare. The saints, though keenly alive to all that is beautiful in nature, are accustomed to restrain their eyes, to close them to the beauty which appeals to the senses, and to open them only to the contemplation of the beauty of truth and holiness. Yet if, in contemplating spiritual truth, the goodness, the love, and mercy of God, if, enraptured with the celestial beauty with which all truth and good of the spirit-

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ual order are always clothed to the mind and the heart open to them, we overflow with joy, and our whole body thrills with delight, as sometimes happens, we may accept with gratitude to God the sensible sweetness, for it is then a divine pleasure, as it were a slight, a very slight, foretaste of heaven; but we must never seek it, and above all we must beware of confounding it with the voluntary devotion which God demands of us, and of the false notion which some entertain, that we can press the sensitive affections into the service of religion, and make them helps to our growth in knowledge and virtue.

We add here, to prevent misconception, that we do not, in bringing every work to the test of Catholic doctrine and morals, necessarily exclude from trial all works not the works of orthodox and practical Catholics. We find in Plato and Aristotle much sound philosophy; no little beauty in the ancient Greek and Roman classics; and some in the masterpieces of poetry, music, and eloquence of modern Protestant and infidel nations. This is because all nations, ancient and modern, even the heretical and corrupt, have had some rays of truth and goodness from the Catholic sun furrowing their darkness. Catholicity, in the order of ideas or principles, we have said, is the truth, the whole truth, whether the truth evident *per se* to natural reason, or the truth pertaining to the supernatural order, and evident only as revealed and affirmed to us by supernatural authority. This is evident from the fact that theology is the queen of the sciences, and the church is the supreme judge and interpreter, under God, of both the revealed law and the law of nature. The first order of truth, embodied in language and evident of itself to natural reason, is in some measure known to all men; the second order, that pertaining to the supernatural, was, as to its substance, revealed in the beginning to our first parents, and has been preserved by tradition, and never entirely lost by any people. It is therefore retained, and in some measure known, even by heretical and unbelieving nations and individuals. It is true, the works of heretics and unbelievers, whether ancient or modern, considered in relation to the merit of the operator, or as entitling one to eternal life, have no value; for they are, as to the operator, defective both in their principle and end. The heretic or the infidel, the gentile or the Protestant, acts always from nature to nature, which is never enough for everlasting life, for that lies in the supernatural order. The

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noblest works of heretics and individuals avail nothing for salvation. Only Catholics do, or can, act from human nature elevated by grace, and for God as author of grace and the supernatural end of man; and therefore none but Catholics can enter into heaven, as we are taught in the dogma, that out of the church no one can ever be saved. But considered apart from the principle and end of the operator, and regarded only for what they are in themselves, the works of individuals not Catholics may have, under a philosophical and an artistic point of view, no inconsiderable degree of merit. It is thus that in purely metaphysical questions St. Thomas and the fathers cite the gentile philosophers, and good Catholics admire the Apollo and the Laocoön. But what we admire in the philosophy or art of heterodox nations and individuals is precisely that in them which conforms to Catholic doctrine and morals, and which has been inspired by those elements of Catholicity which they have retained after their lapse into heterodoxy and infidelity. So, though our rule obliges us to condemn as opposed to true art whatever cannot abide the Catholic test, we are still free, under it, to judge any work without inquiring whence it came or who has produced it; yet we expect the masterpiece only from the Catholic who spends no small portion of his time at the foot of the crucifix, and the art of all pagan or heterodox nations will always betray its origin.

From these last remarks it must appear, that, as reviewers, we hold our business to be with the work presented for our judgment, rather than with the workman abstracted from it. We do not belong to the new school of criticism, if new it is, springing up amongst us, and which values a work of art only in so far as it is a revelation of the psychological character of its author, and lets us into the secrets of his interior soul. We cannot, with a bold but flippant critic on Mr. Dana, in a late number of the *Christian Examiner*, leave the consideration of the intrinsic merits or demerits of the works themselves, as revelations of the true, the good, or the beautiful, and proceed by their aid to analyze the author as a man, to dissect his moral and mental constitution, and to set forth, to the wonderment of our readers at our own sagacity and penetration, what he is or is not in himself. This exceeds, in our judgment, both our province and our ability. The author, in so far as he enters into his work, that is, as strictly the *author* and distinguishable from

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the man, is, no doubt, the proper subject of criticism, but beyond he is not, for beyond he does not publish himself, and is not amenable to a literary tribunal. Because a man has seen proper to publish a poem or a series of tales and essays, it does not follow in our code of morals that we have the right to treat him as a psychological phenomenon, or to make him a psychological *study*. The man has a right to determine for himself how far he will and how far he will not publish himself, and so far as he does not publish himself he is a private man, just as much as if he had never published any thing at all. The end of art is not to reveal the artist. It is somewhat necessary in these democratic times, when there is a universal tendency to invade every man's privacy, to violate all private rights, and merge the individual in the public, or rather in the mob, to insist on this obvious fact, if we would preserve any degree of personal independence before the many-headed and meddlesome multitude. It will be a sad day for personal independence, freedom of thought, manly conduct, and strong and masculine literature, when your Edwin P. Whipples unrebuked sit in judgment on the interior character of your Richard H. Danas, and publish to the world their psychological lucubrations. No man of any native modesty, or delicacy of feeling, will then venture to lay before the public the creations of his genius, or the results of his deep thought and patient investigations, his fervent meditations, or private musings.

Moreover, the critic can never give a judgment of an author beyond his works that can be worthy of much reliance, for the workman always surpasses his work, and it is only an infinitesimal part of himself that any tolerable author does or can express in his writings. Only emptiness can tell all that it is. The man of true genius, great abilities, and full mind can compress only the smallest portion of what he is into words intelligible to all the world. He can fully open himself only to minds of a like order and cultivation with his own. Good readers are nearly as rare as good authors, and the best part of a really good author is lost upon the crowd even of his admirers. It is not seldom that he is pained to hear himself complimented for what he would blush to have meant, and what is at best only the merest commonplace. The evil is already one of serious magnitude, and becomes and must become every day greater and greater as nominal readers multiply, and the proportion of

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genuine scholars to mere sciolists diminishes. Everybody now-a-days fancies himself a fit judge of every thing, and is ready to swear that whatever is true, beautiful, or good to him, is so in itself, and that whatever transcends his puny understanding is a nullity. "The schoolmaster is abroad," we are told, and it is no doubt true; but we think it were quite as well if he stayed at home, and formed scholars who might write as scholars for scholars. The world has not profited by leaving behind the old maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and installing the Whipples as literary and psychological critics of the Danas.

We have dwelt so long on the canons of literary and æsthetic criticism, that we have reserved ourselves little time or space to apply them to the works before us. Nor can we proceed with the same confidence in their application that we have felt in stating them. They are founded in the eternal truth and nature of things, and we have been guided by our religion in determining them; their application is an act of human judgment, in all cases fallible, and peculiarly so in ours, especially when the application is to be made to poetical or artistic productions, of which we are very indifferent judges. Art is the expression of the true and the good under the form of the beautiful; the form of the beautiful is not created by the mind of the artist, is not projected from his mind, before having been drawn in from without, or from above; it is real, objective,—the real and eternal form of the true and the good themselves, as they exist independent of our apprehension; but it is not given to every eye to behold it, and it is only privileged minds, minds endowed with some portion of that extraordinary power called genius, and which escapes all definition, that can detect or embody it. We ordinary mortals can apprehend the true and the morally good, can know our duty and perform it; but we are not privileged to see them always and everywhere under the form of the beautiful; far less are we able to seize that form and embody it in our works. In so far as it is identical with the true and the good we can judge of it; but in so far as it is distinguishable from them,—for distinguishable, though not separable, from them we conceive it may be,—we hold ourselves poorly qualified, either by nature or discipline, to determine its presence.

Mr. Dana's writings consist of moral and political essays, literary reviews and criticisms, and tales and poems. The essays are the most to our taste, and are the portion of his

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writings with which we have the most sympathy. Mr. Dana is no red-republican, no radical, no revolutionist, but, without being hopelessly wedded to any particular form of political constitution, is a genuine conservative, a believer in the necessity of law, and in the almost forgotten fact that loyalty is a virtue. His essays, entitled *Old Times*, *The Past and the Present*, and *Law as suited to Man*,—the first published in 1817, and the last two, one in 1833, and the other in 1835, written with rare eloquence and grace of style, and clearness and force of expression,—prove very satisfactorily that he is far from holding what is called the "sacred right of insurrection," and from believing that all innovation is improvement, and that the surest way to protect liberty is to obliterate from the mind the notion of law which guaranties it, and to break down all the bulwarks the wisdom of our ancestors erected for its defence. Mr. Dana is one of the few men remaining amongst us that retain somewhat of the views and tastes of the better class of the loyalist gentry in ante-revolutionary times, and who have never adopted all the peculiarities of our modern democracy.

The American revolution and independence have had an astonishing effect in developing the material resources of our country, and in stimulating industrial activity and enterprise, but they have not had an equally salutary influence on our manners and morals, and our general habits of thought and belief. The tone of good society under the republic is below what it was in colonial times, and thought has lost in depth and soundness what it has gained in expansion. American society has not yet recovered the loss of the old loyalist or Tory families, for the most part the *élite* of the colonial gentry. Democracy is great and glorious in the order of mere material industry and prosperity, when that industry and prosperity are able to thrive in spite of the government; but it is not remarkably favorable to the growth of reverence, respect, and courtesy. Its fundamental principle is pride,—is, "I am as good as you, and will not bow or take off my hat to you,"—and therefore its natural tendency is to lower the standard of morals and manners. It invariably tends to invade every man's privacy, to make war on all individual freedom and mental independence, and to deny to every one the right to think, to act, or to be, save as merged in the crowd, and going to make up the public. Its natural tendency is to bring every thing down to a common average, to the level of the common mind, and to make public opinion

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the standard of doctrine and morals. It puts the people, or rather the mob, in the place of God, and makes all men taken individually slaves of all men taken collectively. Of all conceivable governments democracy is the most unfavorable to free and manly thought, to mental independence, to freedom and nobility of soul.*

In consequence of the natural influence of democracy, but an influence against which the framers of the federal constitution intended to guard, we of the present generation are far inferior in a moral and intellectual point of view to the generation that won our independence, and which was formed

* Let no one infer from our strictures on democracy that we are disloyal to the republican institutions of this country. In condemning democracy we have no reference to either of the two great political parties which divide our countrymen, for in the sense in which we condemn it, democracy is common to both parties;—we refer not to the particular measures of administration which either party advocates, for in this journal we are neither Whig nor Democrat; nor do we refer to the fundamental principles of the American constitution, state or national, for we deny that the American constitution is democratic or was ever intended to be democratic. The democracy we condemn relates neither to parties nor to measures of administration, but to the origin of power and the constitution of the state. We condemn as destructive of freedom *all* government of *mere will*, whether the will of plebeians or of nobility, of the people or of the monarch. We demand a government of law,—a government legal in its origin, in its principles, and in its administration, and such a government we hold the American government to be when rightly interpreted; and such a government we hold a democracy is not and never can be. Democracy, as the word is now universally understood, and rightly understood, is nothing but *mobocracy*. We are opposed, not to our American institutions, but to the democratic interpretation of them insisted on by the majority of our countrymen, and even by some few of our nominally Catholic fellow-citizens, who are Catholics in the old Anglican fashion, that is, Catholics who are for this world at any rate, and for heaven in so far as it demands no self-renunciation, and they are able to accommodate its livery to the service of the devil. What we oppose is not the institutions, but the mobocratic principles, doctrines, and practices become so prevalent that no man of tolerable ability can hope to be elevated to any place of honor or trust unless he makes a public profession of them, and sets law and common sense at defiance.

For ourselves, we advocate not monarchy, not timocracy, not oligarchy, not aristocracy, not democracy, not ochlocracy, but simply legitimacy and legality, and precisely such, we hold, is the government which Providence through the wisdom of our ancestors has established in this country. To this form of government, and the laws made in conformity to its constitution, we owe civil allegiance, and are always ready to comply with all the demands of such allegiance. But the democratic doctrines floating in the minds of our countrymen outside of the constitution, we do not hold ourselves bound to obey; and we maintain that no man in this country can follow or encourage them without ceasing to be a loyal citizen, and becoming treasonable in his thought and deed. It is not we in opposing, but our countrymen in encouraging, these doctrines and tendencies, that are disloyal to American institutions.

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under the colonial *régime*, as is evident to all among us old enough to have known that generation before it had wholly disappeared. Even the more ultra members of the revolutionary party, not excepting even Mr. Jefferson, entertained views far more profound, just, and conservative than it is common to meet among those who now pass for aristocrats or monarchists, because not absolutely mobocrats. Since even our own memory there was no party in the country that would own the name of democrat, and the term was rarely used, save as a term of reproach. Men would say, "We are republicans, but not democrats"; and the Whig party of to-day is more democratic than was the Republican party under Jefferson and Madison. There was, when the war of independence commenced, and till many years after independence had been gained, and we had taken our place among sovereign states, something of loyalty in our disposition, and a general conviction in our minds of the necessity and obligation of law. The sound doctrines and moral habits that we had inherited from remote ancestors were not yet worn out, and we retained some precious elements of moral and social life. These are now gone, and our country passes into the hands of the generation formed under the practical operations of democratic convictions and tendencies,—a puny generation, so degenerated in mental and moral stature from its predecessors that one can hardly believe that it has really descended from them. They who with us see and deplore this constant deterioration of American society, will read these essays of Mr. Dana with great pleasure, and with thanksgiving that there is one writer amongst us, of the highest order of American writers, who dares intimate to his countrymen that their march of intellect is downward, not upward, and to labor to recall their attention to the good old things that have passed or are passing away. The chief regret we feel in reading these essays is, that he who wrote them has not followed them up and given us many more like them, a regret we seldom have occasion to feel in the case of contemporary essayists.

The literary reviews and criticisms prove that Mr. Dana has made criticism a study. We have been particularly pleased with the paper on *Edgeworths' Readings on Poetry*, in which the sound sense and just and acute observations of the author are surpassed only by his wit and humor. The Edgeworth tales, if man had no end but to get on well in the world, to be respectable and prosperous here, without

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reference to an hereafter, would have been highly meritorious. The father and daughter were very respectable pagans. But the Edgeworth notions of education, and the Edgeworth utilitarianism, cannot be too severely ridiculed, and are as contemptible as the school-system and school-books of Peter Parley. We have seen no reason to believe that the modern methods of education surpass those practised by the ancients, and we are strongly inclined to the belief, that the attempt to make a young child understand every thing is the most effectual way of preventing him from ever understanding any thing.

The paper on *The Sketch Book* is a fair and discriminating review of the earlier writings of Washington Irving. We were pleased to observe, that, while the writer is just to the many merits of Mr. Irving, he is not blind to his defects, and with great kindness and delicacy indicates them. We confess that, as much as we admire the inimitable Knickerbocker, we tire of his History before reaching the end, and in fact have never yet succeeded in reading to the last page. Irving has true wit and delicate humor, a lively and fertile fancy, a pure, chaste, and elegant style, but he is a little monotonous, and his uniform sweetness now and then cloys the appetite.

The elaborate paper on *Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets* is to our judgment the ablest and most characteristic of any in the collection. Of Hazlitt's Lectures themselves we cannot speak, for we have never read them, nor any thing else from the same author; but Mr. Dana's own criticisms are superior to any thing of the sort written on this side the Atlantic we remember to have read. We know nothing finer, more tasteful, acute, or just in the whole range of literary criticism than the remarks on Alexander Pope, and his poetry. We were delighted exceedingly to find Mr. Dana doing justice to Swift, in spite of the *Edinburgh Review's* attempt to exclude him from good society. Swift had his faults both as a man and a writer; he is occasionally coarse, and in his *Tale of a Tub* downright profane; but he was taller by the head and shoulders than any of his Protestant literary contemporaries, and among all the celebrated writers of Queen Anne's reign the author for whom we have the most esteem and affection. We have no sympathy with his cynicism, whether it was real or affected; we regret his coarseness, and detest his Protestantism; but we confess his rare genius, his satirical wit, his strong masculine sense,

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and have a profound respect for his political sagacity and wisdom. The political policy he advocated, and which the Whig Addison opposed, was wise and profound, and England is the sufferer to-day, and will be the greater sufferer hereafter, for having rejected it. His policy was to save the independence of the crown, to guard against parliamentary despotism, and protect and strengthen the country population against the urban population, that is, prevent the government from falling into the hands of fund-holders, stock-jobbers, merchants, and manufacturers,—a population that lacks stability, and fluctuates with the fluctuations of trade and the state of the markets, not only at home, but also abroad. Mr. Disraeli, if we understand him, is attempting to revive this policy, but we fear it is too late; the reform bill, and the late Sir Robert Peel's free-trade measures, together with the changes as to the balance of property produced in Great Britain by the marvellous development of commerce and manufactures during the last sixty years, have given the preponderance hopelessly, we are inclined to believe, to the urban system, so zealously defended by Addison in the time of Swift. England's opportunity of recovering from the sad effects of the rebellion and revolution of the seventeenth century was lost when she called in the present house of Hanover, instead of the legitimate heir of her throne, and she must, we fear, reap the consequences of her wickedness and folly. Sacred rights are never violated with impunity, and the injured in the long run are sure to be avenged.

Mr. Dana rates Wordsworth as a poet higher than we have been in the habit of doing. Our early dislike of Wordsworth may have proceeded from our early admiration of Byron, and perhaps, since we have ceased to admire Byron, we ought to overcome our distaste for Wordsworth. Wordsworth did not lack the poetic temperament, and he has written, for an Anglican, some very good poetry. Many of his sonnets, we acknowledge, are very beautiful—although we dislike sonnets, as we do hexameters, in English—and we cannot deny that they produce the effect of true poetry on the mind and heart of the reader. He wrote, too, with an honest aim, and with such religious thought and feeling as he could have without being a Catholic. But he remains always too near the ground, and never rises above a respectable Greek or Roman gentile, save in words. His philosophy is, perhaps, higher and broader than that of Locke and

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Paley, but it is still low and narrow, and now and then even verges upon pantheism. He is too much of an idolater of nature to please us, and we grow weary, half to death, of his interminable descriptions of natural scenery, mountain and lake, hill and dale, park and paddock, woodland and meadow, clouds and sunsets, especially in his *Excursion*. We can endure no poetry that gives us any description of nature, or merely natural objects, any further than it subserves the action of the piece. All description, introduced for description's sake, however beautiful in itself, is a blemish. In poetry, in eloquence, in painting, in every species of art, the moral must predominate, be the principal, and the merely natural only the accessory, and must never, as in Cole's pictures of the Voyage of Life, overlay the moral. Wordsworth seems to us to have formed a tolerably just conception of what poetry should be, but to have labored all his long life in the nearly vain attempt to realize it. He made poetry step down from her stilts, and walk on her own natural feet and legs, and so far he did good service, but we are afraid that he will have to answer for not a few of the sins of the more recent schools of the Brownings, the Barretts, the Tennysons, the Lowells, and their fellows, with which our present youthful generation is so grievously afflicted.

Of Mr. Dana's poems and tales, we can offer only a brief criticism. As a poet, he steers clear of the literary faults we have, rightly or wrongly, charged upon Wordsworth. He has a quick eye for external beauty, and he gives us some exquisite pictures of nature, but they never divert our attention from the action of the piece, or mar its unity, but for the most part help it on, and deepen the impression intended. He does not appear to have learned that rhythm is unessential to poetry, or that mere feeling without thought, clear and distinct thought, is the chief element in the composition of a poet. It is pretty evident, therefore, that his poems were written some years ago, and that he did not anticipate our recent discoveries. His rhythm is always good, and his poetical language is natural, easy, and, for aught we can see, is used as properly, as simply, as plainly, and as intelligibly as if he were talking prose. To us this is a great merit, but in these days it may be thought a defect. His diction is choice, and his style, clear, strong, terse, energetic, and free from all exaggeration and diffuseness. In his *Buccaneer* he compresses as much meaning into a single

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line as our younger poets succeed in getting into a score of stanzas.

In nothing he has written in his poems or in his *Idle Man*, the general title of the collection of tales, is there any thing that transgresses good taste, or ordinary morality, as understood by the better class of our Protestant countrymen. They are both marked by a certain moral aim, a certain religiousness, and, so far as words go, express a reverence for and belief in Christianity. Yet we feel when reading them that the author has never been really elevated above the natural order, and that the sphere in which he lives and moves lies far below the supernatural into which divine grace elevates us, and in which are the secret springs of the Christian's life. The only sanctity we recognize in his works is forensic and imputed, not infused and intrinsic. Hence they fail to express the higher order of beauty, and to produce the effect we have always the right to demand of all productions claiming to be artistic. The supernatural in *The Buccaneer* is terrible, but neither beautiful nor sublime, —for it is infernal, not celestial; demoniacal, not divine. And bad as Mat Lee was, we should have been better satisfied, since supernatural agency was to be introduced, if it had been introduced to save and not to destroy. As it is, the Spectre-Horse is simply terrible, and affects us as unfavorably as the *diablerie* of Hoffman.

Speaking in general terms of Mr. Dana's poems, and especially of *The Idle Man*, we are obliged to say, that the author, beyond the exquisite beauty of his style and diction, seldom attains to the truly beautiful. His *Edward and Mary* is a very sweet love story, pleasantly and delicately told, but it is only a story of ordinary human love, which in no respect rises above the natural order, and is as much within the reach of the gentile as the Christian. But the rest are, for the most part, dark, gloomy, and morbid. They are terrible, rather than beautiful, and recall too vividly the general effect of the novels of Godwin and Charles Brockden Brown. We do not mean to say that Mr. Dana copies or imitates these writers, nor imply any thing against his originality both of style and thought, but he writes with the same morbid spirit that they do, and leaves on his reader a painful and unhealthy impression. His *Paul Felton* is a powerfully written story, but it is fearful. It displays in the most masterly manner the workings of a richly endowed mind, left to its own solitary musings, strong passions, and

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deep affections without steady principle, and grown morbid; but scarcely any thing in the world would induce us to give it a second reading. The author in it is true to our morbid or fallen nature placed in the circumstances he imagines, and subjected to satanic influences; but he must pardon us if we intimate, that, let the case stand with him now as it may, when he wrote the story of *Paul Felton*, he did not at all understand the philosophy of the case he so powerfully and fearfully sketched. His hero wanted two things, the infused habits of grace, and an enlightened conscience. The errors and defects of Paul did not arise from the solitude in which he was brought up, nor from his mingling so little in general society. Had the boy been baptized, had he been well instructed in Christian doctrine, and been under the direction of a wise master of spiritual life, the circumstances in which he was placed and his manner of life would have favored enjoyment and the growth of virtue. But as it was, he had nothing of the grace by which the Christian lives, and the little knowledge of Christianity he had was just enough to give him a scrupulous conscience in matters not of moment, and a lax one in all else.

Paul Felton is the conception of a Calvinist, and is an admirable illustration of Calvinism in real life. Calvinists have no adequate instruction in Christian duty. A few minor things they are taught, and if in regard to these they keep tolerably clear of sin, they are satisfied with themselves, and have no trouble of conscience, however grossly they may sin in matters of real spiritual magnitude. This is the case with the great majority of them. They satisfy themselves, and maintain their self-complacency on matters of little consequence, and leave the rest to take care of itself. They can without remorse destroy the widow's house, if they do not forget to make long prayers. If they "pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin," they can with a self-approving conscience pass over "the weightier things of the law, judgment, and mercy, and faith." But when one of them fails in small matters, his conscience takes the alarm; he is filled with scruples; he becomes morbid, he grows mad, and plunges into the most fearful crimes and hideous sins. The basis of this character is pride and spiritual ignorance, oftenest met with in persons of good natural parts, respectable literary and scientific attainments, but unaccompanied by proper spiritual or ghostly direction. Such was Paul Felton, the jealous and tyrannical husband, the leaguer with the

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devil, the murderer of his wife and of himself, yet a man of tender conscience, persuading himself that he is in all acting in accordance with conscience, and under the dictates of a superior power.

Mr. Dana in stories of this sort offends Christian morality, not indeed because he paints great crimes, but because he paints them in unchristian colors, from the point of view of mere nature, without directing the mind to their remedy. The saints relate to us crimes of the deepest die, but they do it with inward sanctity of their own, and so as not only to inspire horror for the deeds, but a love for God and heroic virtue. Mr. Dana gives us, in contrast with his bold sketches or finished details of crime and sin, no glimpses of the justice and mercy of God, no gleams of hope in the divine charity, no heroic sanctity to which the mind and heart, sickened with the disgusting views of sin and iniquity, can turn and find relief and refreshment. The effect on the reader of all the kind of writing he here gives us is bad, enervating, and tends rather to fit one to be a villain and a desperado, than to recall him from error and sin, and to fix his affections on the true and the holy. In meditating on the passion of our Lord, it is more wholesome to dwell on the ineffable love, the infinite mercy of God manifested in it, than even on our own sins for which our Lord suffered on the cross: for love to God is a nobler affection than simple hatred of sin. The sinner not unfrequently loathes the sin he continues to commit, but not loathing it because opposed to the divine charity, or to the possession of God as his supreme good, he is rather the worse than the better for the loathing; because the loathing only drives him deeper and deeper into iniquity, in the vain hope of curing, or at least of concealing itself. Finally, we see now and then a recognition in Mr. Dana's writings of the prevalent and fashionable doctrine of the purifying and ennobling influence of mere human love. This doctrine, however disguised, is nothing but the pander to lust. We know that woman's love, a mere natural sentiment, is half deified, and represented as thaumaturgic; but we have no more confidence in either woman's or man's love as a principle of virtue than we have in any other natural sentiment, nor half so much. Marriage *may* sometimes reform the rake of his rakishness, as avarice will sometimes cure a man of intemperance and sloth, but it does not elevate him into the sphere of virtue. The fact is, nature is never sufficient, and always does and

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must disappoint those who rely on it. It must be elevated by grace, and charity must enter, pervade, and rule the domestic circle, or the domestic affections themselves can do nothing for real virtue. The state, and the family, as well as individual virtue, must have a truly religious basis, be based in Christianity, and sustained by supernatural grace, or they are no better than castles in the air.

But we have extended our remarks to an unreasonable length, and must close. We have given Mr. Dana's works themselves a very inadequate review, and the author may feel that, in common justice, we should have entered more into detail. But our purpose has not been a regular criticism of his writings, but to discuss with some depth and clearness the subject they very naturally suggested, and that not for his sake, but for the sake of our young Catholic aspirants to literary and artistic excellence. As a writer Mr. Dana is morbid, and wants the mental serenity and that buoyancy of spirit which only the Catholic faith and fidelity to the Catholic Church can give. We see in his writings the absence of the operations of Catholicity on the mind and heart, and the presence of much puritanic pride and scrupulosity. But we see at the same time a writer of great intellectual power, of true genius, and for the most part, so far as the form goes, of cultivated, pure, and delicate taste. His style may be studied as a model, and is among the very best specimens of pure English that have been written by one born and trained on this side of the Atlantic, and is rather that of an Englishman than of an American. Mr. Dana stands, deservedly, at the head of our American poets, and is surpassed by none of our prose-writers for the clearness, precision, naturalness, purity, and classic grace and finish of his style and diction, and though his works are not by any means all we could wish them, few if any American productions of the sort are more creditable to our literature.

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THE WORKS OF DANIEL WEBSTER.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for July, 1852.]

This is a much more complete edition of Mr. Webster's works than has heretofore appeared, but it does not embrace the entire series of his writings. "Such a series," the editor tells us, "would have required a larger number of volumes than was deemed advisable with reference to the general circulation of the work. A few juvenile performances have accordingly been omitted, as not of sufficient importance or maturity to be included in the collection. Of the earlier speeches in congress, some were either not reported at all, or in a manner too imperfect to be preserved without doing injustice to the author. No attempt has been made to collect from the contemporaneous newspapers or congressional registers the short conversational speeches and remarks made by Mr. Webster, as by other prominent members of congress, in the progress of debate, and sometimes exercising greater influence on the result than the set speeches. Of the addresses to public meetings it has been found impossible to embrace more than a selection, without swelling the work to an unreasonable size. It is believed, however, that the contents of these volumes furnish a fair specimen of Mr. Webster's opinions and sentiments on all the subjects treated, and of his manner of discussing them. The responsibility of deciding what should be omitted and what included has been left by Mr. Webster to the friends having the charge of the publication, and his own opinion on details of this kind has rarely been taken." The volumes before us should, therefore, be entitled A Selection from the works of Daniel Webster; although it is but simple justice to the editor to say, that the selection has been made with taste and judgment, and we are aware of no omission that any of Mr. Webster's friends will seriously regret, unless it be some of his earlier speeches in congress, especially the speech on the conscription bill. The speeches, addresses, law arguments, and diplomatic and state papers, on which his fame must rest, and which exhibit his character as a scholar, orator, lawyer, statesman, and diplomatist, are all included.

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* *The Works of Daniel Webster.* Boston: 1851.

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The editor, himself one of our most distinguished scholars and an eminent publicist, has preceded the collection by an admirable Biographical Memoir of the author, written with great judgment and delicacy. It is no easy task to write the life of an eminent man while he is still living, and yet the editor has done it in a manner to satisfy the partialities of friendship, without offending the modesty of the illustrious subject or the fidelity of history. The tone of the memoir is of course laudatory, but it is subdued, and probably says no more in praise than posterity will ratify. Some few shades may be necessary to render the portrait a perfect likeness, but the judgments passed upon the talents, opinions, and services of the author are, in general, solid and just, such as time will confirm, not reverse.

Mr. Webster is of Scottish extraction, and was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18th, 1782. He pursued his preparatory studies at Phillips Academy, Exeter, and graduated, August, 1801, at Dartmouth College, in his native state. He immediately entered the office of Mr. Thompson, the next-door neighbor of his father, as a student of law, and subsequently studied awhile in the office of the Hon. Christopher Gore in this city. He was admitted to the practice of the law for the court of common pleas of the County of Suffolk, Boston, in 1805, and as an attorney and counsellor of the superior court of New Hampshire in 1807, when he removed to Portsmouth, where he appears to have been immediately and eminently successful in his profession. In 1812 he was elected a member of congress, and again in 1815. In 1816 he removed from Portsmouth to Boston, which has continued to be his home ever since, although, when not called away by his official duties, he for a few years past has usually resided on his farm in Marshfield, in the Old Colony. In 1820 he was chosen a member of the convention called to revise the constitution of this commonwealth, and in the autumn of 1822 was elected a member of the eighteenth congress, from Boston. Since then, with scarcely an interval, he has been connected with the general government, as representative, senator, or secretary of state, and has, during the whole period of nearly forty years, been identified with the public history of his country, and exerted a large share of influence on our public policy.

It is not our purpose, in the few remarks we propose to offer on the occasion of a new edition of Mr. Webster's works, to speak at much length of his character as a lawyer

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or as a statesman. As a statesman, we have often spoken of him, and perhaps enough has been said. He has proved himself one of the very few American statesmen who are able to compare favorably with the higher class of European statesmen, and his views are such as may be honestly commended, with very slight exceptions, for their patriotism, comprehensiveness, and practical wisdom. It is rare that we should now, whatever may have been the case formerly, dissent from his domestic policy; but his foreign policy, although more in accordance with the general sentiment of the great body of his countrymen than the one we should approve, appears to us, in some respects, narrow and illiberal, wrong in principle and dangerous in tendency. In his judgment of the continental monarchical states he is still a disciple of the eighteenth century, a believer, substantially, in the *contrat social*, and what is called a liberal. He is not, intentionally, a Jacobin, or a red-republican, and would, most likely, had he been old enough at the time, have sided with Burke in his denunciation of the old French revolution; but he would, nevertheless, have denounced it in its excesses, rather than in its principle. He and the Jacobin have the same point of departure, and differ only in this,—that the Jacobin will carry out the principle common to them both logically to its last consequence, while Mr. Webster, restrained by his good sense and practical wisdom, shrinks from going so far, and attempts to stop short of the proper logical extreme, apparently not perceiving that a principle that will not bear being pushed to its last logical conclusion is false, and ought not to be admitted at all.

Mr. Webster is, perhaps, not vehemently opposed to what may be called a parliamentary or representative monarchy,—we say not, as he would, *constitutional* monarchy, for every monarchy that governs by laws is a constitutional, even a limited monarchy;—but he evidently understands by a constitutional monarchy a representative or parliamentary monarchy, and recognizes the strict legality of no monarchical government unless it is, to use the expression of La Fayette, a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions, or a monarchy compelled to govern in conjunction with a parliament, in one or both of its branches chosen by popular suffrage. No government that does not recognize in some form the democratic element, or rather the sovereignty of the people, in the Jacobinical sense, is in his view, a strictly legal or legitimate government. Hence, without sympa-

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thizing with the socialistic tendencies of the age in their developments, and without wishing in the least to weaken the foundations of law and order, he is the determined enemy of all the monarchical governments of Europe which are not based on popular sovereignty, and do not rule by means of parliaments or representative assemblies; and he holds it the duty of our government to exert all the influence it can on and through public opinion in encouragement and aid of the party, in all monarchical countries, exerting themselves to revolutionize them, and establish popular institutions in their place.

Mr. Webster evidently adopts the Canning policy, adopted and pursued with such disastrous success during the last twenty years by Mr. Canning's pupil, Lord Palmerston, late foreign secretary of the British government,—the policy of intervention, if not by armed force, at least by diplomacy and public opinion, by exertions to create and foster a public opinion everywhere hostile to strictly monarchical governments, and by encouraging the subjects of such governments to make illegal efforts to subvert them. Mr. Canning and Lord Palmerston adopted and pursued this policy for the sake of introducing into every European continental state the parliamentary system of Great Britain; Mr. Webster, perhaps, would have little choice whether that system or our own were introduced, but one or the other he insists upon, as we may collect from his speech in congress on the affairs of Greece in 1823, and his remarkable letter to Chevalier Hülsemann, in December, 1850, in defence of General Taylor's administration for sending Mr. Dudley Mann to treat, if he had a chance, with the rebellious Hungarians, then in arms against their sovereign. We need not say that we regard this policy as repugnant to the laws of nations, and as founded upon a false theory of the origin and principles of government. The sovereignty of the people, in the Jacobinical sense, is not a truth, and can be consistently asserted by no man who does not deny the existence of God. Its assertion is the assertion of atheism in politics, and hence every system of policy which presupposes it must be condemned by every one who believes in God and understands himself.

When Mr. Webster speaks as a lawyer, according to the principles and maxims of the common law, what he says is remarkable for its good sense, its profound truth, and its practical wisdom; for then he speaks in accordance with the

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teachings of our holy religion, which forms the basis of that law; but when he leaves that and undertakes to discuss questions which lie further back, he is the disciple of Hampden, Sydney, Locke, and Rousseau, and proceeds from principles which he did not learn from the law, and which are utterly repugnant to it. This is not a peculiarity of Mr. Webster; it was equally the case with the elder Adams, and, indeed, with the whole of the old Federal party; and it was this that prostrated them, notwithstanding their personal respectability and practical wisdom, before their less scrupulous, but more logical and self-consistent rivals, headed by Thomas Jefferson. They were *via media* men, adopting two contradictory sets of principles, and laboring to reconcile them by stopping half way with each; while their rivals had but one set of principles, which they were prepared to follow whithersoever they should lead. Hence Federalism, inferior in a logical, but far superior in a practical point of view, or in practical wisdom and common sense, was obliged to succumb to virtual Jacobinism, greatly to the permanent injury, perhaps to the ultimate ruin, of the country,—certainly much to the regret of every intelligent and true-hearted American.

We own that we admire the English constitution as it originally existed, but we do not admire it in its present state. In the original constitution of England the democratic element in the modern sense, or rather the Jacobinical element, had no place, and the sovereign people were simply the king and parliament. The excellence of the system consisted in its being a government of estates. The house of commons did not represent the people of England, but the commons estate, with a negative on each of the other estates. The positive power was in the crown, which had the initiative of all measures, and the power of the lords and commons was, properly, only a negative power, or the veto which each could place on those measures of the positive power,—the lords by refusing to advise them or to assent to them, and the commons by refusing to vote the supplies. Thus the unity and efficiency of the government were preserved, while ample security against its power to oppress either the nobility or the commonalty was provided. But parliament has now virtually usurped the positive power of government, and indeed formally; for, if we mistake not, the initiative of measures is no longer the exclusive prerogative of the crown, and since the reform bill of 1832, the

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house of commons has very nearly become a representative assembly in the democratic sense,—representing not simply an estate, but the people of England. It may not do this perfectly as yet, but the clamor and agitation for reform will be continued till it does, and then, when the house of commons represents, not the commons estate, but the English people, the king and peers will be found to be mere excrescences on the body politic; they will then be lopped off, and Great Britain will become a pure democracy, and thence a pure anarchy. The tendency to a pure democracy is now fearfully strong, and a democratic revolution in that country is not an improbable, perhaps not a distant event. Mr. Canning's policy, so steadily pursued by Lord Palmerston, of encouraging democratic revolutions abroad, has reacted and is reacting with terrible force upon England herself, and can hardly fail to produce there the evils it has produced in such abundance on the continent, especially in the Spanish and Italian peninsulas.

We sympathize fully with Mr. Webster in his love of liberty, and perhaps we should be found, in case of trial, a more unflinching enemy than he of despotism of every kind; but we think he falls into the common mistake of identifying liberty with popular institutions. It is a narrow and unstatesmanlike view to suppose that liberty is possible only where the people are represented in parliament, or have a positive power in enacting the laws under which they are to live. Liberty, we grant, is not possible under a despotism, that is, a government of mere will; but it is possible under any and every government that is a government of laws, where the sovereign governs only by a fixed code, or in accordance with laws previously enacted and promulgated, as is the case with every Christian or nominally Christian government in Europe, even with that of Russia. Laws prejudicial to individual liberty may, no doubt, be enacted and promulgated by governments constituted like the Prussian, the Russian, or the Austrian, and so they may be under governments constituted like the English, or even our own, as we may see in the ecclesiastical titles bill enacted by the British parliament, and in the "Maine liquor law," recently enacted by several of the states of the Union, and among the rest by the free and liberty-loving Massachusetts; for you shall in vain search the archives of the most despotic states of Europe to find enactments more repugnant, at least in principle, to the liberty of the subject, or

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more really arbitrary in their nature. Parliamentary governments with a king, as in Great Britain, or without a king, as with us, are a clumsy and a very expensive sort of government, and it is perhaps chiefly prejudice on our part that makes us regard them as necessarily superior, in themselves considered, to all other governments. Whether the state of our country and the habits of our people, which unquestionably demand such government and render every other unwise and impracticable for us, be a real advantage, or in fact only a disadvantage, is a question on which something may be said on both sides. Perhaps the fact that none but a republican government, resting for its basis on universal suffrage, is practicable or to be thought of for our country, is not, after all, any conclusive proof in itself that we are so much in advance of other nations as we commonly suppose. We are not certain that France, if she were prepared for a republic like ours, as she evidently is not, could be said to be further advanced in civilization than she now is, or than she was under Louis XIV. or Louis IX. A nation's rank in the scale of civilization is determined, not by the mere form of its government, but by the wisdom and justice of its laws, and the alacrity and fidelity with which they are obeyed. In encouraging the subjects of the European continental states to rebel against their sovereigns, for the purpose of introducing parliamentary or representative governments, whether in the English or American form, it is far from being certain that we are encouraging them to effect a change for the better. God, in his providence, gives to each people the political constitution that is best adapted to its character and wants, and experience as well as philosophy makes it pretty certain that every fundamental change in that constitution invariably becomes a prolific source of evil. Mr. Webster's policy, that our government should take its stand on the side of modern liberalism, and exert itself officially to create, throughout the world, and in monarchical states, a public opinion hostile to monarchy, and through that public opinion to cherish movements for popular institutions, is not, in our judgment, a policy likely to serve either the cause of good government or that of true liberty.

Mr. Webster is a lawyer, and we are surprised that he should attribute the freedom and prosperity of our citizens to our political institutions, instead of attributing them, as should be done, to the common law, or the system of juris-

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prudence brought here by our fathers, and inherited from the England that was before the reformation. It is the common law, with the independent judiciary under it, which Mr. Webster has on more occasions than one so nobly and so powerfully defended, that constitutes the real ground and support of our liberties. Take away the common law, either by substituting a written code for it, or by suffering its principles to be tampered with by the legislatures of the several states, as has been done in those that have adopted the Maine liquor law, for instance, and destroy the independence of the judiciary by rendering the judges elective for a brief term of office, and reëligible, and you will soon find that your political forms are impotent to preserve the freedom and prosperity of the citizen. Yet an independent judiciary is discovered to be anti-democratic, and the tendency is now everywhere to sweep it away; public opinion is setting in with a strong tide against the common law, and it is discovered to be democratic to abolish it, and substitute for it an inflexible written code, with new and inept systems of practice, which, while they increase litigation, render justice generally unattainable, except by mere chance.

But be all this as it may, the policy which Mr. Webster has adopted from Mr. Canning is in our judgment unjust, and repugnant to the laws of nations. It assumes for us a sort of dictatorship, or at least supervisorship, over other nations, wholly incompatible with their dignity and independence. We will not say that the government is not free to express officially its opinion, whatever it may be, on a fact accomplished in a foreign independent nation, but it has no right to express an official opinion for the purpose of bringing about a violent change in its form of government, except in those cases in which, if it deemed it expedient, it would have the right to support its opinion by an armed force, or a declaration of war. A government may express its opinion on a revolution in a foreign state when once really effected, and, unless bound by treaty to do otherwise, may treat the revolutionary government, or government *de facto*, as the legitimate government of the state; but it has no right to express any official opinion for the purpose of effecting, or causing to be effected, a revolution. There is no difference in principle between effecting a revolution by expressly creating a public opinion that brings it about, and effecting it by direct intervention with armed force.

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The means by which you effect a revolution cannot justify your effecting it, unless you have the sovereign right to effect it; and if you have the sovereign right to effect it, you may effect it by armed force, if you choose. It is an admitted principle in international law, that every independent nation has the right to choose its own form of government, and to determine its own domestic institutions, without the dictation or interference of its neighbors; and also, that nations exist to each other only in their supreme government, or political sovereign. There can be no right, then, on the part of one independent nation, to intervene in any way in the domestic affairs of another, for the purpose of revolutionizing or changing its government. It has no right officially to address the people of a foreign state, or to hold any official communication with them, save through its sovereign, and it gives just cause of complaint whenever it attempts to do so.

This rule is founded in natural justice, and is necessary for the peace and happiness of mankind. It is as much for our interest to observe this rule, as it is for that of any other nation. We cannot assert the right of rebellion, and encourage the subjects of other states to conspire against their sovereign, without weakening the loyalty of our own citizens, and paving the way for a revolution at home, that is, such a revolution as is possible with us. A rebellion against the constituted authorities, except in certain localities and for a brief moment, is not possible in this country, because the power is already in the hands of the people, and the government is subject to their will. A revolution here must necessarily assume the form of removing the restrictions imposed by the law of the land on the exercise of the popular will, or, in other words, of destroying the independence of the judiciary, and abolishing the common law. The common law, which we have inherited from our English ancestors, is the law of the land, and the law that regulates the relations not only between individual and individual, but to some extent between the citizen and the state. It is our rule of justice, and as no constitution or legislative enactment has, or can have, the force of law, if contrary to justice, it follows that any constitutional provision or legislative enactment repugnant to the principles of the common law is *ipso facto* null and void, and may be declared so and set aside by the common law courts. This Mr. Webster has himself proved, if we understand him, in a most tri-

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umphant manner, in his masterly argument in the supreme court of the United States in the Dartmouth College case, —an argument which does him the highest honor, and which ought to be read and meditated at least once a year by every American citizen. The revolution we have to dread is not a revolution avowedly for the purpose of overthrowing the government, or changing its form, but a revolution which abolishes the common law, and leaves us no restraints on lawless power, and no standard of justice but the will or caprice of the majority for the time being. This revolution has commenced and is in process amongst us, and every word we utter in encouragement of revolutions abroad becomes a still greater encouragement to this silent, and as yet bloodless, revolution going on here at home. Liberty here no more than anywhere else is possible without the sacredness of law, and that sacredness is struck here whenever we strike it abroad. A false principle, asserted for the accomplishment of a foreign purpose deemed desirable, is sure, sooner or later, to return and effect a domestic purpose not desirable. There is a moral order in the government of the world, and nations no more than individuals can transgress it with impunity, and nations, as individuals, will find that they are generally punished in that wherein they have sinned, or that their sins prove to be their punishment.

We have dwelt the longer on this point, because it is almost the only thing in Mr. Webster's course as a statesman that we find to disapprove. In almost every other respect we can admire and honor his public life. It is the only instance in which we have found his general policy unjust or dangerous in principle, however we might dissent from it in some of its details. It is the only stain we are aware of on his public character. Yet we ought in justice to say, that in this he has but followed the public sentiment of his country, and of a powerful party in Great Britain. We ourselves once applauded him for it, and we still remember the exultation with which we read, in 1823, his speech in congress on the affairs of Greece. At that time nobody in the country, to our knowledge, questioned the justice of the policy, however some might doubt its expediency. Under Mr. Monroe's administration the whole country seemed carried away with a spirit of propagandism, and, though the wild democracy against which we have such frequent occasion to warn our readers was then far from being fully de

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veloped, as it is now, the youth of that day boiled over with a patriotism and a love of liberty, as they understood or misunderstood the terms, of which we can now hardly form a conception. The movement for constitutional, that is, representative government, was going on all over Europe, supported by the mighty influence of England, which she had so extended by the wars growing out of the French revolution. A constitutional government was set up in Naples, and another in Spain; the Spanish American colonies declared themselves independent of the mother country, and introduced the republican form of government; and hope was high that it was all over with monarchy except in the English sense, and that republicanism would make the circuit of the globe. Our government and that of England acknowledged the independence of the Spanish American colonies, and President Monroe declared that this continent was closed to European colonization, and virtually that we assumed the championship throughout the world of every party struggling for representative government against monarchy. The writer of this was young then, and has outgrown the wild enthusiasm with which he was then carried away; Mr. Webster was older, and has remained unchanged. All we can say of him is, that in this respect he has not shown his ordinary superiority over the great body of his countrymen, and has followed instead of leading public opinion.

We need not say that Mr. Webster is a great man, for that everybody concedes or asserts; but his greatness does not lie in the original apprehension or discovery of first principles. He takes his principles as he finds them in the common sense of his age and country, and where that errs he errs. His mind is English, and practical rather than speculative. His reading has been principally in the ancient Roman and the modern English classics, while his chief study has been history and the common law, with the ordinary writers on government. His views have, perhaps, been formed more by the principles of the common law than by any other study, and hence are in general sound, and remarkable for their practical wisdom. But in a large class of questions, not immediately solved by these principles, he has taken the principles ordinarily adopted by the old English Republicans, and the modern English Whigs; and consequently, along with the principles that are excellent, true for all times and countries, he has another class of princi-

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ples, borrowed from modern innovators, which are invariably unsound, and such as he himself would be as ready to condemn as we are, if he were to subject them to the independent action of his own powerful mind, in the light of those principles along with which he has received them, and which he so firmly holds and so frequently appeals to. The modern English mind, therefore modern English literature, is compounded of the traditional wisdom inherited by Englishmen from their ancestors, and of the innovations of modern reformers. The two elements exist side by side, but they will not coalesce. Consequently, the Englishman lacks unity of moral and intellectual life. When he speaks according to the traditional wisdom of his country, no man speaks with more truth, justice, or practical wisdom; when he leaves this traditional wisdom,—the good sense of his countrymen, for which no people are more remarkable,—and speaks according to the principles of modern innovators, he becomes false, impracticable, and absurd. It is somewhat the same with Mr. Webster. Ordinarily he speaks from the wisdom of our ancestors, for ordinarily the topics he treats are such as lie within the range of that portion of tradition which has been generally retained by Englishmen and Americans; but now and then he neglects it, and takes his principles from the modern innovators, or, what is the same thing, from ancient gentilism, and thus falls into the errors so rife and so dangerous in our times,—errors which in principle warrant the most extravagant conclusions of the Jacobin or the red-republican. And yet, unless he had a sure means of ascertaining tradition in its purity and integrity, as he has, to some extent, in the case of the common law, we see not well how he could do otherwise.

Of Mr. Webster's rank as a lawyer, compared with the more eminent members of the legal profession in Great Britain and the United States, we have no occasion to speak, and, not being a lawyer by profession, we shall not attempt to speak. He is generally considered as having long stood at the head of the legal profession in his own country. But of his professional labors devoted to what is termed constitutional law, or the application of the common law to the constitutionality of legislative enactments, we must say a word or two. This department of law had, when he entered upon his professional career, been but imperfectly cultivated. "It fell to his lot," says his accomplished biographer,

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"to perform a prominent part in unfolding a most important class of constitutional doctrines, which, either because occasion had not drawn them forth, or the jurists of a former period had failed to deduce and apply them, had not yet grown into a system. It was reserved for Mr. Webster to distinguish himself before most, if not all, of his contemporaries, in this branch of his profession."

The first occasion on which Mr. Webster laid down what he took to be the principle of the common law, as applicable to the constitutionality of legislative enactments, was in the celebrated case of Dartmouth College, already referred to. "In the months of June and December, 1816, the legislature of New Hampshire passed acts altering the charter of Dartmouth College (of which the name was changed to Dartmouth University), enlarging the number of the trustees, and generally reorganizing the corporation. These acts, although passed without the consent and against the protest of the trustees of the college, went into operation. The newly created body took possession of the corporate property, and assumed the administration of the institution. The old board were all named as members of the new corporation, but declined acting as such, and brought an action against the treasurer of the new board for the books of record, the original charter, the common seal, and other corporate property of the college." This action was decided in the superior court of New Hampshire in favor of the validity of the state laws, and was carried up by writ of error to the supreme court of the United States, where, on the 10th of March, 1818, it came on for argument before all the judges, who, in the term of the court holden the next February, declared, with only one dissenting voice, the acts of the legislature unconstitutional and invalid, and reversed the opinion of the court below.

The question for the supreme court to decide was, no doubt, whether the acts of New Hampshire did or did not contravene the constitution of the United States; but Mr. Webster, in his argument for the plaintiffs in error, in order to facilitate the decision of that question by determining the real character of those acts, opened up the whole question of common law involved, and contended that the acts were invalid because against *common right* and the constitution of New Hampshire. He showed that the college was a private corporation, and that the legislature has no power to divest a private corporation, without its consent, of any of its corporate rights, maintaining that those rights can be

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taken away only in case of abuse or forfeiture, of which the court, not the legislature, is the judge. The principle on which his argument rests, if we have rightly seized it, is, that all chartered eleemosynary institutions, under which head are included all educational institutions founded and endowed by private liberality, are private corporations; and that all the rights of private corporations, or rather that all private rights, whether of persons or of things, or rights of private individuals, whether personal or corporate, are determined or defined by the common law, and are inviolable, so that any legislative enactment which infringes them is for that reason alone unconstitutional and invalid. This is certainly a most important principle, and if sound,—and that it is, it would be temerity on our part to doubt,—it proves that we do really live under a government of laws, and not a government of mere will, and that ours is really a free government, or rather a government that recognizes and guaranties freedom. Deny this principle, maintain that private rights, whether of persons or things, are creatures of the political power, and subject to the will of the legislature, and you convert the government at once into an arbitrary government, a government of mere will, under which there is no real liberty, no solid security, for either person or property; and this just as much where the will that obtains is the will of the majority, as where it is the will of only one man,—just as much where the form of the government is democratic as where it is monarchical.

The real excellence or glory of our institutions, we take it, lies in this principle; not, as is too often assumed, in the form of our political organization. If we have not misapprehended Mr. Webster, the common law in its principles, maxims, and definitions is with us both logically and historically anterior to our political constitutions, as well as the legislative bodies instituted under them, and is to be regarded as common right, or, in a word, as law for the convention in framing what we call the constitution, and for the legislature in its enactments. It is for us really and truly the "higher law," and in the temporal order the most authoritative expression, which we as a people have, of the divine law, from which all human laws derive their legality. It is the supreme civil law of the land, and although the legislature may undoubtedly modify or abrogate such of its special provisions as are temporary or local in their nature, or depend on time and circumstances for their wisdom and jus-

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tice, or utility, and therefore such as are not essential to it as a system of law, yet no special enactment, whether by the convention or the ordinary legislature, that is repugnant to any one of its essential principles, is or can be law for an American citizen. All such enactments are unconstitutional, and the courts have the right, and are bound, to set them aside as null. The common law is the fundamental constitution of the country, older than the political constitutions, and able to survive them. The political constitutions presuppose it, must conform to it, and be interpreted by it; for what we call our political constitutions are in their essence only a part—the more fundamental part if you will—of our written law, not that which creates and sustains us as a living people. They are the source of our political rights or franchises, but all our other rights, what we call our natural rights, both the rights of persons and the rights of things, are prior to and independent of them, and exist and are determined by the common law. They cannot be touched by the political power without usurpation, tyranny, and oppression, from which the common-law courts, if suffered to remain in their legitimate independence, are competent to relieve us. Thus Mr. Webster contends that the courts of New Hampshire ought of themselves to have declared the law essentially modifying the original charter of Dartmouth College invalid, unconstitutional, as violating common right and the well-settled principles of the common-law in the case of eleemosynary institutions. It would follow from his doctrine, too, that no state in our Union would have the right to pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts, even if not forbidden to do so by the constitution of the United States. It is enough that such laws are repugnant to the common law. The courts of this state may then, unquestionably, set aside the recent enactment of our legislature in regard to the sale of spirituous liquors, as infringing the rights of property as defined by the common law, which is law for the legislature as well as for the courts.

Such we understand to be the principle of law in all the states of the Union in which the common law obtains, and it is only in this principle, administered by an independent judiciary, that there is under our system of government, any more than under the most despotic governments of the Old World, any reliable support for the rights of person or property. Mr. Webster has labored long and earnestly to bring out and establish this doctrine, and the services in this re-

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spect which he has rendered the country deserve even a far higher appreciation than they have yet received, and entitle him to the warmest gratitude of his countrymen. Their importance may be judged of by the efforts of all our radicals and experimenters in politics and law to get rid of the common law, and to destroy the independence of the judiciary. These men follow their instincts, which are all in favor of anarchy on the one hand, and despotism on the other. And the simple fact that they are hostile to an independent judiciary and to the common law proves of itself that these are essential alike to the maintenance of order and of liberty.

The distinguishing excellence of the common-law system is, that it is *lex non scripta*, unwritten law, that is, a living tradition, in the reason, the conscience, the sentiments, the habits, the manners, and the customs of the people, and therefore in some sense independent of mere political organizations, and capable of surviving even their most violent changes, and of preserving a degree of order and justice among individuals, when the political authority is for the moment suspended or subverted. It is probably owing chiefly to the fact that the common law is an unwritten law, a living tradition preserved by the people themselves, and administered by an independent judiciary, that political revolutions in England and in this country preserve a character of sobriety and reserve in comparison with those of the continent of Europe. The continental nations have inherited the civil law, the old Roman law, which is a system of written law, and theoretically in the keeping of the prince, beginning and ending with the political sovereign. Under this system of law the sovereign is the fountain of justice, as he must be under every system of mere written law; the people are trained for the sovereign, and have no established law to guide or regulate their conduct where he fails to express in a formal manner his will. The state everywhere takes the initiative, and the people without it are incapable of any orderly or regulated civil activity. Hence, whenever the political power receives a shock, all law is suspended, and the judiciary can perform legitimately none of its functions. Consequently, political revolutions in the continental nations throw the whole of society into disorder, and subvert all social as well as political relations. The people receiving the law immediately from the sovereign, or written codes promulgated by the sovereign, and

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not having it in their own life, living in their own traditions, in their own habits, manners, and customs, are without law, and destitute of those habits of thought and action which would restrain them within moderate limits, and consequently are left liable to run into every imaginable excess.

But the common law, being an unwritten law, and living in the habits and manners of the people, gives them a sort of self-subsistency independent in a degree of the mere political power, and operates to restrain and regulate their social conduct, even when that power is temporarily overthrown or suspended. As long as the people remain in any sense a living people, the law survives, and survives as law, and preserves among them, in the midst of the most violent political convulsions, the elements of liberty and social order. England has gone through many changes, religious and political, but we have never seen English society wholly dissolved, or the main current of private and domestic life wholly interrupted, or even turned far aside from its ordinary channel. She has survived all her changes, and amid them all she has preserved her private and domestic life, social as distinguished from political order, but slightly impaired. She preserved a certain degree of individual freedom, to some extent the rights of persons and things, even under the Tudors, and something of social order under the commonwealth, which she has continued to do even under the modern Whig rule and a reformed parliament. Much the same may be said of this country during what we call our revolution. There was a time when our political constitutions were suspended, when the political authority was, as we may say, in abeyance, latent, undeveloped, potential, not actual; yet we did not fall into complete social disorder. Irregularity there certainly was, but the courts and the common law remained, and justice still continued to be administered, in the way and in the sense with which our people were familiar, and to which from time immemorial they had been accustomed. In France and other continental countries, the case has usually been different. The subversion of political power there subverts society itself, save so far as it may be preserved by religious institutions, and the people seem destitute of all recuperative energy, or power in themselves to reëstablish order; and if they do it at all, it is either through a military chieftain, or by a restoration. These different results, we think, are owing, not

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to difference of race or blood, or to different degrees of intelligence or moral virtue, as some in our time pretend, but mainly, if not solely, to the difference there is between a system of written and a system of unwritten law.

The great disadvantage of the European continental nations is in the fact that they have no common law, and no civil law, but written law. These nations are the heirs of the Roman empire, and their civil law is substantially the old Roman law, and like all law embodied in codes is inflexible, and depends for its operation entirely on the political sovereign, who is supposed to prescribe and to administer it, either in person or by his ministers. It has no power to adapt itself to unforeseen emergencies, and to operate regularly in the midst of disorder. Between the written civil law and the unwritten common law, or between the Roman and the English systems, there is a fundamental difference. The Roman law extends only to cases foreseen and provided for, the common law to all cases not taken out of its jurisdiction; the former is of gentile origin, simply modified by the Christian emperors so as not to exclude Christian faith and worship; the latter is of Christian origin, and grew up among the Anglo-Saxons as they were converted from paganism and entered under the guidance of the church upon the career of Christian civilization. The common law starts from the principle that society and the state are for man, and it seeks primarily the protection of private rights, the rights of persons and of things; the Roman law starts from the heathen principle that man is for society, and society for the state, and it seeks primarily the protection of public rights, or the rights of the prince. The former abhors despotism, the latter abhors anarchy; the one makes the state absolute, supreme, omnipresent, the other presupposes a power above the state, limits the political power of the state, and asserts a law to which the state itself owes obedience, which subsists, and can, when need is, operate without the express sanction of the political sovereign. The Roman law knows no people but the state, the common law recognizes the people, so to speak, as a power distinct from, and capable of surviving, the state. A nation that has been trained under the common-law system may become an orderly republic; a nation trained under the Roman-law system can never be other than monarchical in effect, whatever it may be in name and pretension, or at furthest a close aristocracy. These are some of the characteristic differ-

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ences between the two systems, and they sufficiently explain the different results of English or American revolutions from those of continental Europe.

The essential difference between the two systems does not consist in the mere difference between their respective special provisions, which could easily be made the same in both, but in their general principles, the one as the written law of the prince, and the other as the living traditional law of the people, originating and living in their very life as a people. That the advantages are all on the side of the latter, or the English system, we think must be obvious to every lawyer and every well-informed statesman. It is therefore with pain that we find our politicians ascribing what is excellent in our institutions, what constitutes the chief protection of liberty and order among us, to our mere political organization, and overlooking the merits of the common law, the immense superiority of an unwritten over a written law, and seeking to abolish it, and to substitute a written code in its place. The common law, as an essentially unwritten law, living in the traditional life of a people, can never be introduced into a nation whose character is already formed. It must be born and grow up with the nation. Consequently, when once eliminated from the life of the people, it can never be replaced. Once gone, it is gone for ever. It was born with the birth of England as a Christian nation, and grew up with it as the civil part of its Christian life. It became the public reason, the English common-sense, and to it must we attribute the marked superiority of England and her institutions in the middle ages, and even in modern times, over the continent of Europe. Happily England, in casting off, in the sixteenth century, the religion which gave her the common law, did not cast off the common law itself. She preserved it; slightly marred, no doubt, in its beauty and symmetry, yet she preserved it in its substance; and from her we have inherited it, and it should be our study, as we detest anarchy and love liberty, to transmit it unimpaired, in its purity and integrity, to our latest posterity. A richer legacy, aside from the Christianity which gave it birth, we could not even wish to bequeath to future generations.

But we had no intention, on setting out, to enlarge as we have on either of the topics we have taken up. It was not our intention to speak of Mr. Webster either as a statesman or as a lawyer, for his merits in both respects have been

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dwelt upon till the public, perhaps, are growing tired of hearing them extolled, and some may be beginning to feel with the poor Athenian who would ostracize Aristides because tired of hearing him always called the JUST. As a statesman we do not think that Mr. Webster has upon the whole been overrated. He was educated in the school of Washington and Adams, the old Federalist school, which, though not without its defects, was the only respectable political school we have ever had in New England. Its error was in copying from the English Whig, instead of the English—we say, not the *Irish*—Tory, and acceding to the Jacobinical definition of popular sovereignty. It had too great a sympathy with the urban system of government, or government resting for its main support on the commercial and manufacturing classes, and did not sufficiently recognize the importance of a permanent class of landed proprietors to the stability and permanence of government. But, except in the planting states, its errors were all shared, and in an exaggerated form, by the rival or Democratic school, or if not, were opposed by worse errors, and the worst of all errors,—by that of giving to the government a proletarian basis, whether urban or rustic. In the main Mr. Webster has remained faithful to his school, although he seems, as he has grown older, to have departed from some of its best principles, and approached the party it opposed. He seems latterly to have become almost a democrat. Whether from conviction, or because the country is so hopelessly wedded to democracy, that he considers it the part of wisdom to accept democracy and endeavor to regulate it, we cannot say. However this may be, few who know Mr. Webster will question the elevation or honesty of his views, or suspect him of being capable of adopting any line of policy which he does not believe for the time and under the circumstances wise and just.

No man can question Mr. Webster's attachment to the Union, or his ardent love of country. His patriotic addresses prove this, no less than the general character of the measures to which he has always given his support during his connection with the general government. He is warmly attached to the political institutions of his country,—no man more so,—and this attachment sometimes, perhaps, blinds him to the danger of certain popular tendencies amongst us. In his masterly speech on the basis of representation, in the convention called for amending the constitution of this

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state in 1820, and in his address at Plymouth, December 22 of the same year, in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims and the first settlement of New England, he discusses at great length and with rare sagacity the importance, in a political point of view, of laws regulating the descent and distribution of property, and shows that, with our laws on the subject, monarchy becomes an impossibility. But it does not appear to have occurred to him to ask, if, with such laws,—laws which distribute property in minute parcels, which prevent its accumulation in any considerable masses, and thus render impossible the growth and preservation of families,—even a well-ordered republic can long survive, and if the only government that will ultimately be practicable is not mere military despotism. Family with us is destroyed, and the man who can boast a grandfather may think himself fortunate. Family influence there is none, family ties are broken, and we have only a mighty mass of isolated individuals. It may not be long before nothing but military force under a military chieftain will be able to keep them in order.

But leaving the field of politics, it may not be unpleasant to meet Mr. Webster in the department of literature. It was mainly of his works in a literary point of view that we intended to speak when we set out, and probably we should have done so, only we have lost, if ever we possessed, the faculty of treating any man's works as mere literary productions. We are forced to admit to ourselves, which by the by we will not do to the public, that we have ourselves very little of what is called literary taste or literary culture. We do not mean to say that we have not read the chief literary works of modern, if not of ancient times; but we cannot understand literature for its own sake, or say much of the form of a literary work without reference to its contents. This is no disqualification for writing essays, but it is, very likely, a serious disqualification for writing literary reviews, that will pass for such with our contemporaries, and hence we seldom have much to say of books, except as to their principles. The principles of literature, or which should govern the literary man in the production of literature, we can understand; we can appreciate the principles of art; we can even admire a work of art, whether a poem, a symphony, a picture, a statue, a temple, or an oration; but we could never describe a work of art, or even our raptures on beholding it. We can enjoy it, take in its full effect, and

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thank God for the genius and talent that has created it; perhaps we could in a homely way tell what it is in it that we enjoy, and in some instances why we enjoy or ought to enjoy it; but we cannot tell it so as to reproduce in our hearers our own emotions, or rather, so as to make them fancy they feel very much as they would on beholding it, which is, if we understand it, the great aim of the modern critic on art. We have not enough of German subjectivity for that, and we always find it difficult to express what we do not distinctly apprehend as objective, and independent of our own subjective state. We cannot pass off our own emotions for criticism, nor for the object criticised, and consequently are unable to aspire to a rank among our modern approved literary critics.

The form of artistic productions, of course, is not a matter of indifference, but it has little separate value, and is seldom worth dwelling on, except in a school for learners, as detached from the merits of its contents. We like to see a man well dressed, but we cannot value the man for the dress, or the dress without the man. We do not undervalue purely literary taste or culture, but we never esteem works merely for the literary taste and culture they display. As merely literary works, having no end, answering no moral purpose, beyond that of gratifying the literary tastes of the reader, no works are worth the labor of criticism. The orator must always have some end beyond that of producing a beautiful oration, the poet beyond that of producing a poem according to the rules of poetic art, and the logician beyond that of producing an argument, and the first thing in one or another of these to be considered by the critic is the end the author has had in view. We utterly protest against the doctrine that excludes morality from art, or the German doctrine of æsthetics, that art itself is moral, nay, religious, and that the chief merit of the artist is to work instinctively, with no distinct consciousness of the end for which he works, as the bee builds her cell, or the blackbird sings her song. We cannot say with Goethe,—

> "Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
> Der in dem Zweigen wohnet,
> Das Lied das aus der Kehle springt,
> Ist Lohn der reichlich lohnet."

Art may be used for purposes either good or bad, genius may prostitute itself, and display its charms but to corrupt,

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as any one may see in reopened Pompeii, or in many a modern gallery,—as any one knows who has read *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold*, by Byron, or *The Loves of the Angels* and *Lalla Rookh*, by Thomas Moore, to say nothing of works transmitted to us from ancient classic authors. Art, restricted in its application to exterior forms, or to the reproduction of exterior beauty, is indifferent to good or evil, and is as readily employed in the service of the one as of the other. Moreover, nothing is moral, save as it is done for the sake of an end. Morality is predicable not of the procession of existences from God, for in that procession God is the sole actor, and existences are created and simply prepared to be actors; it is predicable alone of the return of existences to God, as their final cause, and even here only of such existences as are endowed with free will, and capable of voluntarily choosing God as their ultimate end. If even these merely act instinctively, without apprehension and choice of the end, that is, without acting for the sake of the end, they are not in such actions moral, and their productions have no moral character. The German doctrine of the essential morality of all art is therefore inadmissible. Art must be for an end, and for a good end, or else it either has no moral character, or is immoral.

Our nature, again, is fallen, and, except so far as restored by grace, is the slave of concupiscence and corrupt propensions. It has been turned away from God as the true final cause of all creatures, and instead of instinctively returning to him as the supreme good, it instinctively tends from him, towards the creature, and through the creature, which has being only in God, towards death and nullity. Consequently, when man foregoes reason, which demands a final no less than a first cause, and simply follows his instincts or his perverted inclinations, he necessarily produces that which is bad, immoral, corrupt, and corrupting. The song of the blackbird which she sings instinctively is not immoral, nor of an immoral tendency, because it does not spring from a perverted or corrupt instinct. External nature is indeed cursed for our sake, but not in itself, for it has never transgressed the law of its Maker, and the curse is to us, in the use we make of it, and in the power which our sin gives it to afflict us. In itself it has no moral character, for it has no free will, and is subjected to a physical and not a moral law. Its beauty and harmony, the song of birds, the flowers of the fields, the silent groves, the dark forests, the lofty

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mountains, the majestic rivers, the laughing rills, the broad lakes and vast oceans, may all be to us occasions of virtuous affection or of sinful passion. All depends on ourselves and the use we make of them. To the pure all things are pure, to the corrupt all things are corrupt. The saint finds in all nature incentives to virtuous action, inducements to love and praise the glorious Maker of all; the sinner finds in all nature occasions of evil, or incentives to sin.

The artist, whether orator or poet, painter or sculptor, musician or architect, must have, then, an end in whatever he does beyond the mere doing, and also a good end, an end which lies in the moral order, and is referable to God, the supreme good and ultimate end of all things. When we have ascertained the end of a literary production, and ascertained it to be one which a wise and just man can approve, we may proceed to consider the literary taste and beauty with which the author has sought to accomplish it. As detached from its end, the work is no proper subject of criticism. As referred to its end, even its adaptation to that end, its form, its style, its diction, are proper and not unimportant considerations for the critic; for whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. We are not purely intellectual beings, and it is not enough that he who writes for us should have the truth, and be able to state it in a strictly logical form. We have will as well as intellect; we have imagination, affections, passions, and emotions,—a perception of the beautiful as well as of the true and the good,—and we can be pleased as well as instructed, and generally we refuse the instruction if not presented in a form that pleases, or at least in one that does not displease. Now, we are far from considering this form under which we present the true or the good to be a matter of mere indifference. A correct literary taste, a lively sensibility to the fit and the beautiful, the command of an easy and noble style, of appropriate, expressive, and graceful diction, are matters of great importance, and which no man who writes at all is at liberty entirely to neglect. Here we prize literary taste and culture, as highly as any one can, for here they are not for themselves, but for a legitimate purpose beyond themselves, and are prized as means to an end.

Tried by the standard implied, if not distinctly exhibited, in these remarks, we shall look in vain in the whole range of American secular literature for works that can rival these six volumes before us. In general, the end is just and

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noble, and, with fewer exceptions than we could reasonably expect, the doctrines set forth are sound and important. No man has written amongst us who has given utterance to sounder maxims on politics and law, and no one has done more to elevate political and legal topics to the dignity of science, to embellish them with the charms of a rich and chaste imagination, and to enrich them with the wealth accumulated from the successful cultivation of the classics of ancient and modern times. The author has received from nature a mind of the highest order, and he has cultivated it with care and success. We see in every page, every sentence, of his writings, vast intellectual power, quick sensibility, deep and tender affection, and a rich and fervid imagination; but we see also the hard student, the traces of long and painful discipline under the tutelage of the most eminent ancient and modern masters. Nature has been bountiful, but art has added its full share, in making the author what he is, and the combination of the two has enabled him to produce works which in their line are certainly unrivalled in this country, and we know not where to look for any thing in our language of the kind really superior to them. As an orator Mr. Webster has all the terseness of Demosthenes, the grace and fulness of Cicero, the fire and energy of Chatham, and a dignity and repose peculiarly his own.

In these times a man is to be commended for the faults he avoids, as well as for the positive excellence to which he attains. Mr. Webster is free from the ordinary faults of even the more distinguished of the literary men of his country. American literary taste is in general very low and corrupt. Irving and Hawthorne have good taste, are unaffected, natural, simple, easy, and graceful, but deficient in dignity and strength; they are pleasant authors for the boudoir, or to read while resting one's self on the sofa after dinner. No man who has any self-respect will read either of them in the morning. Prescott is gentlemanly, but monotonous, and occasionally jejune. Bancroft is gorgeous, glowing, but always straining after effect, always on stilts, never at his ease, never natural, never composed, never graceful or dignified. He has intellect, fancy, scholarship, all of a high order, but no taste, no literary good-breeding. He gesticulates furiously, and speaks always from the top of his voice. In general we may say of American literature that it is provincial, and its authors are uncertain of them-

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selves, laboring, but laboring in vain, to catch the tone and manner of a distant metropolis. They have tolerable natural parts, often respectable scholarship, but they lack ease, dignity, repose. They do not speak as masters, but as forward pupils. They take too high a key for their voice, and are obliged in order to get through to sing in falsetto. You are never quite at your ease in listening to them; you are afraid they will break down, and that the lofty flights of oratory they promise you will turn out to be only specimens of the bathos. They fail to give one confidence in their strength, for they are always striving to be strong, and laboring to be intense. From all faults of this kind Mr. Webster is free. He inspires you, whether you are listening to his words as they fall from his lips, or read them as reproduced by the reporter, with full confidence in his ability to get through without any break-down, and he seldom disappoints you. He appears always greater than his subject, always to have the full mastery over it, and never to be mastered or carried away by it. In him you see no labor to be strong or intense, no violent contortions, or unnatural efforts to escape being thought weak, tame, or commonplace. He is always himself, collected, calm, and perfectly at his ease. He is so, not only because he really is a strong man, and has thoroughly mastered his subject, but because he is also a modest man, and is not disturbed by a constant recurrence of his thoughts to himself. He has through his natural modesty, which is one of the most striking traits in his character, and through cultivation, the power of forgetting himself, and of not thinking of the impression he is making on others with regard to himself, and consequently is able to employ the whole force of his intellect, imagination, and learning in stating, illustrating, and embellishing his subject. Being at his ease, having all his powers at his command whenever he rises to speak, and naturally a delicate taste, chastened and refined by the assiduous study of the best models, ancient and modern, he without difficulty avoids the ordinary faults of the orators of his country, and reassures, pleases, instructs, and carries along with him his whole audience.

We know not how Mr. Webster compares as an orator with the great orators of other times or other countries, for mere descriptions of oratory are rarely reliable; but he comes up more nearly to our ideal of the finished orator for the bar, the senate, the popular assembly, or a patriotic cel-

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ebration, than any other to whom our country has given us an opportunity of listening. His elocution and diction harmonize admirably with his person and voice, and both strike you at once as fitted to each other. His majestic person, his strong, athletic frame, and his deep, rich, sonorous voice, set off with double effect his massive thoughts, his weighty sentences, his chaste, dignified, and harmonious periods. Whatever we may say of the elocution, the rhetoric is always equal to it. Mr. Webster is perhaps the best rhetorician in the country. No man better appreciates the choice of words or the construction or collocation of sentences, so as to seize at once the understanding, soothe the passions, charm the imagination, and captivate the affections. He is always classical. His words are pure English, and the proper words for the occasion, the best in the language; and his sentences are simply constructed, never involved, never violently inverted, but straightforward, honest, sincere, and free from all modern trickery. We know in the language no models better fitted than the orations and speeches in these volumes for the assiduous study of the young literary aspirant who would become a perfect rhetorician, or master a style at once free and natural, instructive and pleasing, pure and correct, graceful and elevated, dignified and noble. Mr. Webster's artistic skill is consummate, and evidently has been acquired only by great labor and pains; but you must study his works long and carefully before you will detect it. Such writing as we have here comes not by nature, and no genius, however great, can match it without years of hard labor in preparatory discipline.

The casual reader may be apt to underrate Mr. Webster's merits as a logician, and we recollect hearing a distinguished senator, who ought to have known him well, characterize him one day as "a magnificent declaimer, but no reasoner." He is not of a speculative turn of mind, nor does he appear to have devoted much time to the study of the speculative sciences, though he evidently has not wholly neglected them,—and he seldom reasons, as we say, in form; but he gives full evidence, after all, of possessing the logical element in as eminent a degree as he does any other element of the human mind. His style of expression and habits of thought are strictly logical, and his conclusions always follow from his premises. The only thing to be said is, that very often one of his premises is understood and not expressed, and sometimes rests on the prejudice, conviction,

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or actual common sense of his countrymen, not on a true ontological principle. His defect is not a defect of logic, but a defect of original apprehension, resulting from the neglect to go back from the common sense of his countrymen to first principles. In consequence of this, his conclusions are sometimes unsound, not because they do not follow from his premises expressed or understood, but because one or the other of his premises is unsound. This is more or less necessarily the case with all Englishmen and Americans, who follow what is called common sense; for the common sense of Englishmen and Americans, as we have already remarked, is made up from modern innovations, as well as from the traditions of our ancestors, and is therefore on one side untrue. But where his principles are sound, as in his law arguments, and in the greater part of his speeches in congress, and in several of his diplomatic letters, his logic is sound and invincible, although it is presented in a popular form, the most suitable for his purpose. Ordinarily he strikes us as comprehensive rather than acute, but he can be as acute, as nice in his analyses and distinctions, as need be, as we may know from his argument to the court and jury in the trial of the Knapps for the murder of Captain White of Salem, which upon the whole is one of the most finished of his performances, as they stand in the volumes before us.

Some readers, again, will regard Mr. Webster as chiefly remarkable for his pure intellectual power; and be disposed to deny him much power of imagination. But this would be in the highest degree unjust. He possesses an uncommonly strong and vivid imagination. Take up any one of his speeches, if but tolerably reported, on any subject, no matter how dry and uninteresting in itself, and you find that he at once informs it with life, elevates it, and invests it with a deep interest. This no man destitute of imagination can ever do. The test of imagination is not a florid style, abounding in tropes and figures. Such a style indicates fancy, not imagination, and, in fact, it is the general tendency of our countrymen, nay, of our age, to mistake fancy for imagination. Irving and Hawthorne have imagination, though not of the highest order; Bancroft has fancy, a rich and exuberant fancy, but very little imagination. To test the question whether a man has imagination or not, let him take up a dry and difficult subject, and if he can treat it so that without weariness, and even with interest, you can

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follow him through his discussion of it, although he uses always the language appropriate to it, and seems to employ only the pure intellect in developing it, you may be sure that he has a strong and fervid imagination, so strong and active as to impart life and motion to whatever he touches. Mr. Webster has an exceedingly rich and active imagination, but he does not suffer it to predominate; he makes it subservient to his reason, and so blends it in with the pure intellect, that you feel its effect without being aware of its presence. No matter how apparently dry and technical the subject he has in hand, the moment he begins to unfold it, and to indicate its connections with other subjects, and through these its high social or moral relations, his hearer's or reader's attention is arrested, fixed, and held till he closes. He no sooner speaks, than the dry bones of his subject assume flesh, move, and stand up, living and breathing, in proper human shape, well formed and duly proportioned, not misshapen monsters, that frighten by their hideous or disgust by their grotesque appearance.

What we most admire in the style of Mr. Webster is its simplicity, strength, and repose. The majority of our writers who study to be simple in their manner are plain, dry, or silly. They are simple in a sense in which simplicity is not a compliment. Those who wish to escape this charge become inflated, bombastic, and unable to say any thing in an easy and natural manner. They select high-sounding words, pile up adjective upon adjective, and send their fancy over all nature, and through all its departments, animal, vegetable, and mineral, over all nations, among the English, the French, the Italian, the Dutch, the Russian, the Tartars, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindoos, the Egyptians, the Abyssinians, the Negroes, the Malays, the savages of Oceanica and of North and South America, and through all times, from the entrance of Satan into the garden of Eden to seduce our great-grandmother Eve, down to the battle of Buena Vista, in which General Taylor flogged General Santa Ana, or the last Baltimore convention for nominating a Whig or a Democratic president, to cull flowers and collect images to adorn and illustrate some poor, commonplace thought, or some puny conceit, that might have proved stillborn without in the least affecting the flux and reflux of the ocean tides, interrupting the course of nature, or changing the general current of historical events. Mr. Webster avoids both extremes, and speaks always in accordance with the genius

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of his native idiom, and in his natural key. Take, for instance, the opening paragraph of his speech on the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument.

"A duty has been performed. A work of gratitude and patriotism is completed. This structure, having its foundations in soil which drank deep of early Revolutionary blood, has at length reached its destined height, and now lifts its summit to the skies."

Or this from the same speech:—

"The Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the high natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land and over the sea; and, visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand of the people of Massachusetts, it stands a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present and to all succeeding generations. I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose, and that purpose gives it its character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around me. The powerful speaker stands motionless before us. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquary shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun; in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light; it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart."

With the exception of the phrase "the milder effulgence of lunar light," which we cannot much admire, this is simply and naturally said, and yet it is in the highest strain of genuine oratory, and we shall not easily forget the emotion with which we heard Mr. Webster, standing in front of the monument, pronounce it, or the deep and prolonged applause it received from the some two hundred thousand of our citizens assembled in honor of the occasion. All true greatness is simple and sedate. It affects no display, for it is satisfied with what it is. It speaks and it is done, commands and it stands fast. Take another passage, of a different description indeed, but illustrating the same simplicity of style and expression. The extract is from the opening of his

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speech on the trial of the Knapps for the murder of Captain Joseph White of Salem.

"I am little accustomed, Gentlemen, to the part which I am now attempting to perform. Hardly more than once or twice has it happened to me to be concerned on the side of the government in any criminal prosecution whatever; and never, until the present occasion, in any case affecting life.

"But I very much regret that it should have been thought necessary to suggest to you that I am brought here to 'hurry you against the law and beyond the evidence.' I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt either; and were I to make such attempt, I am sure that in this court nothing can be carried against the law, and that gentlemen, intelligent and just as you are, are not, by any power, to be hurried beyond the evidence. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed that I may be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty incumbent on me, as on every other citizen, to do my best and my utmost to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how great soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

"Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects, it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it, before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all 'hire and salary, not revenge.' It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver against so many ounces of blood.

"An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with

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settled hate, and the blood-shot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

"The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

"Ah! Gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that 'murder will out.' True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circum-

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stance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession."

We continue the extract from the same speech, for the sake, not only of the style, but of the sentiment it expresses with regard to the detection of crime, and the merited rebuke it quietly gives to our romantic philanthropists, whose sympathies are all for the criminal, and who would deem it very low and illiberal to make any account of the sufferings of the innocent which his crimes inevitably occasion. The community in which we live is coming to a strange pass. Crimes are daily and hourly multiplying in our midst, both in frequency and magnitude, and yet the great study is to mitigate punishment, and to convert the criminal into a hero. Virtue goes unhonored, and we are doing our best to have crime go unpunished.

"Much has been said, on this occasion, of the excitement which has existed, and still exists, and of the extraordinary measures taken to discover and punish the guilty. No doubt there has been, and is, much excitement, and strange indeed it would be had it been otherwise. Should not all the peaceable and well-disposed naturally feel concerned, and naturally exert themselves to bring to punishment the authors of this secret assassination? Was it a thing to be slept upon or forgotten? Did you, Gentlemen, sleep quite as quietly in your beds after this murder as before? Was it not a case for rewards, for meetings, for committees, for the united efforts of all the good, to find out a band of murderous conspirators, of midnight ruffians, and to bring them to the bar of justice and law? If this be excitement, is it an unnatural or an improper excitement?

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"It seems to me, Gentlemen, that there are appearances of another feeling, of a very different nature and character; not very extensive, I would hope, but still there is too much evidence of its existence. Such is human nature, that some persons lose their abhorrence of crime in their admiration of its magnificent exhibitions. Ordinary vice is reprobated by them, but extraordinary guilt, exquisite wickedness, the high flights and poetry of crime seize on the imagination, and lead them to forget the depths of the guilt, in admiration of the excellence of the performance, or the unequalled atrocity of the purpose. There are those in our day who have made great use of this infirmity of our nature, and by means of it done infinite injury to the cause of good morals. They have affected not only the taste, but I fear also the principles, of the young, the heedless, and the imaginative, by the exhibition of interesting and beautiful monsters. They render depravity attractive, sometimes by the polish of its manners, and sometimes by its very extravagance; and study to show off crime under all the advantages of cleverness and dexterity. Gentlemen, this is an extraordinary murder, but it is still a murder. We are not to lose ourselves in wonder at its origin, or in gazing on its cool and skilful execution. We are to detect and to punish it; and while we proceed with caution against the prisoner, and are to be sure that we do not visit on his head the offences of others, we are yet to consider that we are dealing with a case of most atrocious crime, which has not the slightest circumstance about it to soften its enormity. It is murder; deliberate, concerted, malicious murder."

Other extracts in abundance we might make, full of interest in themselves, and illustrating the several features of Mr. Webster's style and manner which we have indicated; but we must refer our readers to their own recollections, or, where these fail, to the volumes themselves. The extracts we have made will serve to illustrate, not only the simplicity of his language, but the strength of his expressions, and the repose of his manner. The quiet majesty of his style in the more felicitous moments of the orator, or when the reporter has been the more competent to his task of reporting his speeches word for word as delivered, has seldom been surpassed, if equalled, by any American, or even English writer. Burke is the English writer with whom we most naturally compare him. As an orator he is far superior to Burke, as a profound and comprehensive thinker, perhaps, he falls below him; as a writer he is as classical in his style, as cultivated, and as refined in his tastes, and simpler and more vigorous in his expression. In many respects Burke has been his model, and it is not difficult to detect in his pages traces of his intimate communion with the great English, or rather Irish statesman, who, perhaps, taken all in all, is the

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most eminent among the distinguished statesmen who have written or spoken in our language. We have no thought of placing Mr. Webster above him; but he surpasses him in his oratory, for Burke was an uninteresting speaker, and in the simple majesty and repose of his style and manner. Burke is full, but his fancy is sometimes too exuberant for his imagination,and his periods are too gorgeous and too overloaded. Now and then he all but approaches the inflated, and is simply not bombastic. His work on the French revolution is a splendid work, a vast treasure-house of historical lore, of sound political doctrines and wise maxims for the statesman, but it frequently lacks simplicity, and is sometimes a little overstrained in its manner. The effort of the author to sustain himself at the height from which he sets out is now and then visible, and his voice, in executing some of the higher notes of his piece, well-nigh breaks into falsetto. His strength, though sufficient to carry him through, is not sufficient to carry him through with ease. Our countryman appears to us to possess naturally a stronger and more vigorous mental constitution, and to carry himself more quietly, and more at his natural ease. The only modern writers, as far as our limited reading extends, who in this respect equal or surpass Mr. Webster, are the great Bossuet and the German Goethe, though we must exclude Goethe's earlier writings from the comparison. The simple, natural majesty of Bossuet is perhaps unrivalled in any author, ancient or modern, and in his hands the French language loses its ordinary character, and in dignity, grandeur, and strength becomes able to compete successfully with any of the languages of modern Europe. Goethe is the only German we have ever read who could write German prose with taste, grace, and elegance, and there is in his writings a quiet strength and a majestic repose which are surpassed only by the very best of Greek or Roman classics. Mr. Webster may not surpass, in the respect named, either of these great writers, but he belongs to their order.

We have dwelt the longer on these features of Mr. Webster's style, because they are precisely those which our authors and orators most lack. The American people have no simplicity, no natural ease, no repose. A pebble is a "rock," a leg or arm is a "limb," breeches or trousers are "unnamables," a petticoat is a "skirt," a shift is a *chemise*, the sun is the "solar orb," the moon the "lunar light." Nothing can be called simply by its proper name in our

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genuine old Anglo-Saxon tongue. We are always striving to be great, sublime; and simple natural expressions are counted tame, commonplace, or vulgar. We must be inflated, grandiloquent, or eccentric. Even in our business habits, we strive after the strange, the singular, or the wonderful, and are never contented with old fashions, quiet and sure ways of prospering. We must make or lose a fortune at a dash. We have no repose, are always, from the moment we are breeched till wrapped in our grave-clothes, in a state of unnatural excitement, hurrying to and fro, without asking or being able to say why or wherefore. We have no homesteads, no family, no fixtures, no sacred ties which bind us, no hearths or altars around which our affections cling and linger. We are all afloat upon a tumultuous ocean, and seem incapable of enjoying ourselves save amid the wildness and fury of the storm. Our authors and orators, as was to be expected, partake of our national character, and reproduce it in their works. The best thing we can do is to give our days and nights to the study of the volumes before us, which present us admirable models of what we are not, but of what we might and should be.

It is very evident from Mr. Webster's writings that his reading has not been confined to Blackstone and Coke upon Littleton, nor to Harrington, Sydney, and Locke,—that he has made frequent excursions from the line of his professional or official studies among the poets and in the fields of polite literature, and that literary or artistic cultivation has been with him a matter of no inconsiderable moment. He is perfectly familiar with the British classics, whether prose or poetry, and well read, if not in the Greek, at least in the ancient Roman literature. His style is to no inconsiderable extent formed after those very different writers, Cicero and Tacitus; but perhaps it owes still more of its peculiar richness and beauty to his diligent reading,—whether for devotion or literary purposes we know not,—of the English Protestant version of the Holy Scriptures. This version is of no value to the theologian, for it has been made from an impure Hebrew and Greek text, and is full of false and corrupt renderings, but in a literary point of view it has many and rare merits. As an accurate rendering of the sacred text it cannot as a whole compare with our Douay Bible, but its language and style are more truly English, or at least present the English with more idiomatic grace, and greater purity and richness. The Douay Bible borrows terms from

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the Latin, which, though more precise, are less familiar, and less expressive to the ordinary English reader; at least, so it seems to us, who first studied the Scriptures through the medium of the Protestant version. The English language had reached its fullest and richest development in the sixteenth century, and the men who made the Protestant version of the Scriptures, whatever they were as theologians, were among its most accomplished masters. Hence their version has become the first of the English classics, and perhaps we have no work in the language that can be so advantageously studied by the orator or poet, so far as relates to pure English taste, to the formation of style and richness, aptness, and beauty of idiomatic expression, though we think there is at present a tendency among some of our Catholic scholars to underrate the literary merits of the Douay Bible, and we find ourselves appreciating them much higher in proportion as we become better acquainted with them.

But we have exhausted our space, and must bring our remarks to a close. We have intended to be fair and just towards Mr. Webster, and our readers will readily perceive that we have written on the principle of saying the best we can, and not the worst, without violating the truth. We have done so because we have never been one of Mr. Webster's partisans, and have on more occasions than one expressed in strong language our dissent from his particular measures, or the line of policy he has recommended. We have also done so, because Mr. Webster is really a great man, and our country is not so rich in great men as to permit us to overlook or to deal harshly with one so eminent as he unquestionably is. He is one of the few survivors of a generation of distinguished men who are passing away without leaving any successors. Lowndes, Hayne, Calhoun, are gone, Clay is dying, and may be dead before this sees the light, and of the great men who commenced public life with him, and who might claim to be his peers, Mr. Webster alone survives, and at furthest can survive but a few years longer. We could not well forget his merits, and remember only his faults; in doing so, we should have shown little patriotism and less Christianity. There are so few of our authors, orators, and statesmen that we can honor at all, that we are disposed to honor fully every one who does not strike us as being wholly unworthy.

Our great men are dying, and who is to take their place? The tendency with us is downward. The generation to

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which Mr. Webster belonged was inferior to the generation of great men who achieved our independence and founded our national government, and he is perhaps the only man born since the Declaration who could compare favorably with the Washingtons, the Adamses, the Hamiltons, the Madisons, and others of the same class, and in many respects not even he can do it. The generation next in time, and the one to which we ourselves belong, is of a yet lower grade of intellect and still more superficial attainments, and the best thing, perhaps, that can be said in our favor is that some of us feel and lament our inferiority. The generation that follows gives no promise of not falling still lower in the scale. Thus we go on, falling lower and lower in the intellectual and moral order with each new generation, and to what depths we shall ultimately sink, it is impossible to foresee. The democratic order is exceedingly unfavorable to either intellectual or moral greatness. If it has a tendency to bring up a degree or two the very low, which may be questioned, it has a still stronger tendency to bring all down to a low and common level. There is no use in quarrelling with this statement, for it is a fact so plain that even the blind may see it. If, then, a man amongst us rises superior to the unfavorable circumstances created by the political order of his country, and places himself on a level with the great men of other times and other countries, let us cherish him, and yield him ungrudgingly all merited honor.

We have written without any reference to the fact that Mr. Webster is or may be a candidate for the presidency of the United States. Who will be the candidate of either of the great parties of the country, it is impossible to say at the time we are writing, though the question will be settled before our *Review* issues from the press. In questions of domestic policy Mr. Webster is anti-sectional and conservative, and is unobjectionable to us and our friends; but his foreign policy has been such as we cannot approve. Ostensibly directed against foreign despotism, it has been really directed against our church, and the liberty and peace of continental Europe. The sympathy and support Mr. Kossuth obtained here were obtained on the supposition that he represented the Protestant cause, and that he was in league with Mazzini and others, not only for the overthrow of monarchy, but also of the Catholic Church. Hence it is that our Catholic population have almost to a man refused all sympathy with the eloquent magyarized Sclave. But

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Kossuth is Mr. Webster's *protégé*; Mr. Webster liberated him from prison and brought him here, and Mr. Webster is the man who in his behalf has insulted Austria, and compelled her representative to retire from the country. It were suicidal in any Catholic to vote to raise him to the presidency of the United States. He would in so doing, if left to the choice of a better man in this respect, be false to his religion and to his country.

We love our country and delight to honor her really great men; but our God before our country, and our country before men, however great or distinguished. What we have censured in Mr. Webster he owes to his age and country, what we have commended he owes to himself and the traditional wisdom of our ancestors, and we honor him all the more that he is one of the very few of our countrymen who respect that wisdom, and do not believe that whatever is novel is true, and whatever is a change is an improvement. We have read his writings from time to time and as here collected, we would fain hope not without profit, for which we owe and would willingly pay him a debt of gratitude. If not all that we could wish, they are among the best things which our country has given us. The author has done something, more than any other man in our day, to sustain and enhance the true glory of the American name, and while we live we shall cheerfully honor him, and we shall delight to see him honored by his countrymen. We would willingly see the laurel that binds his brows remain green and fresh, for the honor it bestows is identified with our common country, and is a patrimony to be inherited by our children.

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BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for October, 1852.]

THE first three volumes of Mr. Bancroft's work, comprising the History of the Colonization of the United States, have been for several years before the public, and, it is unnecessary to add, have obtained for their author a very high reputation both at home and abroad. The continuation of the work has been looked for with a good deal of impatience, especially by the author's own countrymen. The fourth volume, issued recently, and devoted to the first epoch of the American revolution, or the period of its gestation, extending from 1748 to 1763, has therefore been very cordially welcomed. As far as we can judge, it has generally satisfied public expectation, and we doubt not that it will fully sustain, and even enhance, the reputation already acquired by the author.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Bancroft as a politician or diplomatist, he is unquestionably one of our most distinguished men. He is an accomplished scholar, a man of a high order of intellect, and a brilliant and fascinating writer. He is a hard student, enthusiastic in the cause he espouses, devoted to his principles, and ready to sacrifice himself with the zeal of the missionary for their dissemination. But, although he has studied the history of the United States with praiseworthy care and diligence, and although the discriminating reader may obtain much true history from his learned and brilliant volumes, we are not prepared to assign him the highest rank among genuine historians. Properly speaking, he does not write history, nor even commentaries on history; he simply uses history for the purpose of setting forth, illustrating, confirming, and disseminating his speculative theories on God, man, and society. The history he writes is not written for an historical end, and the facts he relates are grouped and colored in subserviency to his unhistorical purposes.

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* *History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. IV. Boston: 1852.

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History is not a speculative science; it deals exclusively with facts, and is simply a record of events which have succeeded one another in time. No doubt, facts or events are not isolated; no doubt, they have their causes, their relations, and their meaning, which are the proper subject of historical investigation; no doubt, the historian with regard to these may have a theory, and arrange and explain his facts in accordance with it. Every historian, who would rise above the dry annalist or bald chronicler of events, does and must so arrange and explain them. But this theory must be historical, not speculative; that is, it must be a theory for the explanation of the purely historical, not the metaphysical, origin, causes, relations, and meaning of facts. It must be itself within the order of facts, and, like all inductive theories, a mere generalization or classification of facts in their own order. That all historical facts have a speculative origin, causes, relations,—a meaning in the world which transcends the world of space and time,—is of course true; but in this sense they are eternal, have no succession, and therefore no history. In this sense they transcend the province of the historian, as such, and pertain solely to that of the metaphysician or theologian. The science which takes cognizance of them is what we ourselves call theology, natural or supernatural, and what Aristotle calls science (*sapientia*), or philosophy proper, not history, which is confined by its own nature to the record of facts or events.

The modern school of history, especially in France and Germany, overlook this important distinction between history and theology,—historical science and speculative science,—and confound the historical with the theological origin, relations, and significance of facts. They form to themselves, from their own fancies, caprices, or prejudices, prior to all study of history, certain theories of the universe, of God, man, and society,—metaphysical, ethical, and political theories, from which they infer what is and must be in history. They then proceed to apply their theories to the explanation of historical facts, which they adapt to the illustration and support of their previous speculations. Facts encountered which contradict their theories are passed over in silence, denied, distorted, or explained away; facts which are needed to explain and establish them, if not encountered, are invented; and facts which have no apparent bearing on them one way or the other are discarded as unimportant and without historical significance. Herder, Kant, Hegel, Gui-

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zot, Cousin, Michelet, and even Carlyle and Macaulay, are instances in point, as all who are familiar with their writings need not to be informed. None of them give us genuine history, or even their own views of history; they merely give us their speculations on what is not history, and what according to those speculations ought to be history.

It is the common error of the modern school of so-called philosophical historians, and to which school Mr. Bancroft belongs, though he is not by any means the worst of the school, to suppose that history may be reduced to the terms of a speculative science, and be written, as it were, *a priori*. Give me the geographical position of a people, says the brilliant and eloquent Cousin, and I will give you its history. Has the geography of Memphis, of Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre, Sidon, Jerusalem, Carthage, Sparta, Athens, Rome, changed from what it was in remote antiquity? Has their history remained at all epochs the same? Herder finds in all history only his ideas of human progress; Kant finds nothing but his categories; Hegel finds the significance and end of all history, the operations of divine providence, of all mankind, and of all nature, to have been the establishment of the Prussian monarchy; Mr. Bancroft finds that the original purpose of creation, of God and the universe, is fulfilled in the establishment of American democracy. No doubt, history has a transcendental plan, and a purpose which it is fulfilling; no doubt, God has a plan in all he does, and is fulfilling a fixed and scientific purpose in every historical event, however great or however small it may seem to us. But the science of this plan and of this purpose is God's science, not man's, and can be shared by us only as he pleases to make it known to us by his revelation. It is not the historian as such who possesses it, and can unroll it before us. It is only a Bossuet, a Christian bishop, in possession of divine revelation, and speaking from the height of the episcopal chair, that can give to history something of the character of a speculative science, or furnish a philosophy of history; and that philosophy of history is a divine, not a human philosophy. That philosophy is not historical, and can be obtained by no induction from historical or even psychological facts, for induction can never give us causes or principles; and hence the Baconian universe, as has often been remarked, is a universe of effects without causes,—a manifest contradiction in terms. Certainly there is a logic in history, if we could see it from the point of view of the divine in-

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telligence; but in relation to our science, from the point of view of the human intellect, the events of history do not all follow logically from a given antecedent. To us the antecedents are many and include the natural and supernatural providence of God and the free-will of man; and the free-will of man, too, in a fallen and abnormal state as well as in a supernatural state, to which he is elevated by the grace of Christ. These perpetually interrupt to our apprehension the series of logical sequences, and no human science can determine what new series of sequences may at any moment be introduced by the operations of free-will, either on the part of God or on the part of man. Moreover, with freedom in the antecedent, the conclusion cannot be logically deduced; for logic can deduce only *necessary* conclusions. To the historian history is never a series of logical sequences, for if it were it would not be history, as there would then be no chronological sequence, or succession in time. To him much must always appear anomalous, arbitrary, inexplicable, the result of chance; although in point of fact there is no chance, and though there is freedom, there is nothing arbitrary, or without a sufficient reason. All the so-called philosophies of history, or attempts to reduce history to the form of a speculative human science, proceed on a pantheistic assumption,—are founded on the denial of creation and providence, the free-will of God, and consequently the free-will and moral accountability of man. They all assume virtually that the universe is purely phenomenal, and is to be regarded only as the necessary expression of an inherent principle of life, which evolves, moves, and agitates the whole by an intrinsic law of necessity. They all assume and inculcate the doctrine of absolute and universal fatalism, which binds alike in the same chain of invincible necessity God, man, and nature.

Undoubtedly, he who proposes to pass other than purely historical judgments on historical facts must have a general theological doctrine, of some sort. But no theological doctrine is historical, or historically attainable. It does not belong to the historian as such; it belongs to the theologian, and to be worth any thing is obtainable only as supernaturally supplied by God himself; for he alone can reveal to us his plan, and disclose the purpose he is fulfilling. He who has not been supplied, immediately or mediately with such doctrine by God himself, and has not infallible assurance that he has been so supplied, must either not write history

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at all, or else restrict himself to purely historical judgments of the events he relates. If he has borrowed from fallible sources, or has concocted for himself a theory of the universe and the purpose God is fulfilling in universal or particular history, he should either keep it to himself, or avowedly bring it out as theology or metaphysics. He has no right to make history the vehicle of insinuating it into the minds of unsuspicious readers, who are reading for the facts he professes to narrate, not for the speculative notions he may entertain, or philosophical crotchets he may have in his head. He does not deal fairly or honestly with us, when, under pretense of giving us history, he only gives us his speculative theories.

Of all the devices for disseminating falsehood, corrupting youth, and destroying all true intellectual and moral life, this of making history the vehicle of communicating the theological, metaphysical, ethical, and political theories of the author is the most ingenious and the most effective. The novel or romance did very well, but it was in bad odor with the graver part of the community, and often went no further than to corrupt the heart and disturb the senses. More could be accomplished under the grave mask of the historian than under the light and fantastic mask of the novelist or romancer. Hence our histories are nearly all written with a view of inculcating, often without the design being suspected, some crude and in general mischievous theory on religion, philosophy, or politics. The author professes to give you facts, and along with what he gives you for facts, so interwoven with them that none but a disciplined mind can separate them, he insinuates into the ingenuous and unsuspecting reader his false and pernicious speculative theories. Facts are never to be feared, for they can never come into conflict with religion. We wish to conceal the real facts of history neither from ourselves nor from our children. We wish our children to know the history of their own country; we put into their hands Mr. Bancroft's volumes, and before we know it, they have a wholly false view of that history, and have imbibed, with the facts they have learned, speculative theories which are one day to become active in making them false both to their God and to their country. They see not well how they can question the doctrines without denying the facts; and the facts alleged, under some aspect, may be undeniable. The doctrines are imbibed as simply historical doctrines; their reach is neither seen nor suspect-

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ed, and their hostility to faith becomes apparent only in after years, when they have taken too firm a hold of the mind, and entered too deeply into its habits, to be rejected without extraordinary grace. Thus is generation after generation corrupted, and ruined for time and eternity. This, too, we must presume, is the precise design of the authors of our modern philosophies of histories. How often has Mr. Bancroft, for instance, said to himself and to his confidential friends, on hearing his book commended in certain quarters, "They little suspect my design in writing it, or the ultimate bearing of its doctrines." No one who knows the popular theories of the day can doubt that the work is written for a far different purpose than that of presenting a true and faithful history of the United States. The author's speculative purpose is visible to the disciplined eye on almost every page. Even its very style wants frankness and sincerity. The statement of facts, the selection of facts to be stated, the choice of words, and the turn given to the expression, all bear witness that the work is written, not for the sake of history, but to propagate the author's own metaphysical, ethical, political, and socialistic theories, and theories which, though plausible to the young and untrained, are unsound and in the last degree dangerous.

We wish to speak with all due respect of Mr. Bancroft as a man, and the more especially because time has been when he treated us as a friend and laid us under many personal obligations which we have not forgotten, and cannot forget. He has many traits of character which we love and honor. We have no interest in disparaging his merits, for he holds a distinguished place in the affections of our countrymen, and enjoys a wide and in many respects merited popularity. Enemies, certainly, he has, who would delight to see him attacked, but those enemies are not our friends, have no sympathy with us, and can find nothing to gratify them in the objections we bring against his writings. Most of them sympathize with him on the very points on which we dissent from him. But we have long since learned to yield neither private nor public honor to the man, however great or distinguished, who abuses his gifts and opportunities to corrupt the public mind, and to inculcate doctrines which strike at the foundation of religion, morality, government, and even society itself. Mr. Bancroft's method of writing history is manifestly a disingenuous method, defensible on the score neither of morals nor of art, and it

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were credulity, not charity, to presume that even he would attempt to defend it on any other than the false ground, that the end justifies the means.

Let it not be said that we are hostile to science and opposed to the progress of intelligence. We are not opposed to science or intellectual progress; quite the contrary; but we do not consider that science properly so called consists in being acquainted with the delusive theories men may take it into their heads to concoct, nor do we believe intellectual progress is promoted by feeding the mind with the ravings of insanity, the dreams of the morbid, or the unsubstantial speculations of radical projectors and socialistic reformers. The mind in feeding on these necessarily contracts disease, becomes enfeebled, loses its light, and goes out in darkness. Give us facts and true principles, write books that teach truth, that introduce the reader to reality, and not simply to the miserable crotchets and fancies of your own brains, and we are ready to commend you with all our heart. Be honest, avow openly your real doctrines and purposes, label your pictures truly, so that one may know beforehand what to expect, and we will bring no other objections than such as simply bear against the statements you make, or the doctrines you advance. But let there be an end to this enormous abuse of history, which has become so common of late, and which is poisoning the whole reading community.

Mr. Bancroft is a democrat, in the modern sense of that word, a philosophical democrat,—not merely a plain, old-fashioned republican, which we claim to be ourselves,—a progressive democrat, who holds that democracy is not only the best, but the only legitimate form of government. The popular will is for him, the supreme law, and the popular instincts and tendencies are the infallible criterion of truth, beauty, and goodness. The people are to him the infallible church, and humanity is his God. There is at least no God for man but the God in humanity, who speaks only in and through popular instincts and tendencies. Hence the author defines elsewhere democracy to be "eternal justice ruling through the people." The race is progressive, and the progress of society is constantly towards the realization of democracy as thus defined. Here, in a word, is the general theory which he writes his History of the United States to establish and disseminate. To this end nearly all in his volumes, if we except the first volume, which is more his-

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torical and less speculative than the others, is made directly or indirectly subservient, and to accomplish it he omits, misrepresents, miscolors, or invents facts, as he finds it necessary or convenient. He may not do this consciously, with "malice aforethought," but his theory blinds him, unsteadies or distorts his vision, so that he seems to himself to see all the facts he wants, and only such as he wants, for his theory.

It is not our intention, nor have we either the leisure or the knowledge necessary if it were, to follow the author step by step through his volumes, and sustain our charges by minute criticism. It is not, indeed, necessary. Reference to some three or four matters pretty well known will sufficiently justify us. Those who have read in his second volume the history of the colonization of Carolina, and the constitution framed for its government by Locke and Shaftesbury, will recollect how adroitly he obtains an argument from the failure of that constitution, in favor of his democracy and deification of the people. He brings the failure of that constitution forward as a proof of the superior wisdom of the common people, the illiterate and simple, to that of philosophers and statesmen. This is to misrepresent the whole case. That failure says nothing in favor of the superiority of ignorance over science; it simply proves, what Maistre so much insists on, that the constitution of a state must be generated, not made, and grow up out of the circumstances of a people with them, instead of being arbitrarily constructed and imposed upon them. The Carolinians, in rejecting that constitution, the work of philosophers, which had no root in their interior life, in their habits, manners, customs, or circumstances, did not invent a new form of government, create a new constitution for themselves; they simply fell back on that portion of the constitution of England which they brought with them, and which had never ceased to be theirs, and simply modified it to their peculiar circumstances and condition. The lesson of the occurrence is neither in favor of democracy nor against it; it is merely that it is madness to attempt to change radically the constitution inherent in the life of a people, and to impose upon them one made to order in the closet of a philosopher,—a lesson worth reading to Mr. Bancroft's friends, the European revolutionists, and perhaps also one which he might himself study to some advantage.

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The author furnishes us another instance to our purpose in his account of "Salem Witchcraft,"—a delusion not confined to Salem, or the colony of Massachusetts Bay, but which about the time was common to most Protestant countries, and attended with the most deplorable results, especially among the Puritans of England and Scotland. Mr. Bancroft, of course, does not believe in the reality of witchcraft; but as he holds the people to be infallible, and popular instincts to be the sure test of truth, it will not answer for him to concede that the people ever shared the delusion. So he makes Salem witchcraft all the work of the colonial aristocracy, the ministers and magistrates, and, in the face and eyes of the undeniable facts in the case, represents the people all along as free from it, as opposed to it, and as finally succeeding, by their good sense, humane feelings, and influence, in putting an end to it. This is all pure theory. The people of New England are even yet to a very great extent believers in witchcraft, and more than one poor old woman have we known to be denounced, avoided, and abandoned to wretchedness and want, as a witch. The belief may not be as common now as it was in the days of our boyhood, or rather it has changed its form. The so-called "spiritual knockings," now so prevalent, erected as it were into a religion, with its places of worship, its priests, priestesses, and journals, is at bottem only a revival of Salem witchcraft under another name. The *people*, who, according to Mr. Bancroft, opposed the severities exercised toward the individuals held to be bewitched, were certain loose livers, libertines, free-thinkers, scoffers, who believed very little either in God or the devil.

The elaborate account of Quakerism and the people called Quakers, in the same volume, chapter sixteenth, is another instance in which the author is led by his theory to depart from strict historical fidelity. He makes a hero of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, exaggerates his merits even more than Macaulay disparages them, and makes Quakerism the exponent of the inspirations of the impersonal reason, whatever that may mean. He had his religious or theological theory to bring out, and he makes Quakerism its vehicle. In order to do so, he gives us for Quakerism, we will not say what Quakerism may not practically lead to, but assuredly what never entered the heads of its founders, George Fox, Robert Barclay, and William Penn. The essential element of Quakerism is its assertion of the universal-

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ity and sufficiency of the indwelling Christ independent of Christ teaching through historical records or chosen messengers, and bringing us into union with himself in the church through the sacraments. But the genuine Quaker never intentionally denied the Incarnation, and never confounded the indwelling Christ, "the light within," with natural reason, personal or impersonal. The Christ in whom he professed to believe was "the Word," "the Son of God," "the true light which enlighteneth every man coming into this world." He held him to be not only, as the eternal Son of God by whom all things were made, the natural light of reason or the light of the natural order, but also, as the incarnate Son or Word, the supernatural light, or the light of the supernatural order of grace, and in both orders he distinguished him from the soul and its faculties, as in external vision the light by which we see is distinguishable from the visual organ and even the visual faculty. The error of the Quaker does not lie in the assertion of the indwelling Christ in the regenerate, for he does dwell in them, and they in him; but in supposing him to dwell equally in the unregenerate, or in supposing that the effect of the Incarnation was to place every man actually in the order of grace, and Christ as an indwelling Saviour in the heart of every one; whence he was led to deny the sacraments, the church, the priesthood, and the means by which the sinner receives the application of the Atonement, is brought into union with Christ, and preserved therein. A serious error enough, no doubt, but not an error favoring the doctrine held by Mr. Bancroft, and for which he eulogizes him. Mr. Bancroft thinks he has in this Quaker doctrine of the indwelling Christ, or inward light, his own doctrine of the sufficiency and infallibility of reason as an attribute of humanity, on which he founds his doctrine of popular sovereignty and the infallibility of the people. He thus, to the utter astonishment of Obadiah, makes the Quaker a modern transcendentalist, and a witness bearing his testimony in favor of "progressive democracy." In this he is an unfaithful historian, a bad philosopher, and a worse theologian.

A more important instance of Mr. Bancroft's infidelity as an historian may be found in the opening chapter of the volume before us. This volume professes, as we have said, to give us the history of the first epoch of the American revolution, and the author seeks to show that this revolution was conceived and brought forth in the design of introduc-

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ing a new political and social order into the history of the world, and that it was only a link in that series of revolutions which have convulsed the European continent for sixty or seventy years with vain efforts to introduce into its old monarchical states *la république démocratique et sociale.* The kings united with the commons in the fifteenth century and suppressed the barons; the commons, uniting with the princes in the sixteenth century, suppressed the church. Thus emancipated from the nobility and the hierarchy, the commons in England in the seventeenth century deposed the king and beheaded monarchy at Whitehall in the person of Charles Stuart. Defeated for the moment by the restoration, the commons fled to these western wilds, where, concealed in the depths of the forest, they grew and prepared themselves by the middle of the eighteenth century to renew and continue their struggles against monarchy, and in favor of republicanism, the sovereignty of the people,—progressive democracy. Hence Mr. Bancroft's theory of the American movement in behalf of national independence is, that it was only the continuation or resumption of the movement of the English republicans in the seventeenth century, as that was itself only the continuation of the movement in the previous two centuries of the kings and commons against the feudal aristocracy and the church. His purpose in this is, on the one hand, to adduce historical evidence of his theory of the continuous progress of society, and, on the other, to obtain the authority of the American patriots, justly of great weight with all loyal Americans, for the progressive or social democracy to which he is wedded,—at least in theory,—and which he wishes to see established throughout the world, if need be by red-republican revolutions, and all the blood, and carnage, and horrors of both civil and international war. These remarks will help the reader to understand the following extract from the commencement of the volume before us.

"In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight, Montesquieu, wisest in his age of the reflecting statesmen of France, apprised the cultivated world, that a free, prosperous, and great people was forming in the forests of America, which England had sent forth her sons to inhabit. The hereditary dynasties of Europe, all unconscious of the rapid growth of the rising power which was soon to involve them in its new and prevailing influence, were negotiating treaties among themselves to bring their last war of personal ambition definitively to an end. The great maritime powers, weary of hopes of conquest and

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ignorant of coming reform, desired repose. To restore possessions as they had been, or were to have been, was accepted as the condition of peace; and guaranties were devised to keep them safe against vicissitude. But the eternal flow of existence never rests, bearing the human race onwards through continuous change. Principles grow into life by informing the public mind, and in their maturity gain the mastery over events; following each other as they are bidden, and ruling without a pause. No sooner do the agitated waves begin to subside, than, amidst the formless tossing of the billows, a new messenger from the Infinite Spirit moves over the waters; and the ship of Destiny, freighted with the fortunes of mankind, yields to the gentle breath as it first whispers among the shrouds, even while the beholders still doubt if the breeze is springing, and whence it comes, and whither it will go.

"The hour of revolution was at hand, promising freedom to conscience and dominion to intelligence. History, escaping from the dictates of authority and the jars of insulated interests, enters upon new and unthought-of domains of culture and equality, the happier society where power springs freshly from ever-renewed consent; the life and activity of a connected world.

"For Europe, the crisis foreboded the struggles of generations. The strong bonds of faith and affection, which once united the separate classes of its civil hierarchy, had lost their vigor. In the impending chaos of states, the ancient forms of society, after convulsive agonies, were doomed to be broken in pieces; and the fragments to become distinct, and seemingly lifeless, like the dust; ready to be whirled in clouds by the tempest of public rage, with a force as deadly as that of the sandstorm in the Libyan desert. The voice of reform, as it passed over the desolation, would inspire animation afresh; but in the classes whose power was crushed, as well as in the oppressed who knew not that they were redeemed, it might also awaken wild desires, which the ruins of a former world could not satiate. In America, the influences of time were moulded by the creative force of reason, sentiment, and nature. Its political edifice rose in lovely proportions, as if to the melodies of the lyre. Peacefully and without crime, humanity was to make for itself a new existence.

"A few men of Anglo-Saxon descent, chiefly farmers, planters, and mechanics, with their wives and children, had crossed the Atlantic in search of freedom and fortune. They brought the civilization which the past had bequeathed to Great Britain; they were followed by the slave-ship and the African, their happiness invited emigrants from every lineage of Central and Western Europe; the mercantile system, to which they were subjected, prevailed in the councils of all metropolitan states, and extended its restrictions to every continent that allured to conquest, commerce, and colonization. The accomplishment of their independence would agitate the globe, would assert the freedom of the oceans as commercial highways, vindicate power in the commonwealth for the

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united judgment of its people, and assure to them the right to a self-directing vitality.

"The authors of the American Revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in the service of their own and of all future generations. Their faith was just; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. All men are brothers; and all are bondsmen for one another. All nations, too, are brothers, and each is responsible for that federative humanity which puts the ban of exclusion on none. New principles of government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other. The very idea of the progress of an individual people, in its relation to universal history, springs from the acknowledged unity of the race.

"From the dawn of social being, there has appeared a tendency towards commerce and intercourse between the scattered inhabitants of the earth. That mankind have ever earnestly desired this connection, appears from their willing homage to the adventurers and to every people, who have greatly enlarged the boundaries of the world, as known to civilization. The traditions of remotest antiquity celebrate the half-divine wanderer who raised pillars on the shores of the Atlantic; and record, as a visitant from the skies, the first traveller from Europe to the central rivers of Asia. It is the glory of Greece, that, when she had gathered on her islands and among her hills the scattered beams of human intelligence, her numerous colonies carried the accumulated light to the neighborhood of the ocean and to the shores of the Euxine. Her wisdom and her arms connected continents.

"When civilization intrenched herself within the beautiful promontory of Italy, and Rome led the van of European reform, the same movement continued, with still vaster results; for, though the military republic bounded the expansive spirit of independence by giving dominion to property, and extending her own influence by the sword, yet, heaping up conquests, adding island to continent, crushing nationalities, offering a shrine to strange gods, and citizenship to every vanquished people, she extended over a larger empire the benefits of fixed principles of law, and a cosmopolitan polytheism prevailed as the religion of the world.

"To have asserted clearly the unity of mankind was the distinctive glory of the Christian religion. No more were the nations to be severed by the worship of exclusive deities. The world was instructed that all men are of one blood; that for all there is but one divine nature and but one moral law; and the renovating faith taught the singleness of the race, of which it embodied the aspirations and guided the advancement.

"The tribes of Northern Europe, emerging freshly from the wild nurseries of nations, opened new regions to culture, commerce, and refinement. The beams of the majestic temple, which antiquity had

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reared to its many gods, were already falling in; the roving invaders, taking to their hearts the regenerating creed, became its intrepid messengers, and bore its symbols even to Iceland and Siberia.

"Still nearer were the relations of the connected world, when an enthusiast reformer, glowing with selfish ambition, and angry at the hollow forms of Eastern superstition, caught life in the deserts of Arabia, and founded a system, whose emissaries hurried lightly on the camel's back beyond pathless sands, and, never diverging far from the warmer zone, conducted armies from Mecca to the Ganges and the Ebro. How did the two systems animate all the continents of the Old World to combat for the sepulchre of Christ, till Europe, from Spain to Scandinavia, came into conflict and intercourse with the South and East, from Morocco to Hindostan!

"In due time appeared the mariner from Genoa. To Columbus God gave keys that unlock the barriers of the ocean; so that he filled Christendom with his glory. The voice of the world had whispered to him that the world is one; and as he went forth towards the west, ploughing a wave which no European keel had entered, it was his high purpose not merely to open new paths to islands or to continents, but to bring together the ends of the earth, and join all nations in commerce and spiritual life.

"While the world of mankind is accomplishing its nearer connection, it is also advancing in the power of its intelligence. The possession of reason is the engagement for that progress of which history keeps the record. The faculties of each individual mind are limited in their development; the reason of the whole strives for perfection, has been restlessly forming itself from the first moment of human existence, and has never met bounds to its capacity for improvement. The generations of men are not like the leaves on the trees, which fall and renew themselves without melioration or change; individuals disappear like the foliage and the flowers; the existence of our kind is continuous, and its ages are reciprocally dependent. Were it not so, there would be no great truths inspiring action, no laws regulating human achievements; the movement of the living world would be as the ebb and flow of the ocean; and the mind would no more be touched by the visible agency of Providence in human affairs. In the lower creation, instinct is always equal to itself; the beaver builds its hut, the bee his cell, without an acquisition of thought, or increase of skill. 'By a particular prerogative,' as Pascal has written, 'not only each man advances daily in the sciences, but all men unitedly make a never-ceasing progress in them, as the universe grows older; so that the whole succession of human beings, during the course of so many ages, ought to be considered as one identical man, who subsists always, and who learns without end.'

"It is this idea of continuity which gives vitality to history. No period of time has a separate being; no public opinion can escape the influence of previous intelligence. We are cheered by rays from former

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centuries, and live in the sunny reflection of all their light. What though thought is invisible, and, even when effective, seems as transient as the wind that raised the cloud? It is yet free and indestructible; can as little be bound in chains as the aspiring flame; and, when once generated, takes eternity for its guardian. We are the children and the heirs of the past, with which, as with the future, we are indissolubly linked together; and he that truly has sympathy with every thing belonging to man will, with his toils for posterity, blend affection for the times that are gone by, and seek to live in the vast life of the ages. It is by thankfully recognizing those ages as a part of the great existence in which we share, that history wins power to move the soul. She comes to us with tidings of that which for us still lives, of that which has become the life of our life. She embalms and preserves for us the life-blood, not of master-spirits only, but of generations of the race.

"And because the idea of improvement belongs to that of continuous being, history is, of all pursuits, the most cheering. It throws a halo of delight and hope even over the sorrows of humanity, and finds promises of joy among the ruins of empires and the graves of nations. It sees the footsteps of Providential intelligence everywhere; and hears the gentle tones of his voice in the hour of tranquillity;

'Nor God alone in the still calm we find;
He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind.'

Institutions may crumble and governments fall, but it is only that they may renew a better youth, and mount upwards like the eagle. The petals of the flower wither, that fruit may form. The desire of perfection, springing always from moral power, rules even the sword, and escapes unharmed from the field of carnage, giving to battles all that they can have of lustre, and to warriors their only glory; surviving martyrdoms, and safe amid the wreck of states. On the banks of the stream of time, not a monument has been raised to a hero or a nation, but tells the tale and renews the hope of improvement. Each people that has disappeared, every institution that has passed away, has been but a step in the ladder by which humanity ascends towards the perfecting of its nature.

"And how has it always been advancing; to the just judgments of the past, adding the discoveries of successive ages! The generations that hand the torch of truth along the lines of time, themselves become dust and ashes; but the light still increases its everburning flame, and is fed more and more plenteously with consecrated oil. How is progress manifest in religion, from the gross symbols of the East to the sublime philosophy of Greece, from the Fetichism of the savage to the Polytheism of Rome; from the multiplied forms of ancient superstition and the lovely representations of deities in stone, to the clear conception of the unity of divine power, and the idea of the presence of God in the soul! How has mind, in its inquisitive freedom, taught man to employ the elements as mechanics do their tools, and already, in part, at least, made him the master and possessor of nature! How has knowledge not only

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been increased, but diffused! How has morality been constantly tending to subdue the supremacy of brute force, to refine passion, to enrich literature with the varied forms of pure thought and delicate feeling! How has social life been improved, and every variety of toil in the field and in the workshop been ennobled by the willing industry of freemen! How has humanity been growing conscious of its unity and watchful of its own development, till public opinion, bursting the bonds of nationality, knows itself to be the spirit of the world, in its movement on the tide of thought from generation to generation!

"From the intelligence that had been slowly ripening in the mind of cultivated humanity sprung the American Revolution, which was designed to organize social union through the establishment of personal freedom, and thus emancipate the nations from all authority not flowing from themselves. In the old civilization of Europe, power moved from a superior to inferiors and subjects; a priesthood transmitted a common faith, from which it would tolerate no dissent; the government esteemed itself, by compact or by divine right, invested with sovereignty, dispensing protection and demanding allegiance. But a new principle, far mightier than the church and state of the Middle Ages, was forcing itself into power. Successions of increasing culture and heroes in the world of thought had conquered for mankind the idea of the freedom of the individual; the creative but long latent energy that resides in the collective reason was next to be revealed. From this the state was to emerge, like the fabled spirit of beauty and love, out of the foam of the ever-troubled ocean. It was the office of America to substitute for hereditary privilege the natural equality of man; for the irresponsible authority of a sovereign, a dependent government emanating from the concord of opinion; and as she moved forward in her high career, the multitudes of every clime gazed towards her example with hopes of untold happiness, and all the nations of the earth sighed to be renewed.

"The American Revolution, of which I write the history, essaying to unfold the principles which organized its events, and bound to keep faith with the ashes of its heroes, was most radical in its character, yet achieved with such benign tranquillity; that even conservatism hesitated to censure. A civil war armed men of the same ancestry against each other, yet for the advancement of the principles of everlasting peace and universal brotherhood. A new plebeian democracy took its place by the side of the proudest empires. Religion was disenthralled from civil institutions. Thought obtained for itself free utterance by speech and by the press. Industry was commissioned to follow the bent of its own genius. The system of commercial restrictions between states was reprobated and shattered; and the oceans were enfranchised for every peaceful keel. International law was humanized and softened; and a new, milder, and more just maritime code was concerted and enforced. The trade in slaves was branded and restrained. The home of the language of Bacon and Milton, of Chatham and Washington, became so

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diffused, that in every zone, and almost in every longitude, childhood lisps the English as its mother tongue. The equality of all men was declared; personal freedom secured in its complete individuality, and common consent recognized as the only just origin of fundamental laws, so that the people in thirteen separate states, with ample territory for creating more, each formed its own political institutions. By the side of the principle of the freedom of the individual and the freedom of the separate states, the noblest work of human intellect was consummated in a federative union. And that union put away every motive to its destruction, by insuring to each successive generation the right to better its constitution, according to the increasing intelligence of the living people."—pp. 8–13.

A fastidious critic might say something of the style of this extract, which is a fair specimen of the author's style in general. He perhaps would object that it wants repose, sedateness, ease, flexibility, and dignity; that it is too picturesque, too florid, and too high-wrought for the gravity of history. But we have more important matters in hand than mere literary criticism. We should, indeed, prefer for ourselves a simpler and less ambitious, a more grave and a less ornate style; but this is a small matter, and, after all, every reader must be struck with the felicity of the author's diction, and his remarkable propriety and delicacy in the choice of single words. His fancy is exuberant, and he clothes his thoughts with a mass of luxuriant foliage, which serves as often to obscure as to adorn them, and which diverts the reader without instructing him. This is no doubt a grave fault, and one perhaps not wholly undesigned; for it is most obvious when the thoughts are of a character to be hinted rather than expressed, and such as it would be hazardous to set forth in their nakedness. Writers of Mr. Bancroft's school not unfrequently find it convenient to regard language as a contrivance for concealing rather than expressing thought. We do not defend this, but we let it pass.

The careful and intelligent reader cannot fail here to remark the admirable dexterity with which the author falsifies history without absolutely misstating facts, and the consummate skill with which he substitutes his theory or his gloss for the historical fact itself. "The authors of the American Revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in the service of their own and of all future generations." Nothing more true in the sense of those authors themselves; nothing more false in the sense in which Mr. Bancroft wishes us to understand it.

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"Their faith was just; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. *All men are brothers; and all are bondsmen for one another.*" Here is asserted the *solidarity* of the human race, as taught by that arch-socialist, Pierre Leroux. "All nations, too, are brothers, and each is *responsible* for that federative humanity which puts the ban of exclusion on none." Here is Mazzini's and Kossuth's doctrine of "the solidarity of peoples," the old Jacobinical doctrine of the "fraternity of nations," on which is founded the pretended right of revolutionists in all countries to conspire together, and to rush to the assistance of each other in any particular country where their aid may be necessary to overthrow the existing government. Is it true that the author, some years since, was one of the Illuminati, or Carbonari, and that he was engaged in a revolution in Naples, and there taken prisoner, and released only with difficulty? We have heard from a Neapolitan source such a report, though we cannot vouch for either its truth or its falsity. But to have been so engaged when a student at a German university would be less incredible than that, at the age of fifty and over, and after having represented his country at one of the first courts in Europe, he should gravely set forth in a History of the United States the principles which would fully justify such conduct. The adventure, if real, might be excused by charging it to the inconsiderateness and impetuosity of youth; the deliberate justification of similar conduct by asserting principles which not only authorize it, but in some sense make it a moral duty in every man, by a scholar and a statesman past middle age, is not easily excused on any ground.

"New principles of government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other." Very possibly, but with this we have nothing to do. Mr. Bancroft has here stealthily advanced to the point he was aiming at, namely, that the faith of the authors of the American revolution that they were laboring in the service of their own and all future generations was just, *because* they were laboring to introduce, and did introduce, new principles of government, which could not but react upon the eastern hemisphere. It is evident, from the general tenor of what follows, that he understands by these new principles the democratic, Jacobinical, or socialistic principles, which since the latter part of the last century have been struggling for the mastery in Europe. Thus he con-

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nects the American movement with the European revolutions which followed it, and makes the American patriots fellow-laborers with Mazzini, Kossuth, Ledru-Rollin, and the other chiefs of European red-republicanism. This the author suggests, and means that we shall all take to be historically true, and yet he nowhere says it in just so many words. He cloaks his historical unveracity, and puts what he means we shall receive as historical truth in the form of abstract propositions, which may or may not be true. This is what we mean by his falsifying history without any express misstatement of facts.

But, whether express or not, there is here a real falsification of history. The authors of the American revolution neither avowed nor believed themselves the discoverers of new principles of government, and certain it is that they introduced no new principles into political science. They may have indulged now and then in a few rhetorical flourishes, always to be expected from ardent patriots, and to be understood with liberal allowance; but nothing is more certain than that they were moved by no thought of founding a new social and political order for the world. They made the revolution simply to recover their rights as British subjects, of which the mother country had deprived them, and to establish national independence for themselves. They never, as a body, whatever may have been the case with here and there an individual, entertained the views and intentions subsequently proclaimed by the French Jacobins and European radicals; they never for one moment contemplated a revolution of society, or of the political order of the world. They were, for the most part, republicans, opposed to monarchy; but very few of them, if any, were democrats in Mr. Bancroft's sense of the word. They did not make the revolution because they wanted a republic even, far less because they wanted a democracy; they made it because they believed themselves oppressed,—because they despaired of justice from the British crown,—because they wanted national independence, and the liberty to manage their own affairs in their own way, without being dictated to or interfered with by another country three thousand miles off; and when, by their firmness, their self-sacrifice, and heroic deeds they had achieved their independence, they wisely established the republican form of government, because no other form under the circumstances was practicable or desirable, and because the colonists had been from

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the first, and still were, republican in their tastes, convictions, manners, habits, and domestic institutions.

For the colonists to establish a republican government, was not to change their principles, to introduce a new order, but was simply to continue what they had always in reality been. But to establish a monarchy would have required a fundamental change in all their habits and interior as well as exterior forms of life,—a social as well as a political revolution, analogous to the one subsequently required to introduce a republican government into France. Such a revolution, we need not say, was foreign to all their purposes. They were patriots and statesmen, not revolutionists; republicans certainly, but not Jacobins. They no doubt believed that, in asserting and maintaining their independence, they were promoting the welfare of mankind, inasmuch as it is always for the welfare of mankind that right be maintained against wrong; and they no doubt also believed that they would be serving their own and all future generations of their countrymen, by establishing and transmitting national independence and popular institutions. All this is most certainly true; but they were wise, practical, and patriotic men, and never could have entertained the wild, visionary, and destructive radicalism the author so gratuitously ascribes to them. We boast our descent from them, not from those who in the hour of trial deserted their country, and we hold their memory too dear and venerable, to suffer them to be ranked with the modern revolutionists of Europe, those infuriated enemies of God and man, those firebrands of hell, without entering our stern and indignant protest.

These instances, taken almost at random, show clearly enough the spirit and untrustworthiness of Mr. Bancroft's History, and a careful analysis of the passage we have extracted will sustain all the charges we have preferred against it. It would be difficult to find elsewhere in our language so much false doctrine and false history compressed within so small a space. "The hour of revolution was at hand, promising freedom to conscience and dominion to intelligence. History, escaping from the dictates of authority, and the jars of insulated interests, enters upon new and unthought-of domains of culture and equality, the happier society where power springs freshly from ever-renewed consent; the life and activity af a connected world." This is said of the opening of the first epoch of the American

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revolution, in 1748, a little over one hundred years ago, and its sense evidently is, that then commenced, or was about to commence, a movement that was to secure freedom to conscience; substitute the dominion of intelligence for that of physical force; abolish all authority claiming a divine origin; effect the fraternity of nations; advance civilization; bring about equality; introduce and establish the purely democratic order, in which no power is recognized, but such as springs from the assent of the governed, and from that assent only as ever freshly renewed. Thus much is here implied as historical truth; and yet nothing of all this will bear the test of a moment's investigation, and it would be difficult to find in the whole history of the last thousand years a period in which less of what is here intended was secured and enjoyed than the period dating from 1748.

"The hour of revolution was at hand." But, if Mr. Bancroft may be believed, the revolution that was about to break out was only a continuation of the English revolution of the seventeenth century, as that itself was only the continuation of the revolution in the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries by the king and commons against feudalism and the church. Nay, according to his own doctrine, laid down on the same page, revolution is ever going on, not only in society, but throughout the entire universe of God. "The eternal flow of existence never rests, bearing the human race onwards through continuous change. . . . . No sooner do the agitated waves begin to subside, than, amidst the formless tossing of the billows, a new messenger from the infinite Spirit moves over the waters; and the ship of Destiny, freighted with the fortunes of mankind, yields to the gentle breath as it first whispers among the shrouds, even while the beholders still doubt if the breeze is springing, and whence it comes, and whither it will go." This, if it means any thing, means that, whatever are the appearances, revolution never ceases, but goes on continuously. Why, then, say of 1748 especially, "The hour of revolution was at hand"? No doubt it was at hand, but on the author's doctrine revolution is the normal order of the universe, nay of existence, of *eternal* existence, and therefore of God himself, who never rests, and in reality, then, no more at hand at one epoch than at another. But let this pass.

"Promising freedom to conscience." The author will

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not resort to the subterfuge of saying that the revolution that was about to burst forth merely promised, but did not secure, freedom to conscience, or at least secured it only in the United States. He is speaking generally, and means, if any thing, that the revolution was to introduce and establish freedom of conscience, in the Old World as well as in the New. The author does not look upon our revolution as an isolated fact; he couples it with the European revolutions which have followed it, and the revolution which he says was at hand is to be understood to mean, not the American alone, but the European also,—all the revolutions, in fact, which have been going on in the civilized world since 1748. Now will Mr. Bancroft assert as a matter of fact, that freedom of conscience had never been recognized and secured prior to that period, or that it has been recognized and secured since in any greater degree than before? Freedom of conscience means simply freedom to worship God according to the law which God himself has established, without any let or hindrance from the state or any human power whatever. But there is no period of equal duration since the time of the pagan and Arian emperors of Rome when this freedom of conscience was more insecure, or more frequently or more cruelly violated, especially in those European countries which were the chief seats of the revolution, than from 1748 to 1848. Never did pagan emperor of Rome wage a more cruel persecution against Christians, than that waged by the revolutionary party in France, and scarcely an Arian emperor went further in his edicts against the freedom of worship than did Joseph II., emperor of Germany. Indeed, the latter half of the eighteenth century was almost exclusively characterized by hostility to freedom of conscience and bitter and unrelenting persecution of Christians. It was the epoch of the triumph of infidelity, of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, and the Convention. Joseph II. suppressed religious houses, assumed well-nigh plenary authority in religious matters, and prohibited all communication of the bishops and clergy of his empire with the Holy See, save through the minister of state, and his infamous laws, in direct violation of the freedom of worship and freedom of conscience, remained in force till since the accession to the throne of the present pious and spirited young emperor of Austria. In France the revolution abolished Christianity, prohibited by law its free exercise, beheaded the king because he proposed to restore the freedom of worship,

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stripped the church of her goods, desecrated her temples, overthrew her altars, massacred her priests and religious in thousands, and even sent its armies to drag the venerable chief of Christendom from his throne, and exiled him to Valence, where he died a martyr to the freedom of conscience. Talk of freedom of conscience! Where in all Europe was there freedom of conscience under your boasted revolution,—a revolution whose primary object, as you well know, was the suppression of religious freedom, and the establishment of the reign of philosophism, that is, infidelity and atheism, which the world justly calls the reign of terror?

Do not say the rights of conscience were secured, because none but Catholics were persecuted, and because heresy and infidelity were freer, or because men had gained the power to deny and blaspheme religion, to enslave the church, and to drown, behead, or exile her priests and devout adherents. Freedom to deny and blaspheme God and his worship is not in any sense freedom of conscience, for conscience never yet required any man to deny or blaspheme his Maker or his worship. There is no conscience where God is denied, for conscience is nothing but a man's own judgment of what the law of God commands or forbids him to do, accompanied by a sense of his moral accountability to God for whatever he does or omits to do. The freedom the revolutionary party may have acquired to vent their denials and blasphemies, and to oppress and persecute Catholics for their fidelity to their church, no intellectual alchemy can transmute into freedom of conscience; and, to say the very least, the prohibition of Catholic worship and the persecution of Catholics are as much a violation of the rights of conscience as is the prohibition of any other form of religion, or persecution of its adherents. We are well aware that unbelievers and misbelievers of all sorts and degrees are very apt to forget that Catholics have rights of conscience, and that to prohibit their worship, confiscate their goods, deprive them of all civil franchises, fine, imprison, exile, massacre, or hang and quarter them for professing and practising their religion, is persecution, or any thing incompatible with religious liberty; but in this they are mistaken. We have at the least equal rights, and if freedom of conscience can be violated at all, it certainly can be violated in the persons of Catholics, and is violated whenever the freedom of their religion in any degree is denied, or in any manner interfered

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with, either by the state or the mob. So long as the free exercise of the Catholic religion meets with any obstacles, or finds any let or hindrance in any country, however free may be the sects and unbelievers, freedom of conscience is not secured, and the liberty of religion is not recognized and maintained.

Everywhere, it is well known, the revolution of which Mr. Bancroft speaks has been directed against the Catholic religion, and is so directed even to-day. All the changes it has sought or introduced have had and still have, for their primary object the destruction of the Catholic Church. The education of youth is a religious function, the right and the duty of the clergy, and yet everywhere, and in most countries with complete success, during the last hundred years, it has been wrested from religion, and placed under the supreme control of the state. The state may, undoubtedly, provide the funds for the maintenance of schools, and, with some limitations, regulate their prudential affairs; but when it undertakes to educate, to determine what the education shall be, and to appoint or dismiss teachers, it usurps the rights of parents and of religion, and thus directly infringes the rights of conscience. This sort of violation of the rights of conscience is practised to no inconsiderable extent, and, in the persevering attempt of our modern philanthropists to obtain laws making it compulsory on our people who are unable to educate their children in private schools to send their children to the state schools, threatens to be practised to a much greater extent, even in our own country. There is no Protestant, and scarcely a professedly Catholic country, on the face of the globe, where the Catholic religion is perfectly free. In Great Britain and Ireland, some years since, a Catholic relief bill was passed, removing some of the disabilities Catholics labored under; but it fell far short of securing to Catholics complete religious liberty. It repealed the chief penalties the laws had previously imposed on the persons, but not the penalties it had imposed on the property, of Catholics. But even the partial freedom secured by this bill has been restricted, and no longer ago than last year a law was enacted, which, if it means any thing, declares the practice of the Catholic religion illegal in the United Kingdom, and renders null in the civil courts every Catholic marriage. Even while we are writing, the queen has issued a proclamation denying in the plainest terms the freedom of the Catholic religion. In Prussia, but a few years since,

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we saw the venerable archbishops of Posen and Cologne imprisoned by order of the government, for no other offence than that of fidelity to their consciences as Catholics; in Denmark and Sweden it is a heinous crime, punishable with confiscation of goods and banishment from the kingdom, to abandon the state religion and to become reconciled to the Catholic Church; in Holland, where nearly one half of the population are Catholics, Catholicity has no legal rights, but is merely connived at, not even legally tolerated. Our present Holy Father was driven by the revolutionists into exile, and the saintly prelates of the sees of Geneva and Lausanne, Turin, and Cagliari have been banished by the same party, and are even now languishing in foreign lands, forbidden to return and exercise their spiritual functions in the midst of their flocks. The revolution, as in the last century, so in this, is notoriously directed against the rights of conscience, as is evident from the expulsion of the Jesuits and other religious orders from Switzerland on the triumph of the radical party, and of the Redemptorists from Vienna on the success of the red-republicans in 1848. Idle, then, is it to speak of the revolution that was at hand in 1748 as promising freedom to conscience, and Mr. Bancroft only perverts history when he speaks of it as having secured the rights of conscience as one of its results. He would have been far nearer the truth, if he had said, "The hour of revolution was at hand, promising to infidelity freedom to trample on the sacred rights of conscience"; and this he would have said, if he had not meant, by freedom of conscience, freedom *from* conscience, or the freedom, not of religion, but of irreligion.

"Promising dominion to intelligence." The revolution, the author must mean, was to be in favor of intelligence, and has substituted for the governing power in society intellectual or moral power as distinguished from mere physical force. Yet he has studied the history of the last hundred years to little purpose, if he does not know the fact is precisely the reverse of what he insinuates. We know no period since Europe began to recover from the shock received from the irruption of the northern barbarians, in which society was less under the control of intelligence, or more under that of physical force, combined with ignorance and brutality, than during the period from 1748 to 1848. The French revolution subjected society to the reign of terror, which is that of physical force, and every government

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on the continent of Europe maintains, and is forced to maintain, itself at this moment only by means of its immense standing armies, kept up on a war footing even in time of peace. Let the European states disband their armies and trust society to the power of intelligence and to the moral force of law, and social order would not be preserved for a single week. Society itself, in by far the greater part of the civilized world, is sustained now only by sheer physical force, by the bayonet or sabre. And what further from the truth than to pretend that the revolution has given dominion to intelligence? Bankers, stockbrokers, and generals are now the only governors and conservators of society, and these the author will hardly contend represent moral and intellectual power as distinguished from physical force.

"History, escaping from the dictates of authority and the jars of insulated interests, enters upon new and unthought-of domains of culture." By *history* the author here means the subject of which history treats, that is, the human race, or the several nations of mankind. More specially, perhaps, he means the general tendency and policy of modern nations. That the tendency of modern nations has been to reject the maxims of ancient wisdom, to reject the authority of law, and to rush into unbounded license, we are not disposed to deny. This is necessarily the case with a revolutionary epoch. "And the jars of insulated interests." If there are any fewer jars of insulated interests than for a brief period prior to 1748, it is not owing to any advance in fraternal affection, but to the universal prevalence of the credit system, which enslaves each particular nation to the money power of all, which is stronger than each individually and than all put together. The wars growing out of the revolution involved all European nations in debt; and the necessity of keeping up large standing armies for the maintenance of social order, peace within and peace without, induces an annual expense beyond the public revenues, which tends to increase annually the national indebtedness and administrative dependence on bankers and brokers. This itself is a far greater evil, and more fatal to the morals and real welfare of modern nations, than any state of isolation and of independent interests known to modern history.

"Enters upon new and unthought-of domains of culture and equality." We are not quite certain what this means,

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but we suppose it means that the effect of the revolution has been to throw off the authority of the old monarchical and hierarchical governments, to give a new impulse to intellectual progress, and to introduce an equality of political rights and social conditions hitherto unthought of. This may have been the result aimed at by the revolution, it may be what revolutionists have promised, but we need not tell Mr. Bancroft that it is not the result obtained. It is hardly allowable to treat the fantastic dreams and wild and visionary projects of reformers and radicals, or even their seductive promises, as historical facts. The old authorities are all yet standing, or supplied by others equally offensive to the revolutionists; and intellect, as the physical frame, has rather deteriorated than otherwise during the last hundred years. Superficial instruction may be more diffused than it was in 1748, and a larger proportion of the people may be able to read, but it is ridiculous to pretend that the intellectual culture of the eighteenth or nineteenth century can begin to compare even with that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The century dating from 1748 is probably the most superficial age of which we retain any record. Equality of political rights or franchises has been sought, but has made little or no progress. We have gained national independence, but under the head of equal rights we have gained nothing. France has had her sixty years of revolution and her nearly thirty years of war, and has fewer guaranties for equal rights than under Louis Quatorze. Absolute power has increased in Russia, Austria, and in the larger German states, and the freedom of the subject has received a severe blow in the destruction of the *fueros* in Spain, and in the British empire through the reform bill and the abolition of the forty-shillings-freehold suffrage. As to equality of conditions, we have less than we had in 1748, and the disparity of conditions, we say not of ranks, has increased in Great Britain. Her proletarian population in 1748 was about one-third of her whole population; it is now five-sevenths. In France there may have been an increased equality of conditions, mainly, however, by the general impoverishment of the kingdom, impoverishing the wealthy without enriching the poor, and even there the equality is not greater than was ever before *thought of*, nor so great as among our North American savages.

"Enters upon the happier society where power spring freshly from ever-renewed consent." That is, the revolu

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tion has destroyed all government but such government as springs freshly from the ever-renewed consent of the governed, and has and claims no foundation in historical right. This Mr. Bancroft and his friends may have dreamed of, but history has as yet entered upon no such "happier society," for no such society exists on the face of the globe, —not even in this country; for even here the government plants itself on historical right, no less than in Austria or Russia, and the people, as distinguished from the government, have not one particle of political power but as prescribed by law, which it is treason to conspire permanently to resist. Democracy of the most pure, and therefore the most anarchical sort, may be aimed at by revolutionists and political dreamers, but it has as yet no foothold on the earth, and it does not answer to treat their dreams as realities.

We have no space to continue our analysis, but we have said enough to show that the author asserts as historical fact, not what really is so, but simply what his theory requires should be. Yet it is unpardonable in a man like Mr. Bancroft to allow himself to make such loose and incorrect statements,—statements so obviously unfounded, that, with a slight degree of reflection, the most ordinary reader need not fail to detect their falsity. As to the doctrine which underlies these statements, we have at present little to say. We can pardon boys, and even rhetoricians, for admiring a state of society in which there is no authority founded in historical right, and no power but the unrestrained will of the multitude, but we cannot pardon so great simplicity in a grave historian or a practical statesman.

"To have asserted clearly the unity of mankind," says the author, "was the distinctive glory of the Christian religion." If this means that no religion but the Christian has ever clearly asserted the unity of the human race, it is true, if we consider that all other religions derive whatever of truth they may have from the Christian; but if it be intended to insinuate, as we suspect, that it is the chief and distinguishing glory of the Christian religion that it has asserted this unity, it proves that the author's conceptions of Christianity are very low, and that he aims to disparage while seeming to praise it. Certainly the Christian finds something more in his religion than its assertion of the unity of the human race, true and important as that assertion undeniably is. But let us proceed. "The world was instructed that all men were

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of one blood." Good, very good; we are glad to find that Mr. Bancroft does not fall into the impious absurdity of denying, with Agassiz and other infidel pretenders to science, the unity of the human race. "That for all there is but one divine nature, and but one moral law." "But one *divine* nature." What does that mean? That for all there is but one God to be adored? No; for that has already been insinuated in the sentence, "No more were the nations to be severed by the worship of exclusive deities." What then does it mean? That all men have but one and the same nature, and that this one nature is *divine?* We had supposed that the nature of man was *human* nature, not divine nature. But here breaks out the author's pantheism, the divinity of humanity, the identity of the human and divine, on which he bases his democracy. He here teaches us that Christianity instructed the world that human nature is divine, that man is God. But this is a mistake. It was not Christianity that taught this; it was Satan, when, in the form of a serpent, he said to our first parents, "Ye shall be as gods."

"The renovating faith [Christianity] taught the singleness of the race, *of which it embodied the aspirations* and guided the advancement." So the office of Christianity is not to reveal the will of God, to make redemption for sin, to give spiritual life to men and elevate them to God and celestial beatitude as their ultimate end, but to embody the aspirations and to guide the advancement of the race! The Christian religion is the expression of human nature, and the Christian teacher does only ascertain and embody in a creed what springs up spontaneously in man, and guide, not the soul in its efforts after salvation, but the race, the species, in its advancement in civilization,—"culture, commerce, and refinement"! What more in fact could be asked of him, since human nature is *divine* nature? Whence but from the human race should the Christian teacher receive his inspirations, or what better could he do than to embody the aspirations of a *divine* nature, that is of God, which indeed some may imagine to be absurd and blasphemous? This is enough to show us what we ought to think of the author's Christianity and the compliments which he affects now and then to pay it.

Christianity taught the unity of the race; the northern barbarians were called in to reduce the doctrine to practice. "The roving invaders [of the Roman empire], taking to their hearts the regenerating creed, became its intrepid mes-

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sengers, and bore its symbols even to Iceland and Siberia." This was something and did somewhat towards bringing nations together in a common bond of brotherhood. But "*still nearer were the relations* of the connected world, when an enthusiast reformer, glowing with selfish ambition, and angry at the hollow forms of eastern superstition, caught life in the deserts of Arabia, and founded a system, whose emissaries hurried lightly on the camel's back beyond pathless sands, and, never diverging far from the warmer zone, conducted armies from Mecca to the Ganges and the Ebro." Does the author mean by this, that, although the Christian religion claims the glory of having first clearly taught the unity of the race, yet the higher glory of reducing it to practice is due to Mahomet and his followers? Would he have us regard Islamism as a development of Christianity,—a step forward in the progress of the species,—and teach us that it is more glorious to be a Turk than a Christian? If not, we are unable to perceive the appositeness of his reference to the Arabian impostor in this connection.

But enough. It is evident from what we have said, that Mr. Bancroft writes to be read and believed, not to be criticised. He does not appear to have foreseen the troublesome questions that might be asked him, and probably flattered himself that his readers would swallow down his speculations without inquiring into their wholesomeness or unwholesomeness. Yet we do not wish to single him out as the grossest offender among contemporary authors. His writings are offensive, deeply offensive, to the sincere and intelligent Christian, but he offends only in common with the whole modern humanist or humanitarian school. The worship of humanity has taken, in the uncatholic world, the place of the worship of God, and become the dominant idolatry or superstition of the age. It is to be feared that this superstition is soon to lapse into demon-worship, if indeed in Mesmerism and spiritual knockings it has not already so lapsed. Men cannot abandon the worship of God for that of humanity, without sooner or later falling below humanity into the worship of the devil. The author repeats and insists on those absurd doctrines, the progress of the species and the divinity of humanity, so prevalent a few years ago, but which have now become only a disgusting cant, avoided by every man, we had supposed, of good taste, and a tolerable stomach. We are sorry to find Mr. Bancroft—a man of real ability and much solid learning—so far behind the

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times, if we may so speak, as to insist on theories which the revolutions of 1848 have for ever stamped with imbecility and disgrace, and which can henceforth be tolerated only in unfledged radicals and beardless Fourth-of-July orators. We are sorry to see him repeating the cant of modern sciolists and misnamed liberalists as solid truth and unquestioned fact, when, if he would but open his eyes and use the judgment Almighty God has given him, he could not fail to detect its unreality and ridiculousness. We hope he will revise the volumes he has already published, purge them of his humanitarian errors and superstition, and henceforth confine himself to the legitimate province of a Christian historian. Let him do so, and he will find his account in it, both for his conscience and his fame.

Some of our Catholic friends, finding Mr. Bancroft apparently praising the early Jesuit missionaries among the Indians, and extolling Lord Baltimore, the founder of the colony of Maryland, have been disposed to think favorably of his History, and to suppose it a work they might conscientiously patronize. They can never have taken the pains to ascertain its real character, and have had no suspicion of the poison with which it is surcharged. It is true, the author gives a glowing picture of the labors, privations, sacrifices, and martyrdom of the early Jesuit missionaries among the Indians; but he has no sympathy with their cause, and praises them with a sort of sneer on his lips. He beholds them only from the human point of view, and represents their heroic virtues as mere human virtues. He despises their religion, and looks with pity or contempt on the motives of their conduct. He praises their zeal, their devotedness, their self-denial, if you will, but not as springing from divine grace and directed to the greater glory of God in the salvation of souls. His praise, moreover, is worth nothing, for he praises the Jesuits as simple men, not as Catholics and Catholic priests, and with equal warmth the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Puritans of New England, and the Huguenots of Carolina. What does the Jesuit care for the praise that is awarded to him simply as a man? He does not live for himself; he makes no account of himself, and can only feel insulted or grieved by any commendation he may receive at the expense of his religion. He seeks and can accept no honor distinguishable from the honor of the church, his holy mother, or that is his except for the reason that he is her dutiful and affectionate son.

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Mr. Bancroft, we grant, awards Lord Baltimore the high honor of being "the first in the history of the Christian world to adopt religious liberty as the basis of the state, and to seek religious security and peace by the practice of justice;" but this at best is honoring a Catholic at the expense of Catholicity. We have no disposition to pluck a single leaf from the laurel that binds the brows of Lord Baltimore, or to detract in the least from the many merits of the noble and peaceful Catholic colony of Maryland, but we cannot award to either the credit of being the first to recognize and adopt religious liberty as the basis of the state, or to seek the security and peace of religion by the practice of justice. We can be flattered or seduced into no admission which would require us either to deny religious liberty or to renounce—which is impossible—our faith as a Catholic. We are far from being prepared to concede that among the holy popes, the saintly prelates, and enlightened and pious Catholic princes, magistrates, and statesmen, from St. Sylvester and Constantine down to the first Lord Baltimore and the colony of Maryland, there was not one to adopt and establish religious liberty, not one who sought the security and peace of religion save in the practice of injustice, or the unjustifiable exercise of power. Religious liberty, we are disposed to believe, was born somewhat prior to the year of grace 1632, and it was not reserved for George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, nor for any man who lived at his late day, to discover and adopt the just and proper method of dealing with heresy and unbelief. Religious liberty means, if it means any thing, as we have already said or implied, the absolute freedom of religion from all human authority, or the full and unrestricted right of every man, without let or hindrance from the state or any human power whatever, to worship God in the way and manner God himself ordains. In this sense, religious liberty is an inalienable natural right, —a right held immediately from God himself, anterior and superior to the state, which the state does not grant or confer, and which it is bound to recognize, respect, guaranty, and, when need is, vindicate with all its power, moral and physical. This right, or religious liberty in this sense, its true and only true sense, the church and all good Catholics have asserted, with even supernatural energy and constancy, from the first. The blessed apostles asserted it against the magistrates who forbade them to teach in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, in that noble answer, "We must obey God

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rather than men"; the whole army of Christian martyrs asserted it, in choosing to be cast to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, to be torn in pieces, to die under the most lingering and excruciating tortures, rather than to offer one grain of incense to Cæsar; St. Ambrose of Milan asserted it, when he refused to give up, at the command of the empress, the temple of the Lord to be desecrated by the Arian heretic, and when he forbade the Emperor Theodosius to enter the church till he had done public penance for his wrath and injustice to his subjects; St. Gregory VII. asserted it, when he smote with the sword of Peter and Paul the infamous and brutal Henry, king, not emperor, of the Germans, for his violation of his oaths, his oppression of his subjects, and his wars upon religion; St. Pius V. asserted it, when he excommunicated and deposed the haughty Elizabeth of England for her apostasy, her murder of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her cruel persecution of Catholics; and Pius VII. reasserted it, when he fulminated his anathema against Napoleon for his tyranny, hurled him from his throne, and sent him to die a prisoner on the barren rock of St. Helena. The church in all her struggles with the temporal powers, whether in mediæval or more recent times, whether in the East or the West, in Germany or England, France or Spain, Venice or Genoa, Lombardy or Naples, has asserted it, and had nothing else in view but its successful vindication. Indeed, from her going forth from that upper room in Jerusalem, to the escape of the noble Pius IX. from the assassins of Rome to Gaeta, she has been the continual object of the unrelenting hostility of all who would lord it over conscience, enslave religion, and give loose reins to lawless passion or arbitrary will, solely because she has never ceased for one moment to be the champion of religious liberty, and at all times, in all places, against all classes of enemies, and with all her power, to struggle to maintain the freedom of conscience, the perfect freedom of every man to believe and practise religion, to worship God as God himself prescribes. Talk not to us of Lord Baltimore and the Maryland colony; they come fifteen hundred years too late for your purpose. It is a foul libel on the church to pretend that either was the first to adopt religious liberty, or to "seek the security and peace of religion by the practice of justice." The church had nothing to learn from either, whether as to doctrine or as to practice. She does not acquire wisdom and sanctity with the progress of the ages; she was born perfect in both.

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No doubt, Mr. Bancroft understands by religious liberty, not the liberty of religion, freedom to believe what religion teaches and to practise what she commands, but the liberty of heresy and unbelief, the liberty to deny and blaspheme religion. But if he does, that is no reason why we should. The age in which we live no doubt agrees with him, but we are not obliged to err because the age errs. We do not consult the age in which we live in order to learn what is or is not truth. The freedom of religion is one thing, the freedom of heresy and unbelief is another, and we cannot fall into the gross folly of confounding the one with the other, because an heretical and unbelieving age, or an heretical or unbelieving historian, does. The two liberties are essentially distinct, and rest on very different grounds, and should never be confounded one with the other, or called by one and the same name. It is their confusion that creates the mischief, and gives to heretics the effrontery to call themselves the friends of religious liberty, and to pretend that the church is a spiritual despotism. Religious liberty is the natural and inherent right of every man, for both by the natural and divine laws man has the right to render unto God what God requires of him,—the right to do his duty; but the liberty of heresy and unbelief is not a *natural* right, for by the law of nature, as well as by the divine law, every man is bound to be of the true religion, and has no right to be of any other. All the rights the sects have or can have are derived from the state, and rest on expediency. As they have, in their character of sects hostile to true religion, no rights under the law of nature or the law of God, they are neither wronged nor deprived of liberty if the state refuses to grant them any rights at all; for wrong is done, liberty is taken away by the state, only when it violates rights which are held under the law of nature or the law of God, independent of the state, and which it is instituted not to concede, but to protect. The protection of the sects in the practice of their heresies is never on their side a question of right, or of what they may claim as a right, but is always a question of simple expediency; and so it must be, till you can obliterate all distinction between right and wrong, and establish the indifferency of truth and error. Heresy and unbelief, if really heresy and unbelief, are contrary to the law of God, and therefore have and can have no rights of their own, and then none that the state is, for their sake, bound to concede or to protect.

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Lord Baltimore, it is true, opened his colony to the several Protestant sects, and placed them on an equal footing before the state with the church of God. For this, *under the point of view of religious liberty*, we neither blame nor praise him, because his liberality to the sects has no bearing on the question of religious freedom, or the freedom of religion, one way or another. There was nothing in his religion to forbid, nor in religious liberty to require, him to do as he did. He may have done so because he believed he could by so doing best subserve the interests of religion, or he may have done so because, under the circumstances, he could not obtain liberty for his own church except on condition of placing the sects on an equal footing with her before the law. In either case his measure was justifiable, religious, and statesmanlike. But whatever were his motives, his policy has, as touching the question of religious liberty, not the slightest interest for us. We yield to no man in our devotion to religious liberty, but we have yet to learn that, in order to defend the liberty of religion, we must defend the equal liberty of heresy and unbelief, and maintain that the state is bound in all cases to place error and blasphemy on an equal footing with truth and piety.

A Protestant state, or a state like our own, professing no religion, is unquestionably bound to place all the forms of religion professed by its subjects, not directly opposed to the existence of society itself, on a footing of perfect equality before the law; not indeed because in themselves considered they are all equally respectable, or entitled to equal legal protection, but because, having no infallible authority by which to distinguish the true from the false, it is incompetent to discriminate between them, and is liable, under pretext of suppressing false religion, to suppress the true, and thus make itself guilty of the horrid crime of persecution. That a Protestant state, and *a fortiori* a state that professes no religion, has no infallible authority by which to distinguish the true religion from its counterfeits, is evident, for all the sects confess with one voice that they are fallible, and have no infallible means of determining which is the true religion. Since, then, the state is bound to maintain the absolute freedom of religion, that is, the absolute freedom of the true religion, a Protestant state, or a state that professes no religion, has no other alternative than either to run the hazard of being a persecutor, or to copy the example of Lord Baltimore, which is to protect all its subjects in their

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respective forms of religion, whether they be true or false. No such state has ever in fact taken the latter alternative; none ever will do so. They have all persecuted, and to a greater or less extent will continue to persecute, the true religion. They all have an instinctive hatred of it, for it always asserts the supremacy of the spiritual order; and if our lot is cast in any one of them, we must expect to be persecuted, and make up our minds to bear persecution with patience and resignation, or rather with joy that we are counted worthy to suffer for the name of our Lord, knowing that, if we suffer with him, we shall reign with him.

As it regards the Catholic state, or a state professing the Catholic religion, we have not much to say, and little occasion to say any thing, for the question has here no practical bearing. Such a state may, no doubt, for sufficient reasons, afford equal civil protection to the sects; but it is not bound *to them* to do so, and in no case is bound to do so for the same reason that Protestant states and states professing no religion are, because it has an infallible criterion to appeal to, by which the true religion can be distinguished from the false. It can be bound to do so only for the sake of the true religion itself. It may be that the interests of true religion are better promoted by leaving open than by closing the field to its adversary; and undoubtedly, when so, the state, out of regard to religion, is bound to place the sects on a footing of equality with the church before the law. Whether such is always the case, or not, it is not our province to decide, and we shall not attempt to decide. Be this as it may, the duty of the Catholic state is always to respect and maintain the perfect independence and freedom of the church, and with regard to the sects to follow her direction, which, since she is God's church, infallibly protected and assisted by the Holy Ghost, is sure to be always wise, just, and charitable.

We insist on this distinction between the freedom of religion and the freedom of heresy and unbelief, because it exists in nature, and is highly important. It is by confounding the two, and advocating the latter under the sacred name of the former, that the bitterest enemies of religious liberty, European red-republicans and English Protestants, pass themselves off on a credulous age as the friends of religious liberty, and impudently pretend that all who are not prepared to condemn all Catholic antiquity, are in favor of persecution and spiritual despotism. It is only the liberty

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of heresy and unbelief which Mr. Bancroft defends under the name of religious liberty, and it is with the hope, no doubt, of promoting the cause of heresy and unbelief that he praises Lord Baltimore and the colony of Maryland. He would persuade us to condemn our Catholic ancestors, and seduce us from our allegiance to our church. We trust no Catholics will suffer themselves to be caught by his insidious flattery.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for October, 1855.]

THE admirers of Wordsworth, late Poet Laureate of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, must have been pleased with Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.'s beautiful and complete edition of his Poetical Works. These admirers are much more numerous than they were; but Wordsworth, we confess, has never been a favorite of ours, and we have been, and even are, barbarian enough to relish these cruel but witty lines of Byron:—

"Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
The mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favorite May,
Who warns his friend to shake off toil and trouble
And quit his books for fear of growing double;
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane,
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of 'an idiot boy,'—
A moonstruck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day,—
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the idiot in his glory
Conceive the bard the hero of his story."

The Poetical Works of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Boston: 1854.

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Yet we are willing to concede that Byron is too severe, and that Wordsworth never deserved all the ridicule of which he was at one period the butt. We are personally, no doubt, still under the influence of our early prejudices against him and his school, but we are disposed to be just, and we should like to be among the warmest of his admirers if we could. Most of our literary friends are Wordsworthians, and make, at least in fancy, annual pilgrimages to Rydal Mount. We should like to sympathize with them, and not be looked upon by them as an untutored savage, or a literary heretic; but with all our endeavors, we can succeed only in part,—only so far as not to think it worth our while to quarrel with them on his account, or so far as to admit that Wordsworth tried hard to be a poet, and, if he has left us no considerable poem worthy of admiration throughout, he has manifested much true poetic sensibility, and written short passages and single lines not surpassed in their kind in our language.

But all this expresses only our individual taste and judgment, and is worthy of no respect from others. There is or should be some recognized standard by which to judge in matters of poetry as well as in other matters. But unhappily for us, we have in English no such standard, and consequently no scientific criticism. Alison has given us a work of some merit *On Taste*, Campbell says some good things in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, and much just criticism may be found scattered through the English and American quarterly reviews and other periodical literature; but all is unscientific, empirical, founded on habit, prejudice, or fashion, varying every hour. We have no science or philosophy of art. Till we have such a science or philosophy, we can have no good literary or artistic critics, and as long as we are mere sensists or psychologists, we can never have it. Burke was a great man, but his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* is not worth naming, far less worth reading; for the author had a false system of metaphysics, and wrote his work on the supposition that the sublime and beautiful are mere subjective affections, or exist only in the order of conceptions and emotions, not in the order of reality, and are therefore psychological, not ontological. The Germans, indeed, have what they call *Æsthetic*, or Æsthetics, but, as the word implies, they make the sublime and beautiful either sensations and emotions, or simply objects of the sensibility. Or if they rise higher, they base their science of

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art on a defective and false conception of being, and give us nothing but scientific ignorance, hardly superior, if indeed equal, to the practical good sense of English and American critics.

Art, according to the ancients, is imitative, and its aim is to give expression to the sublime and beautiful, or as we say now-a-days, all simply, to the beautiful. Being imitative, we have first to settle what it is that it does or should imitate. The answer usually is, that art should imitate nature. This is correct, if we understand by the nature to be imitated, the *natura naturans*, not the *natura naturata* of the schoolmen. Its province is to imitate nature in her creative energy, and to realize, or to clothe with its own forms, the beautiful, which the soul of the artist beholds. The beautiful itself has an objective reality, and has been happily termed by an Italian, reviewing, in a French periodical, the works of Silvio Pellico, "the splendor of the true." The splendor of the true is not substantially distinguishable from the true itself. The true in itself is identically being, according to the definition of St. Augustine, not rejected by St. Thomas, and according to the older philosophers, who teach us that the *summum verum* and the *summum ens* are identical, as are the *summum ens* and the *summum bonum*. The *verum*, the *ens*, the *bonum*, taken simply and ontologically, are God, who is in himself the true, the beautiful, and the good. The beautiful regarded in itself as that, to use the language of Plato, by which all beautiful things are beautiful, is therefore indistinguishable from supreme being, supreme truth, supreme good, or God himself, save as the splendor is distinguishable from the resplendent, that is, formally but not really. Hence, as art seeks to realize the beautiful, to embody or express it in its productions, a true science of art must have an ontological basis, and is not possible without a true and adequate ontology.

We do not say there can be no art without a true and adequate ontological philosophy. What we say is, that without such philosophy there can be no true and adequate *science* of art, and therefore no really scientific criticism. The artist may produce without fully comprehending his process; genius is not always, perhaps seldom, able to explain itself. There is a truth in these lines of Emerson:—

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought in a sad sincerity.

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Himself from God he could not free:
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

The true ontology is expressed in the first verse of Genesis: *In principio creavit Deus cœlum et terram*,—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." This ontology, this ideal element of every one of our judgments, the principle of all science as of all things, comprises three terms, and forms a complete judgment, subject, predicate, and copula. Reduced to the language of philosophy, the judgment is, Being—God—creates existences. Being is the subject, existence the predicate, and the creative act, which is the act of being, is the copula; for existences are united to being, that is, exist only by virtue of creation, or the act of real and necessary being, creating them from nothing. This divine judgment affirms itself to us in immediate intuition, and is the principle of all our intellectual as of all our physical life. As thus affirming itself to us, it is the ideal and necessary, as distinguished from the sensible and contingent. From our intuition of it conjoined with experience flow all the sciences.

Now we may direct our contemplation more especially to one or another of these three terms. We may contemplate being, so to speak, either as quiescent, or as in action, and we may contemplate the action, the creative act, either on the side of being in which is its origin, or on the side of existence which is its external terminus.* The contemplation of the creative act in its relation to God gives us the conception of the highest degree of the beautiful, that is, the sublime. Thus Longinus gives as the best and fullest expression of the sublime, the passage from Genesis, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." God spoke and it was, he commands and it stands fast. When contemplated in existences, which are the extrinsic form or terminus of the creative act, it gives rise to the conception of the beautiful in a lower form, to the beautiful proper, as distinguished from the sublime. The conception of this same judgment as superintelligible and supernaturally presented gives rise to the conception of the marvellous, which our philosophers generally underrate, and fail to explain.

*We need not tell the intelligent reader that we are here doing little more than translating from Gioberti's *Æsthetics*.

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God is our first cause, and our final cause. Hence in creation we must distinguish two cosmic cycles, the procession of existences by the creative act of being—not by emanation—from God, and their return, without being absorbed, to him as their final cause or end. God has created all things for the supreme good, therefore for himself, for he and he alone is the supreme good. What we call the second cosmic cycle, or the return of existences to God, is their tendency to the supreme good as the end for which they exist. *Deus est similitudo rerum omnium*, as we are taught by St. Thomas. God is the similitude, or *idea exemplaris* of all things, and therefore all created things, each in its degree and according to its nature, copies or imitates God. To copy or imitate the divine activity in the first cycle is art; to copy or imitate the same activity in the second cycle is morality, ethics, if in the natural order; sanctity or holiness, if in the supernatural. With this imitation in the second cycle we have now no special concern, for we are now treating of art, not morality, or sanctity.

Art may be defined to be the *imitation*—at an infinite distance, of course—*of the divine activity as first cause*, or creator, and is therefore, in the order of second causes, *creative*. The aim of the artist, as distinguished from that of the artificer or mechanic is *to express, embody, or clothe with exterior forms, the ideal present to his intuitive apprehension*. The philosopher contemplates the ideal as the true, the moralist as the good, the artist as the beautiful. Philosophy is speculative, contemplates the three terms of the ideal judgment under the relation of being, and simply presents the truth. Art and morality are both practical; they contemplate the three terms under the relation of activity, and seek to copy or imitate this activity, art in the first cycle, and morality in the second. Since being is primary, the highest rank belongs to philosophy, or rather theology, whose object is the true; since the cycle of procession of existences from God precedes, and must precede, that of their return to him, art takes, and must take, the step of ethics. Nevertheless, under another point of view, as the end, the reason why, of an action must precede in the mind of the actor the action itself, ethics must take precedence of art, and the moral philosopher of the merely practical philosopher. But as the divine action in the first cycle, by which existences are produced from nothing, that

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is, the creative activity, is the highest action conceivable by us in the intelligible order, and that which best reveals the wonderful power of God, that order of genius which is able, as second cause, to copy or imitate it, is unquestionably the highest. If then we speak of genius, certainly, as all the world hold, the artistic is the sublimest, the most beautiful, and the most godlike. It requires a higher order of genius to produce a great poem, picture, or symphony than it does to criticise it. Even we ourselves have the presumption to think that we can form a tolerable judgment of Wordsworth's poetry, but we could not have produced the least worthy of his poems. We do not fear to form a judgment of Beethoven's symphonies, but we could no more have composed any one of them than we could have created a universe. We could not even have written *Alban*, but we can appreciate in some degree its merits and defects. The author of *Alban*, however, is right when he pronounces the creative order of genius the highest, and denies it to us; but he can write novels better than he can judge them. His artistic genius is superior to his philosophical genius, and he would write better novels than he has yet written, if he had a better philosophy of art, or if none at all, and would write more as the blackbird sings.

As art imitates the divine act in the first cycle as expressed in the ontological judgment, Being—God—creates existences, it will be higher or lower as it takes this act, so to speak, on the side of being or on that of existences, and imitates the divine act in its primary revelation, or only as it is copied by existences in the order of second causes. In the former case, art is sublime, in the latter case it is at best beautiful, and usually only pretty. Here the ancients excelled the moderns. Modern artists, instead of copying or imitating, so to say, the divine act at first hand, take it only at second hand, in its pale reflex in the order of second causes, and really express or embody in their productions only the activity of creatures. Doubtless, there is something of the divine activity in creatures themselves, for God is actively present in all his works, and no creature acts in its own sphere even except by the divine concurrence; but the activity thus seized is divine only in a participated sense. Hence it is that all modern art is feeble, wants grandeur of conception, freedom and boldness in execution, and is admirable only in petty details. The only exception,

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if exception there be, is in regard to music, the only species of art which is not struck with the general *frivolezza* of the modern world.

At the head of what are called the liberal arts, as the highest species of art, we place poetry, not only because it surpasses all the others in expressing the sublime, but because it expresses the sublime and beautiful in the greatest variety of forms, or under the greatest variety of aspects. The other species of art address themselves chiefly to the senses, and do not of themselves interpret to the understanding the intelligible or ideal. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, must be interpreted by the poet before their expression is complete. Left to themselves, their expression is vague, dreamy, confused, revealing the splendor, it may be, but not the resplendent. The poet addresses himself not only to sense and imagination, but also to the intellect and heart. He expresses the true and the good under the form of the sublime and beautiful, but so that the form, instead of concealing, reveals them,—reveals them as clearly, as distinctly, as does the philosopher, but, as the philosopher does not, in their splendor, their grandeur, and their loveliness. Of all God's gifts in the natural order, true poetical genius is the greatest; and it is surpassed only by his gift of heroic virtue in the supernatural order, expressed in the life of the saint.

Having made these preliminary remarks, we may now ask, Is Wordsworth a poet? and if so, what is his rank? There can be no doubt that Wordsworth had true poetic sensibility, and that he aimed at being a poet of the first order. During a long life he devoted himself with praiseworthy assiduity to the cultivation of his poetical powers, and strove hard to produce something that posterity should not "willingly let die." He had, too, some very just notions of the vocation of the poet, and of the noble mission of poetry. He seems fully aware that in all things, even the most common and trivial, as well as in the most extraordinary and grand, there is an ideal element, something divine,—that in the lowest there is something not low, in the familiar something elevated and noble, in the transitory something permanent, in the changing something immutable, in the homely something beautiful,—which it is the province of the poet to seize and embody in his verse. All this is true and just. But he seems to us to conceive it not unfrequently in a pantheistic sense, as the emanation of the divine

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being, not as God in his creative act. It is, if we may so say, being as quiescent, and not being as creating, that he contemplates. Moreover, he does not disengage the ideal element, and express it in forms of his own creation, wherein lies the essence of all art. Or, if he does so occasionally, he does not generally, nor for more than a moment at a time. He starts with the assumption, which we readily concede, that there is poetry in common and every-day life; but when he undertakes to express the ideal revealed by that life, he copies or imitates its common and every-day forms. Hence he gives us every-day life itself, not its poetry. He imitates its expressions, not its ideal activity. Take as illustrations *The Idiot Boy*, *The Wagoner*, *Peter Bell*, or even *The White Doe of Rylstone*, and the *Sonnets to the River Duddon*. These, though rhymed, are veritable prose, with the exception of now and then a line, and the ideal beauty there may be, and certainly is, in their subjects, receives no new expression, and is expressed only under its natural symbols. The author has not given exterior forms to his intuitions of the ideal; he has merely transcribed the forms in which he apprehended it. We see no more beauty in these subjects after reading his poems than we did before, and the nature he sings has received no new embellishment; he has added nothing, and they wear for us no new or more vivid forms. He is a painter of what is called the Dutch school.

Nobody can deny that Wordsworth had a remarkable command of fine poetical language, and his verses are often admirable for their harmony and liquid sweetness. He had a delicate sensibility, and a well-tuned ear, and Byron is wrong in insinuating that his language is prosaic. It is generally no such thing, and, so far as poetic diction is concerned, no poet has better understood or more completely mastered the resources of the English language. His feeblest poems, his *Evening Walks*, and *Descriptive Sketches*, have always a sort of soothing and lullaby-baby effect on the reader, which reminds us of *Mother Goose's Melodies*, which we regard as no inconsiderable merit, for we confess to reading those world-famous melodies in our advancing age with undiminishing pleasure. But Wordsworth lacks intellectual strength. He had the temperament of a poet, but not the intellectual power to be a great poet. He never rises above the creature, even when he attempts to sing the Creator, and what he sings is existence, and quiescent ex-

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istence even at that. He has rendered a service to English poetry by avoiding the turgid diction of the feeble imitators of Pope and Dryden, and by recalling our poets to the naturalness and simplicity of expression which comport so well with the genius of our language; but he has done our poetry an equal disservice by rendering it tame and feeble.

Wordsworth, like all English poets not of the first order, was too fond of what is called descriptive poetry. Descriptive poetry, where description is the end, is simply no poetry at all. Of course we do not exclude description from poetry, and all great poets, from Homer downwards, abound in descriptions; but their descriptive passages are not introduced for the sake of description. With great poets description is introduced only to illustrate a truth or to heighten an effect. Wordsworth's descriptions are long and wearisome, though no doubt exact; but they serve only a descriptive purpose. They heighten no effect, illustrate no truth, bring home no thought or sentiment. Compare his discriptions with those of Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village*,—a poem we would not exchange for the whole seven volumes of Wordsworth. Scott abounds, in his poems and in his novels, with descriptions of external nature; but they are never introduced for their own sake, and always serve to heighten or help on the action of the piece, or to explain the situation of the actors. So is it with Byron. There is more description, we were about to say, in *Childe Harold* than in all Wordsworth; but it never annoys, for in it external nature is subordinated to moral and intellectual nature. The spiritual always triumphs over the material, and matter succumbs to mind. In Wordsworth mind succumbs to matter, and with all his pretensions to spiritualism he is in reality only a very ordinary materialist. Take *The Excursion*, intended to be the second part of a grand religious and philosophical poem, and you will find that, if the author regards external nature as symbolical of spiritual truth, he seldom succeeds in interpreting the symbol. His pedler, intended to represent the views of the author, is, no doubt, a very remarkable pedler; but as tiresome and as little edifying in his long-winded discourses as an Evangelical preacher. His descriptions of woodlands, meadows, lakes, and paddocks with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, may be very truthful, and the result of much careful observation; but they serve no purpose beyond themselves, bring home no moral truth, illustrate no

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spiritual dogma, and put us in possession of nothing objectively true, good, or beautiful. They give us indeed glimpses of the author, make us familiar with his moods of mind, and make us acquainted with his manner of looking upon nature and the problem of man's existence and destiny; but they do not raise us to the intelligible or ideal world itself, as existing independently of the poet, or enable us to seize as it were by intuition the solution of the problem about which he discourses in such languid verse. He sings himself, as it was usually of himself, *his* poems, and *his* theory of poetry, that he spoke, with his visitors.

Wordsworth was a man of delicate sensibility, sweet and gentle feelings, perhaps warm and tender affections,—one likely to be held dear in the circle of his intimate friends; but he strikes us as a man of very moderate intellectual powers. He appears to have cultivated his powers with great assiduity, but he always remained intellectually weak. His mind was feeble and fragmentary, and could never grasp the universe as a whole. He had some religious sensibility, some reverence for ecclesiastical establishments, and a vague love of some of the externals of Christianity; but he had no clear, well-defined religious convictions, no strong and earnest faith. He paddles always on the surface, and dwells on the outside of things, and never was there a greater mistake than to suppose that his poems are written in accordance with a profound and world-embracing philosophy. They reveal or conceal no such philosophy; they reveal to us only the phases of the poet's own mind,—his own whims, crotchets, vagaries, dreams, reveries,—his subjective moods or states. His larger poems, where he attempts any thing of a little intellectual importance, are failures, though they may contain now and then a passage or a line which the reader values in proportion to the extent of the arid waste he has travelled over before finding it; but we cheerfully admit that several of his smaller poems are really pretty. We remember with pleasure, *The Pet Lamb*, *We are Seven*, *Lines on Tintern Abbey*, and *Yarrow Revisited*, which assure us that, if the poet had been less ambitious, he would have been more successful. His mistake was in believing that he was born to be a *great* poet, and that God had given him a high and solemn poetical mission to accomplish.

It would be easy for any one familiar with Wordsworth's works to select almost any number of detached lines and

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passages which would seem to impugn this our unfavorable judgment,—lines and passages which secure him no inconsiderable number of admirers, among the cultivated, though chiefly of the dilettante class,—persons who have no great earnestness of character, and who find their interest in seeking for gems not too thickly strewn. These persons have delicate stomachs, and cannot take strong food in a concentrated form. They must have bread made of unbolted flour, and buy their wheat unwinnowed from its chaff. They are very good, honest, well-meaning people, but they are shocked at strong, earnest tones, or a clear, round, sonorous voice. Every one must speak under his breath, with a half lackadaisical air, and split his most frivolous thoughts into halves and quarters before uttering them; as some overnice young ladies are said to have been known to split a pea, and take only a part of it at a time into their sweet little mouths. Among these delicate persons we have found the greater number of Wordsworth's admirers. But a great poet is not merely great in isolated lines and passages, but he is great in the whole. From a poet or writer of the first order of genius you can never make an extract that will not suffer by being torn from its connection. Scott has no separate passages or verses to compare with many we can select from Wordsworth; and yet what poem has Wordsworth written, which, as a whole, you can read with as much pleasure as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, or even *The Lady of the Lake*? And yet we do not call Scott a great poet. We can make extracts from Wordsworth which nothing in Coleridge can match, and yet we know no poem of Wordsworth that can match either *Christabel* or *The Ancient Mariner*. No sane man would think of naming Wordsworth in the same day with Pope and Dryden, far less with Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, or Byron, the really great poets, after Shakspeare, of the English language, and we cannot but think that his popularity is owing to the *frivolezza* of the modern cultivated classes, and to a sort of dreamy and misty German subjectivism, which tends to conceal his poverty of meaning and his want of manly vigor.

We have expressed our judgment freely, but we have no disposition to do battle for it. For ourselves, with all his faults, which are legion, we prefer Byron to Wordsworth, and we doubt if he was much less of a Christian in his real convictions. We are far enough from holding up the character of Byron to admiration; morally, socially, politically,

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and religiously, we are strongly opposed to him, and we advise no one to read his poems; but he was after all a man, if with the frailties of a man, with the strong and noble qualities of a man, and as to poetical genius, though he often abused it, and terribly abused it, without a peer among modern poets in the whole civilized world. He was our Napoleon of poetry, and apparently has left no nephew to succeed him. Thinking thus of Byron, nobody can expect us to offer incense to the staid and passionless Wordsworth. But if our readers are disposed to differ from us, it is their right, and we shall not quarrel with them. We have no very strong wish to rob them of the idol which they have set up, and which is on their part rather a safe superstition. Let the road be open to them to make their pilgrimages to Rydal Mount, if such be their wish.

What we really wish to impress upon our readers is that the present taste in regard to art in most of its branches, here and abroad, is frivolous. We have in our art, aside from music, no depth of thought, no religious intuition, no conception of the ideal, no realization of the higher and loftier kinds of the beautiful. We lose ourselves in the pretty, and waste our energies in perfecting minute details. The reason of this is, that we have lost religious faith, lost the earnestness of our souls, and have ceased to believe in the beautiful as in the true and the good out of ourselves. No little of what we regard as Wordsworth's failure is due to a false theory, borrowed from the Germans, that the ideal which the artist must seek to realize in forms of his own creation is in the mind itself, and is projected from the soul instead of being simply apprehended by it. Nearly all our modern theories make the beautiful subjective, and send the artist into himself to find it. The soul, as the work of God, certainly has its beauty, and a beauty above any other creature known to us, for it was made in the image and likeness of the Creator; but its beauty is derived, and is but a pale reflex of the beautiful itself. To send the learner to contemplate himself is to send him to contemplate a created beauty, as much as if you sent him to contemplate mere brute matter. The soul is beautiful, the heavens and the earth are beautiful, all nature is beautiful; but not by the beauty which is shed over it by us, or a beauty projected from our own souls. All things are beautiful by the uncreated beauty of their Creator, which they in their several degrees mirror. The true beauty is the splendor of the Creator, which shines on

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and through them all. The ideal is not the soul, it is the soul's Maker, and with which the soul is created to commune. It is up to God, the eternal and infinite beauty, the soul must be raised; and it must bathe itself in his splendor, if it would work as a true artist.

It is only a profoundly religious age that can produce or appreciate the sublime forms of art. It is not that we are born with feebler genius than our fathers that we fall so far below them in our artistic productions, but that we have not their religious faith, that we seek not beauty in its source, and neglect to commune with the real ideal. There is no God in our philosophy, there is no reality in our conceptions. We are sensists, sentimentalists, psychologists, placing ourselves in the throne of the Highest, and seeking to draw all from our own feeble natures. Such is our religion, such our philosophy, and what but worthless can be our art? Let men return to the ontology of the catechism which they have learned to despise, and their minds will soon be reinvigorated; genius now remaining unfolded, or developed only to prey upon itself, will expand in a genial element, will open its bosom to the ideal as the sunflower to the star of day, and will resume its creative power. We live in an atmosphere now where genius cannot thrive. We want that religious and philosophical training which our fathers had, and which the world has not had and never can have under the influence of your Bacons and your Descartes, your Lockes and you Condillacs, your Kants and your Cousins, your Schellings and your Hegels, your Coleridges and your Wordsworths. Nothing is more frivolous than nearly all modern poetry, and nearly all modern art; and they will sink lower and lower, if we do not return to the theology of the church and the philosophy taught us by the fathers and the great scholastics. An age which is unable to see truth and beauty in the *Summa Theologica*, will never rival Dante or the old cathedrals of Europe. The most it can do will be to copy the old masters, and excel in petty detail. We must be men, strong men, living men, before we can be artists.

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LIBERAL STUDIES.

[An oration delivered before the Philomathian Society, of Mount Saint Mary's College, Md., June 29th, 1853.]

GENTLEMEN:

I thank you very sincerely for the honor of being selected as your orator on this most interesting anniversary to you and your personal friends. It is always an honor to be called upon to address those who are preparing themselves in academic halls, or having completed their academic course, are bidding adieu to the quiet and peaceful scenes of college life, and taking their leave of beloved classmates and venerated professors, to go forth and bear an active and honorable part in the multifarious affairs of this work-day world; but it is more especially so to be invited to address a literary society connected with this venerable college of Mount St. Mary, already so rich in classic associations, so hallowed by the memory of saintly virtues, and so dear to every American Catholic heart for the eminent servants of the church of God it has nurtured.

Although I may repeat several things which I ventured to advance in this hall some five years since, I have thought that I could not better respond to the confidence which calls me here, than by inviting my young friends to follow me in some remarks on *liberal studies in relation to the wants of a free state.* I shall have thus the advantage of treating a subject to which your minds must have often been turned during your collegiate course, and of connecting what has been your occupation as students with what are to be your practical duties as American citizens.

Liberal studies, as the name itself implies, whether etymologically or historically considered, are those studies or those arts which are proper for the free as distinguished from the menial or servile classes of society, or, in more modern language, the nobility as distinguished from the people, gentlemen as distinguished from simplemen. Originally *nobleman* meant nothing more nor less than *freeman*, and in Hungary to-day all freemen are noble.

The distinction of society into two classes, the one free the other servile, the one noble and the other low, or the one gentle and the other simple—is older than profane history, and in one form and under one name or another has

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always existed; and, as long as human nature remains what it is, probably will continue to exist. Perfect equality of ranks and conditions is never found, is never to be expected, and, is, indeed, incompatible with the very idea of society itself. The distinction, whether a good or an evil, is a fact in all society, and in vain do we seek by political constitutions, social arrangements, and legislative enactments, to obliterate or disguise it. It exists and re-appears at every step under all forms of civil polity and social organization, —in democratic America no less than in aristocratic England, feudal Germany, monarchical France, and despotic Turkey; in the so-called free states of the North no less than in the slave states of the South. The entire universe, having its prototype in the eternal nature of God, in the ever-blessed Trinity, unity in essence and distinction in persons, is hierarchically organized and governed, and save in the sense of justice between man and man, and man and society, equality is an idle dream, an empty word,—nay, an impious word, fit only to be inscribed on the blood-red banner of the atheistical revolutionist. Whoso seeks to reduce all men to the same level, whether by levelling downwards or by levelling upwards, wars against God and nature. Diversities of ranks and conditions are in the order of divine providence, and obtain even in heaven, where there are many mansions, and where the saints differ from each other as one star differs from another in glory. Society without them is inconceivable, and were undesirable. It would be as dull and as monotonous as the boundless sandy plain diversified by no variety of hill and dale, mountain and valley, land and water—where the flocks and herds find no pasture, the bird no grove or bush from which to carol, and man no habitation. It would lose all its charms, all its variety, all its activity, and become stagnant and putrid as the ocean when the long calm sleeps on its bosom.

> "Order is Heaven's first law, and this confest,
> Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

You of the South consist of freemen and slaves, of gentle and simple, and so do we of the North. In both sections we find at bottom the same distinction of classes, though while you have the manliness to avow it, we have the art to disguise it from the careless observer, under the drapery of fine names. You call your slaves by their proper name, and while you impose upon them the duties of slaves, you

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relieve them from the cares and burdens of freemen; we call our slaves freemen, and impose upon them the labors and burdens of slavery, while we secure to them none of the advantages of freedom. The only advantage we can claim over you is, that our slaves being of the same race and color with our freemen, are individually less hopelessly slaves than yours. The class is as permanent with us as with you; but individuals of the class may more easily escape from it, and rise in their own persons or in their children to the class of freemen. But on the other hand, if our slaves are under certain aspects less slaves than yours, our freemen are less free than yours. The southern gentleman has a personal freedom and independence, which we rarely find in the northern gentleman, and which give to southern manners a charm, a freshness, an ease, and a grace, which our northern manners, I am sorry to say, for the most part lack.

It is of no use to war against this inevitable distinction. To attempt either with you or with us, to obliterate it and make all freemen can result only in the destruction of freedom and the reduction of all to slavery; as the attempt to make all gentlemen can end only in leaving no gentlemen, and in reducing all to simplemen, with low and vulgar tastes, habits, and manners. It is then our duty to accept the distinction of classes as a social fact, permanent and indestructible in civilized society, and conform to it in all our political and social arrangements.

The strength and glory of a nation depend not on the vulgar, the commonalty, the low born, the servile, or the simple, but on its freemen, its gentlemen, its nobility. It is one of the saddest as well as one of the silliest mistakes of our age, that the few may be safely overlooked, and for all that is great and good, wise and just in the action of the state or of society, reliance must be placed on the many, on the masses so-called. But a nation is wise and great, good and just, only in its freemen, its noblemen; and a great nation without nobles or gentlemen, titled or untitled, is an unheard-of anomaly. You may tell me there is no army without private soldiers; but there is even less an army without a general. It is the man, Bonaparte was accustomed to say, not the men that is the principal thing. Give us the man qualified to organize and command an army, and an army he will rarely lack. He will find everywhere the materials needed. All troops are brave under brave and competent

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officers, and no matter how brave the men may naturally be, they will be cowards in action if their officers are incompetent or white-livered. As long as the gentry and nobility of a country retain their integrity, are high-minded, patriotic and virtuous, really deserving the name of *generosi*, it stands firm, and has in itself the recuperative energy, speedily to recover from any reverses it may for a moment experience; but let these fail, or let them become corrupt, base and selfish in their principles and feelings, real churls in their character, and you may see the hand-writing on the wall recording its doom. Its days are numbered; it is weighed in the balance and found wanting; and it must speedily fall to rise no more for ever.

I tell you only what you must have read in the histories you have studied. When flourished ancient Athens? Was it not when her eupatrids were really free and noble; when they retained the virtues of the olden times, and were chivalric, generous, brave, and patriotic? Was it the arms of all-conquering Rome that prostrated her in the dust, and left her wallowing for long ages in the mire? Why gained the Roman a victory which the Persian with far greater forces failed to win? Because Athens had not men; because her population had dwindled, or her wealth been exhausted? By no means. But because she had no Miltiades, no Aristides, no Themistocles. Her eupatrids had lost their nobility, had ceased to be freemen, and the poor people, brave even to daring, were beaten for the lack of brave and competent leaders. Had the brave old tyrant of the Chersonesus commanded, as at Marathon, the Roman Æmilianus had perhaps shared the fate of the Persian Datis. The decline of Rome dates from the corruption of her nobles, and she fell when they had lost all vestiges of the old Roman virtues.

At the time when the barbarians began to cross the Rhine and invade the Gallic provinces of the empire, those provinces were as rich and as populous as modern France, and perhaps even more so; and yet what more contemptible than the resistance they offered! Indeed, they seem to have offered no resistance at all. In reading their history, it seems as if with the imperial armies the whole population disappeared, and the invaders took possession of a country without inhabitants. Yet the Romano-Gallic people remained on the soil, and in numbers of a hundred, if not of a thousand, to one of the conquerors. France under Charles

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le Chauve was populous, wealthy, cultivated, and possessed of vast resources both for defence and conquest, as Charlemagne had proved, and yet a handful of Norse pirates were able to ravage her coast with impunity, to sail up her rivers into the interior, to sack even the city of Paris, to plunder her sacred shrines, churches, and monasteries, massacre or enslave her priests, and religious, and to threaten the conquest of the whole kingdom, with no resistance worth mentioning but from the dead, and their ravages were interrupted only by the conversion to Christianity of their famous chief Rollo. Why was this? Because her people were cowards, and could not be induced to fight in their own defence? We all know better. In all ages and under all dynasties, the French people have been brave and warlike, none more so. It was not the men, but the man that failed; not the people, but their chiefs. Her noblemen, her gentry, lacked the virtues of their order, had become selfish and mean, and were chiefly engaged in plundering the church and one another. The moment a man appears, the great Hugh Capet, founder of the third dynasty of French kings, or rather of the line of French as distinguished from Frankish monarchs, the whole face of things is changed, and the kingdom from being unable to defend itself against the petty expeditions of the Norsemen, suddenly rises to the rank of the first power of Europe. Why again lies Ireland prostrate for ages with the armed heel of the Anglo-Saxon on her neck? Because her people fail? Because she wants men? The armies of England, France, Austria, and Spain have long since proved the contrary. No people are shrewder, more intellectual, moral, religious, braver, or more capable of endurance. But it is her nobility, her gentry that fail through corruption, venality, or want of national character. She has no chiefs. Give her a man who would be to her what Wellington might have been, what he was to all countries but his own, or a nobility and gentry as truly Irish, as the nobility and gentry of England are English, and she would instantly throw off her foreign oppressor, and rise to a high and commanding position among the free nations of the world. But what can she do without a man, without chiefs, or when those who should be her nobles and her gentlemen are each for himself, without patriotism, without virtue, capable of being bought by a paltry office whenever the British ministry regard them as worth buying?

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All history, if you know how to read it, proves that it is the nobility, or the gentlemen, that make the nation, and determine its rank and character among the nations of the earth, never the people as detached or distinguished from them. I speak not against the people; I have, perhaps, more genuine love and respect for them than have the wordy demagogues who make it their business to flatter and cajole them, that they may use them; but I tell you, young gentlemen, however democratically inclined you may be, that God gives to every nation an aristocracy, titled or untitled, recognized or unrecognized by the civil constitution, hereditary or unhereditary, whose mission it is to guide and lead the people, and to direct, sustain, and defend their interests. When these, by faction, by sloth, by luxury, or venality are deprived of their nobility and strength, or when through the neglect or abuse of their powers they have no longer the capacity or the disposition to discharge the proper duties of their state, the glory of the nation has departed, its days, as I have said, are numbered, and its people are as sheep without a shepherd. As long as a nation is really a living nation, as long as it has a future, and a part to play in the great drama of nations, it has and must have its *generosi*, its nobility, its aristocracy, who, although the smaller part, must always be regarded as its *pars sanior*, and act as its chiefs and counsellors. When these are true and loyal, your nation prospers; when they become base and corrupt, or when they lose the manners, sentiments, and virtues of their order, and adopt those of the people, there is, save in God's gracious providence, no longer any hope for the nation. It is on the brink of the precipice, rushing headlong into the abyss of barbarianism that yawns below. Ask the oriental states of antiquity, where the nobles lost their nobility, not as they are now losing it by the despotism of the people, but by the despotism of the monarch, who suffered no head but his own to rise above the universal level, if it is not so. Ask ancient Assyria and Egypt, Tyre and Carthage, if it is not so. Let the recently disinterred remains of Nineveh, the mummies brought hither from the catacombs of Thebes, the degraded Moslemin groping amid the fallen colonnades and broken capitals of Balbec and Palmyra, the poor fisherman drying his nets on the site of ancient Tyre, where once her merchant princes did congregate, or the wild Curd robbing the defenceless traveller, over the graves of forgotten nations, read you your answer,

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and teach you better than to listen for one moment to the insane dreams of modern demagogues and radicals, who would persuade you that the strength and glory of a nation are in the ignorance, selfishness, and vulgarity of the many, not in the science, the wisdom, the disinterestedness, the chivalry, the heroism of the few,—the nobility and gentry, by whatever name you choose to call them. The wise man weighs votes, he does not count them. He seeks the approbation of the few, not of the multitude, who, as Pope John XXII. says, are always wrong. *Quicquid laudat, vituperio dignum est; quicquid cogitat, vanum; quicquid loquitur, falsum; quicquid improbat, bonum; quicquid extollit, infame est.* And the most discouraging thing in our beloved country, for I trust that whatever her faults, we all love her, and should were those faults a thousand times greater, is the tendency to place the servant above the master, and the rapid decline of the better class, the disappearance of our gentlemen from high official station, and the entrusting of all affairs to the management of men who want nobility, elevation, and manliness of character.

The prejudice against aristocracy arises from the very common error that if there is an aristocracy it must exist for itself, and that the people must be held to exist for the aristocracy, not the aristocracy for the people. I have as little sympathy as any of my democratic countrymen, with the doctrine which teaches that the many are made to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the few. I am a Christian, not a pagan, and I hold all men to be of one blood, and to have the common rights of humanity, and one man has and can have no dominion in another, except in consideration of services rendered. I say not with our abolitionists that man can have no property in man, but I do say, after the supreme pontiff Alexander III., that all men by the law of nature are free. I do not deny the right of the southern master to the services of his slave; but I do deny that he derives that right from the municipal law which recognizes and defends it. As between him and his slave the master's right is founded, and can be founded, only on the benefits he confers on the slave, and the measure of these benefits is the measure of the services he has the right to exact in return. The slave, no matter what his color or his race, is a man, a human being, with all the natural rights of his master. He has the *jus dominii* of himself as fully as any other man has of himself. I must go against com-

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mon sense, and the spirit of all Catholic teachings, to deny this. But the master has a claim upon him for the services he renders him. He protects and nurses him during his infancy, feeds and clothes him during life, and takes care of him in sickness and old age. This may not be, and probably is not, ordinarily as much as the services of the slave are worth to the master; but it is more than the labor of the slave, upon a general average, would be worth to himself, if obliged to take the sole care of himself. Take the class of slaves, and suppose the masters take proper care of them, and do not overwork them, which seldom happens, and there can be no doubt that the slave receives in his maintenance, in the provision made for him in infancy, sickness, and old age, a reasonable compensation for his services, and more than the northern laborer ever does or can receive for the same amount of labor, for the northern laborer works nearly double the number of hours that the slave does, with far more intensity, and with fewer recreations. Your negroes when properly treated, are no doubt better off, and better paid for their labor, than they would be if emancipated, and therefore the masters have a right to their services, and to retain them in their present condition. No doubt there are instances in which the relation is abused, but this is another consideration, and to be disposed of on other principles, for the abuse of a thing does not deny the legitimacy of its use.

Society is to be regarded as a whole, as a sort of living organism, in which there are many parts, distinguishable but not separable one from another. All the parts are necessary, all should be knit together in a living union, and move on in concert as a living and reasonable being. The head is not to be valued without the body, nor the body without the members; yet the body should have a head, and the head should be regarded as the more noble part. The aristocracy are not to be separated from the body of the nation, are not to be regarded as existing apart and for themselves alone, but as existing for the nation, for the service of the people, and the common good of the whole. Nobility is not a personal right, it is a trust—a trust from God for the common good of the nation. "Let him that would be greatest among you be your servant." When the nobility forget this,—when they live only for themselves, regard their rank and privileges as their indefeasible property, and use their superiority only in reference to their own selfish ends, they lose their character of *generosi*, forget their no-

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bility, sink to mere churls, and instead of serving the nation are served by it, and instead of guiding and leading society for the common good, become an intolerable burden upon the people which they will be sure to attempt to shake off. Such became the old French noblesse under the reign of Louis XV., the new nobility under the emperor, the Orleanist noblesse, under "the citizen king," and hence the revolutions of 1789, 1814, 1830, and 1848, which have threatened the very existence of European society, and which though checked for the moment by the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, are not yet concluded. Such are rapidly becoming our own American nobility, or aristocracy. Our gentlemen are bankers, sharpers, brokers, stock-jobbers, traders, speculators, attorneys, pettifoggers, and in general worshippers of mammon. They have sometimes the manners, uniformly the sentiments, passions, and churlishness of the lowest of the people, and use the people instead of serving them. Hence the alarm which wise men feel for the safety of our republic, and the real prosperity of our people.

I am well aware that the dominant doctrine of the day is the contrary of the one, which, relying on the wisdom of antiquity and the experience of all ages and nations, I venture to re-assert. The prevalent doctrine of the day is that all good ascends from below, and that every thing is to be condemned that does not operate from low to high. The higher classes instead of guiding and directing the lower, must consent to be guided and directed by them; the flock must choose and commission the pastor; the ignorant must teach the learned; the inept instruct the experienced; the subject give the law to the sovereign; and the church must follow the instinct of the masses, be fed and governed by the people, instead of feeding and governing them according to the ordination of God. This is the grand heresy of our age. It floats in our atmosphere as a fatal miasma, and we inhale it with every breath. It is the *Weltgeist* which even men who pass for philosophers bid us worship as the true and ever-living God, and which inspires all the revolutionary movements of our times. But be assured that it is itself from below, not from above, and is as false and as destructive as every thing else that rises to us with smoke from the bottomless pit. Every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down to us from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning. The whole

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order of Providence is that the higher should guide and govern the lower, and that whatever is wise and good cometh from above, and operates from high to low, never as the age presumptuously teaches from low to high.

I quarrel not with forms of government; I find no fault with the political institutions of our country, or the form of civil policy our fathers have bequeathed us. It is not of our republican institutions, nor of the popular power in their administration, that a wise man will complain, but the false and dangerous doctrines, according to which these institutions are interpreted, and with which it is become the fashion to identify them. I accept and defend all the democracy that was incorporated into the American institutions by their original framers, but I do not accept, and I should blush to defend, the vague and destructive democracy which we have borrowed from European radicals, and which has turned the heads of so large a portion of our people. I am,—as the members of the old Jeffersonian party in my boyhood were accustomed to say,—"a republican, but I am not a democrat," and he who is a democrat in the modern European sense, and the sense now generally adopted, here as elsewhere, is no loyal American citizen; for democracy as now generally understood both at home and abroad, means either the unrestricted right of the majority to rule, which is social despotism, or the unrestricted liberty of the individual to do what he pleases, which is anarchy. No institutions more than ours demand the sanctity of law, and none more imperiously demand the existence and influence of a noble or superior class—a real nobility, titled or untitled. It is not necessary that our nobility should be titled, for the title no more makes the noble than the habit makes the monk; nor is it necessary that they should be recognized by the law, and have a civil constitution as in England; but it is necessary that they exist, and that they have the direction of affairs. The larger the sphere we give in our institutions to the great body of the people, the more necessary are the wisdom, the virtue, the chivalry, the personal worth and authority of their natural chiefs to preserve the constitution, and to secure the wise and salutary administration of government.

The great mistake of our politicians of all parties, and perhaps of one party no more than of another, is in supposing that the criterion of truth and virtue is popular sentiment, that the people are competent to teach and direct

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their natural chiefs, and that they who are in office are not to ascertain and do what seems to them just and proper according to their own reason and conscience, but simply to ascertain and give effect to the wishes of the people, or rather, of the party which has placed them in power. Hence the highest officer in the state, nay, in the nation, becomes but the mere tool of his party, and is held to be as irresponsible, save to his party, as the trowel or the spade in the hands of the workman; even our best men are inclined to echo the sentiment and pander to the prejudices of the mob. They who should be our gentlemen, our noblemen, maintain no personal independence, and cease to speak and act as freemen. They lack the courage, the virtue, to stand up as bold and chivalrous knights in defence of truth and justice. They lose the nice sense of honor, the invincible courage, the manliness of character, and the true nobility of feeling, which constitute the freeman or make the nobleman, and become sly and subtle, cunning and artful, seeking not to govern the people, but to use them, and to accomplish their own selfish ends by flattery, cajolery, and intrigue. They stoop to conquer, consent to be slaves of the base passions of the mob that they may be its masters. Hence the baseness and venality of our public men, and our lack, as a people, of the noble virtue of loyalty, in the sense of the French *loyauté*, and our contempt for the rights of our neighbors, which if not corrected must ultimately place us out of the pale of civilized nations.

No doubt others, as well as I, see whither our republic is tending, and feel the necessity of a remedy; but following out the false doctrine borrowed from the old French Jacobins, the greater part of them seek the remedy in popular education, or in the extension and support of common schools. Far be it from me to speak lightly of common schools, but I do not believe that any education can entirely remedy the evil. The age is as mad in its worship of education, as it is in its worship of radical or socialistic democracy. Education at best is far from being omnipotent, and no possible training of youth will infallibly make them what the wants of a free state demand. There is no subject on which there is more disgusting cant vented in our days than this very subject of education, and I fear something worse than cant. It is far easier to educate for evil than for good, for children since the fall take to evil as naturally as ducks take to water. The enemies of religion and society under-

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stand this perfectly well, and hence whenever in their power they seize upon the schools, and seek to control the education of the young. To accomplish their purposes, they have only to exclude religion from the schools, under the plea of excluding sectarianism, and instead of teaching religion, teach as Frances Wright was accustomed to say, know-*ledge*, and they may soon have a community whose thoughts and affections will be exclusively of the earth earthy.

It is not without design that I have mentioned the name of Frances Wright, the favorite pupil of Jeremy Bentham, and famous infidel lecturer through our country, some twenty years ago; for I happen to know, what may not be known to you all, that she and her friends were the great movers in the scheme of godless education, now the fashion in our country. I knew this remarkable woman well, and it was my shame to share, for a time, many of her views, for which I ask pardon of God and of my countrymen. I was for a brief time in her confidence, and one of those selected to carry into execution her plans. The great object was to get rid of Christianity, and to convert our churches into halls of science. The plan was not to make open attacks on religion, although we might belabor the clergy and bring them into contempt where we could; but to establish a system of state,—we said *national*—schools, from which all religion was to be excluded, in which nothing was to be taught but such knowledge as is verifiable by the senses, and to which all parents were to be compelled by law to send their children. Our complete plan was to take the children from their parents at the age of twelve or eighteen months, and to have them nursed, fed, clothed, and trained in these schools at the public expense; but at any rate, we were to have godless schools for all the children of the country, to which the parents would be compelled by law to send them. The first thing to be done was to get this system of schools established. For this purpose, a secret society was formed, and the whole country was to be organized somewhat on the plan of the carbonari of Italy, or as were the revolutionists throughout Europe by Bazard preparatory to the revolutions of 1820 and 1830. This organization was commenced in 1829, in the city of New York, and to my own knowledge was effected throughout a considerable part of New York State. How far it was extended in other states, or whether it is still kept up I know not, for I abandoned it in the latter part of the year 1830, and have since had no confidential

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relations with any engaged in it; but this much I can say, the plan has been successfully pursued, the views we put forth have gained great popularity, and the whole action of the country on the subject has taken the direction we sought to give it. I have observed too that many who were associated with us and relied upon to carry out the plan, have taken the lead in what has been done on the subject. One of the principal movers of the scheme had no mean share in organizing the Smithsonian Institute, and is now, I believe, one of the representatives of our government at an Italian court. It would be worth inquiring, if there were any means of ascertaining, how large a share this secret infidel society, with its members all through the country unsuspected by the public, and unknown to each other, yet all known to a central committee, and moved by it, have had in giving the extraordinary impulse to godless education which all must have remarked since 1830, an impulse which seems too strong for any human power now to resist.

But though such an education as we are laboring to give American children in our common schools, is only fitted to make them infidels, libertines, sharpers, and rogues, I do not believe even a thoroughly religious education, given in Catholic schools by Catholic teachers and professors, would wholly remedy the evil, because the practical part of our education is never received within the school room, but at home, in the streets, in the saloons, from associates, and the general habits, manners, customs, and tone of the society in which children grow up; and because not natural training but grace alone can elevate our fallen nature to genuine virtue. The schoolhouse can never be a substitute for the church, the schoolmaster for the priest, or education for the sacraments. Nevertheless, education can do something, and it is the ordinary human mode by which we are to attempt to secure the virtue of a community. That is, a religious education, not merely instruction in simple human knowledge.

But there is no greater mistake than that of placing our chief reliance on common schools, however well organized, and however religious, or of expecting our security from the education of the mass, as seems to be the general opinion of our countrymen. With a territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which will soon stretch, in all probability, from the Isthmus of Darien to the North Pole, we have not a single institution deserving the name of Uni-

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versity; and claiming to be a reading people, we stand in regard to public libraries, the lowest on the list of civilized nations. There is not a single branch of literature or science which demands erudition for its treatment, that can be treated by the American scholar without going abroad to consult foreign libraries. No adequate provision is made for the higher class of liberal studies, for the higher branches of genuine scholarship. We have, indeed, a good military academy, a good naval school, perhaps, and some passable law schools; but in matters of political and civil administration, of statesmanship and diplomacy, we have no system of training, and are compelled to rely on ineptness and inexperience. Yet we boast of being an enlightened people. Our whole land is, so to speak, covered over with common schools, filled with common-school libraries composed of a few dozen wishy-washy volumes each, and we seem to imagine that to read, write, and cipher is all that is necessary to enlighten a people, and to make them wise and virtuous, competent to all the complicated affairs of civil and social life.

I complain not that common schools are universal, I complain not that they do not teach more branches and turn out more thorough scholars. They already attempt too much, more than is requisite for the mass of the people, more than the great body of our children can study to any advantage. Common schools are well enough in their place, though less important than our age would have us believe. They can impart as much instruction as the people, considering their ordinary duties and avocations in life, can acquire; but they cannot suffice for the want of a nation. You can never make all the people scholars, give to all a liberal training—not, if you will, for lack of ability on their part, but for lack of opportunity, and for the necessary incompatibility between such training and the menial offices of life, which require the constant labor and application of the great majority of every community. These offices unfit one for liberal studies, and liberal studies unfit one for them. Give, if it were possible, to the whole community the education, the culture, the refinement, and elevated manners and tastes of the few, and without which a nation remains uncivilized, the great business of life would come to a stand-still, and your nation would be like an army without privates, or a ship without common sailors. On the other hand to reduce all education and all culture to the level of your common schools, is to have no officers, none qualified to take the command and fill the

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higher offices of civilized society. The Mexican war taught our democratic statesmen the value of West Point, and we shall not very soon see again ignorant civilians chosen in preference to trained soldiers, to command our troops. The great bulk of every community always has depended and always will depend on the leadership in all things of the few.

Here, then, you see the significance of liberal studies, and their absolute necessity to every enlightened and well ordered state. Liberal studies are the studies of the few, they are the studies of freemen, that is, of gentlemen, and their office is to qualify them to be wise and prudent, just and noble, able guides and leaders, that is, the faithful and competent servants of the community. It is not because you have better blood than others, it is not that society exists for you, for you all nature blooms, and for you the people live and labor, that you are to pursue liberal studies, and acquire the knowledge, the tastes and accomplishments of gentlemen, but that you may exert a wise and salutary influence on the great body of the nation. You are for the nation, not the nation for you; you are to sustain it, not it you. Your liberal education is a trust which you hold from God for the people, and you are to use it, not for your own private benefit, but in their service; not as a facile means of compelling them to serve you, but as the necessary means of serving them.

In the view of the case I have presented, the important thing in every nation, above all in every popularly constituted state, is not as we have foolishly imagined, common-school education, is not the education of the mass, but the education of the gentlemen. When, what we call the upper classes are properly trained—which by the by they are not, with us—when they have the principles, the virtues, the habits, and the tastes proper to their order, your state will flourish. It is the few that lift the many, and the virtues of the aristocracy that secure the virtues of the people, on the principle I have all along contended for, that all good is from above, and operates from high to low, not as a wild and inept democracy will have it, from low to high.

Do not suppose, gentlemen, that I am unaware that the doctrine I have set forth is directly opposed to the popular doctrine of our country, or that I need to be told that it may easily be misapprehended, and made the occasion of representing me as opposed to the people, and in favor of despotism, monarchy, and a titled aristocracy. I am well aware of

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all this, for I am not utterly without experience, and if I sought to win popularity, or to gain the applause of the multitude, I should have brought out a very different doctrine, and proved my utter unworthiness to be your orator on an occasion like this. I cannot boast of a long line of distinguished ancestors, I cannot boast of having received even a liberal education in any adequate sense of that word; but I can with honest pride boast that I am and always have been, according to the measure of my light and ability, a freeman. I glory in bending my knee to God and to God's minister, but I have never yet learned to bend it to the mob, or to surrender the freedom and independence of my own soul to the despotism of public opinion. I claim to be a man, an individual, with rights which I will die sooner than surrender, and duties, which I dare not neglect. As far as I am able I labor to form a true and noble public opinion, not to obey public opinion whatever it may be. I ask not what the people will say, but what is just, what is true, what is necessary or useful to be said.

Such, gentlemen, I conceive is the spirit of the true scholar, of the gentleman, of the freeman, and such is the spirit with which I wish you to be animated. You are, I take it for granted, Catholics, and as such you have been taught the truth from God himself, and know what you are to believe and to do, and have no need to learn it from popular opinion, from the *Weltgeist*, or spirit of the age. You are instructed from above; therefore you can safely labor to form the popular mind, without danger of misforming it, and in your several spheres prove yourselves safe guides and leaders of the people. Understand well that this is your mission, and dare discharge it, fearlessly, bravely, heroically, whether you have the multitude with you, or have, as most likely will be the case, the multitude against you. Be brave, courteous, chivalrous knights, in defence of truth and justice, so shall you be without fear and without reproach; so shall you serve your country, avert, it may be, the dangers which threaten it, gain a name, which "posterity will not willingly let die," and what is infinitely better, everlasting life and eternal glory in Heaven.

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CATHOLICITY AND LITERATURE.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for January, 1856.]

We have heard it maintained that the province of a quarterly review is to criticise books, and not to discuss the subjects which books treat or suggest; and we have ourselves been denied, on that ground, the right to be regarded as a reviewer. But we think those who so maintain labor under a slight misapprehension. A review, according to modern acceptance and usage, is not necessarily a purely literary work, and it may review subjects as well as books, and the practice of nearly all American and foreign reviews is to do so. The book introduced is regarded as little more than an occasion or a text for an original discussion of some question which the author wishes to treat. The doctrinal or moral character of books is as proper a subject of review, as their literary character. Books are worthy of no great consideration for their own sake, and literature itself is never respectable as an end, and is valuable only as a means to an end. Literature is to be highly esteemed, and assiduously cultivated by those who have a literary vocation; but, as an instrument, as a means of effecting some lawful purpose, never for the sake of itself. It has never been, and, probably, never will be, the main purpose of our *Review* to criticise books under a purely literary aspect, for it is not designed and conducted simply in the interests of authors and booksellers. It was originally devoted, and will continue to be devoted, to what should be the ends and aims of literature, rather than to literature itself.

It has also been contended in more circles than one, that it is narrow-minded bigotry for a Catholic critic to make his religion a criterion in judging literary works. We have seen in a work of fiction an imaginary Catholic critic unmercifully ridiculed by an imaginary Catholic priest, for pronouncing judgment on literary works, accord-

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*1. *Bertha; or, the Pope and the Emperor. An Historical Tale.* By Wm. B. MacCabe. Boston: 1856.

2. *Florine, Princess of Burgundy; a Tale of the First Crusaders,* by the same. Baltimore: 1855.

3. *Willy Reilly and his Dear Colleen Bawn. A Tale founded upon fact.* By William Carleton. Boston: 1856.

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ing to Catholic faith and morals. The author can have little reason to pique himself on his proficiency as a moral theologian. He seems to proceed on the assumption, that religion and morals have nothing to say on literature; another form of the very common assumption, that religion has nothing to do with politics. The writer, most likely, has not reflected that between judging of a book, as one to be commended or not to be commended to the public, and judging its simply literary merits, there is a difference. If in the former case, the much-ridiculed imaginary critic used his Catholicity as his standard of judgment, he acted only as an honest man, and a consistent Christian; if he did so in the latter case, he deserved, no donbt, to be rebuked for taking up a trade he did not understand. For ourselves, we judge, and we cannot help judging, all literary and artistic productions, when determining their doctrinal or ethical character, by the standard furnished by our Catholic faith and morals; but in determining their purely literary or artistic merits, we judge according to our literary or artistic cultivation, tastes, and principles, as every man does, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. Books may be, as the *Wahlverwandtschaften* of Goethe, unexceptionable, under the relation of mere literature, and yet not be commended as literary works, because they may be false in doctrine, unsound in philosophy, and immoral in their spirit and tendency. Books, again, may be free from all blame as doctrinal and moral; and yet, like *Father Jonathan*, for instance, be wholly deficient in literary merit. In the latter case, as a Catholic, we recognize the author's orthodoxy and applaud his good intentions; but, as a literary man, we have nothing to say in his favor, and must beg him to excuse us from commending or reading his productions. In the former case we may recognize the purely literary or artistic merit; but however great it may be, we must condemn the work, because no amount of purely literary merit can atone for the slightest offence to Catholic faith and virtue. We must condemn the book, though in doing so, we condemn not the genius, learning, ability, or skill of the author, for they, in themselves, are good; but his application, or rather, abuse of them.

We have here the old question of the mutual relations of the two orders, or the mutual relations of nature and grace, on which the same confusion reigns in the minds even of some Catholics that we so often meet, in regard to

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the mutual relations of the temporal and spiritual. There is often a deplorable want of a clear and distinct understanding of the theological maxim, *gratia supponit naturam*,—a tendency, on the one hand, to exclude nature altogether; or, on the other, to exclude grace. The former is the error of the Jansenists; the latter the error of the Pelagians. The Jansenists will allow the lawfulness of no literature that has nature and not grace for its principle; the Pelagians allow all literature to be lawful that is natural; not perceiving the precise medium between the two errors, a certain class of Catholics take it into their heads, when not writing professedly on dogma or morals, that, since nature is not totally depraved, they may follow nature, not only in the sense that nature is below, and simply corresponds to grace; but in the sense in which nature is opposed to grace, falling into the precise error of those who maintain, because the state is independent in its own order, we have a right to act in politics as we please, regardless of the teachings of our religion. They assert literary atheism, as our radicals assert political atheism. It is against this literary atheism, as against political atheism, we have as a reviewer, uniformly set our face, and must do so, or be false both to God and man.

But in doing this, we have never gone to the other extreme, denied all development and play to nature, and condemned all literature not adapted to spiritual reading. Grace supposes nature, and consequently leaves a large margin to natural sentiments and affections. Not all the works of infidels are sin. Not all non-Catholic literature is to be condemned as anti-Catholic, any more than all literary works by a Catholic are to be approved as Catholic. Our nature was created to respond to grace; and though despoiled by original sin of its supernatural gifts and graces, it has not been totally corrupted, or despoiled of a single faculty, power, or element, which it ever possessed as pure nature. No works, proceeding from nature alone as their principle, do or can merit eternal life; because that life is in the supernatural order, and is bestowed only as a reward to works which proceed from a supernatural principle, and are directed to a supernatural end. No man is entitled to heaven, even for keeping the whole law of nature; but not, therefore, do we deny nature to be good in its own order; or that the natural virtues of temperance, justice, fortitude, prudence, benevolence, humanity, are entitled to

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a natural reward. They are virtues in their own order, and though they lack the dignity of the Christian virtues, they are presupposed by them, and without them, the Christian virtues themselves do not and cannot exist. They cannot of themseves alone merit heaven; but heaven cannot be merited without them.

Now, the theological principle we have set forth, is applicable to every department of human life; and as applicable to the department of literature and art, as to any other. The highest rank is to be assigned to those literary works which have, so to speak, the infused habit of grace, and stand on the elevated plane of the Christian virtues, which proceed from nature elevated by grace, not from nature alone; but we are not at liberty to deny a certain degree of merit to worksof a less elevated character; or to condemn, as sinful, any works which, though they proceed from nature alone, do not oppose grace or the supernatural. We may treat, as imperfect, all literary works which are not positively Catholic; but we can censure, as sinful, none which contain nothing repugnant to Catholicity. The poet or novelist has no right to be anti-Christian, to be heretical, or immoral in spirit or tendency; to run in any thing counter to Catholic truth or virtue; but he is perfectly free to follow nature in all respects in which nature stands simply below grace, without standing opposed to it. He is free to write a poem or novel, which turns wholly on natural principles and affections, and which displays only natural virtues, but he is not free to write a work, which opposes his religion, and contradicts Catholic morality. Though writing professedly as a literary man, he must still remember that he is a Christian and a gentleman. The law which binds his conscience in his devotions, binds him equally in his poem or his novel; and he has no more right, in his own character, to be immoral, indecent, coarse, vulgar, rude, and uncivil, to curse, swear, to lie, to slander, calumniate, or excite impure thoughts or prurient fancies in his literary productions, than he has in well-bred Christian society. He may be natural, but natural only in the sense in which nature is not perverted; in the sense in which nature responds to grace, or is in accordance with it.

Let not our readers suppose that we are defending ourselves; we are only availing ourselves of an objection urged by certain writers against us, in order to state, explain, and defend the rule which should guide the Catholic in his lit-

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erary productions. The principles which should govern him in literature, are precisely those which should govern him in every department of secular life,—in politics, business, and amusement. In all these, he is bound to be, at least, negatively Catholic. He who follows the evangelical counsels chooses the better part; but no one is absolutely bound to do more than to follow the evangelical precepts. All are not bound to withdraw from the world, and to retire to the cloister. It is lawful for Christians to live in the world, and to take part in its daily commerce; to love and be loved; to marry and be given in marriage; to laugh and joke; to sing and to dance; to be glad and to be sorrowful;—in a word, to do whatever is innocent, providing no positive duty is neglected. Undoubtedly, he who aims only at this secular life, does not aim at the highest, and may be in danger, by aiming no higher, of falling short of the mark at which he aims. He certainly does not aim at perfection; but not all imperfection is sin, and no man is bound to be perfect. It is possible to inherit eternal life, by keeping the precepts, without attaining to the perfection which comes from keeping the evangelical counsels.—"If thou wouldst be *perfect*, sell what thou hast, give it to the poor, and come and follow me." We envy those privileged souls who are called to the perfection of the religious state; but it will be much for us, if we attain to that lower degree of virtue, which, though it secures not that perfection, yet, through the mercy of God, may suffice to admit us into heaven. We must be content, if we can bring the majority of Christians to keep the commandments; and, therefore, we must be content to leave to literature all the latitude left to nature by the positive precepts of our religion; or all the liberty which the church concedes to the secular order in general. All secular life is free in so far as not hostile to supernatural faith and morals; and to the same extent, our literary aspirants are free to follow their natural genius, taste, and tendencies. If they aim higher, and voluntarily assume the counsels as their law, we applaud them; they do what is best; but if they are content with secular literature, we have no right to complain, so long as they use their liberty, without abusing it.

We dwell on this point, because we are approaching the period when Catholics are to make large contributions to our American national literature, and it is of great impor-

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tance that our literary aspirants should clearly understand their liberty and its restrictions, and start on the right track. The danger to be apprehended is that they will take their models from the national literatures of the Old World. We Americans have asserted our political independence, are on the point of asserting our financial independence, and we ought to be instant in asserting our literary independence. We would not speak lightly of the popular national literatures of Europe; but we must be permitted to say, that none of them are a suitable model for American literature. A national literature is the exponent of national civilization, and is truly national, only in so far as it accords with the elements of its civil life. Our civil life, our *civility*, in the old sense of the word, is, though below, in strict accordance with Catholicity. Here, for the first time in the history of Christendom, have we found a civil order in harmony, as to its principles, with the church. Here, then, only that can be our national literature, which accords with Catholic faith and morals. And here, for the first time since the founding of the Christian Church, has such a literature been possible. All the literatures of the Old World, aside from the literature of the church, of which we do not now speak, have been the exponents of a civilization which was pagan in many of its elements, and never in entire harmony with the teachings, the mind, and the wishes of the church. Those old national literatures, which proceed from, and speak to the popular heart, in European nations, are the product of a society never thoroughly converted, and they are, every day, growing more and more pagan, more and more incompatible with Catholicity. The popular national literature even of Catholic Europe is only partially Catholic, and if we take that as our point of departure, and as our model, we shall not contribute to the creation of a literature in perfect harmony, either with our church, or with our American civil order. We shall retain and exaggerate the discrepancy, now so marked in Catholic Europe, between profane and sacred literature, and place our literature in hostility both to our religion and to our politics, or civil polity.

It is a fact worthy of note, that we have never, as yet, found in Catholic Europe that harmony between religion and popular literature, which strikes us so forcibly in ancient Greece and Rome, or even in modern Protestant nations. No doubt, a principal cause of this nearly perfect harmony between religion and literature in the non-Catholic

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world, is that in the ancient pagan, as in the modern Protestant nations, literature and religion both proceed from the same source, and have the same end. Both originate in perverted human nature, and give expression, under various aspects, to that nature in its fallen and unregenerated state. Catholicity, on the contrary, is from above, is supernatural, and expresses the divine wisdom, power, and love; and, therefore, stands opposed to perverted nature. But another reason is, that the popular literature of Europe, as distinguished from that of the church, took its rise in a society not wholly converted from paganism, and has retained pagan elements and tendencies. Now, as we are, for the most part, trained in this old European literature, greatly deteriorated as to its principles and tendency, by the later influences of Protestantism, humanism, and incredulity, we are predisposed to reproduce it, and we can avoid doing so only by being well instructed in the application of faith and theology, as well as in the nature and application of the principles of American civilization, and being constantly on our guard against the false principles and tendencies of our literary education. There is not a man in the country who has had in his youth a thorough literary training, in strict accordance with our religion and civilization; or, that has not been trained in a literature, if he has had any literary training at all, in many respects adverse to both. The nature that has predominated in his training, is not nature simply in the sense in which it responds to revelation and grace, but a lawless and licentious nature; and the political principles which underlie and pervade it are either those which presuppose the absolutism of the one, or the absolutism of the many. Our popular political doctrines, as expressed in such American literature as we have, are derived chiefly from European sources, and are incompatible either with liberty or with government. The democracy of our institutions is a very different thing from the democracy of our literature. The democracy of our literature is that of European radicals, red-republicans, revolutionists, social despots, and anarchists; for our literature is not yet American, and has not yet been inspired by our own American institutions and life, but copied from the literatures of the Old World. In literature, we are, as yet, only a European colony, under the tutelage of the mother country, and unaware that we are of age and may set up for ourselves. Only Catholic Americans are in a position to assert and maintain American liter-

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ary independence; for, it is only they who have a religion that demands, or that can aid in effecting, such independence. We hope our young literary aspirants, who are coming foward in such numbers, will lay this to heart, and prepare themselves for the work that awaits them, not only by prayer and meditation, which are never to be dispensed with, but also by a profound study of the philosophy, if we may so speak, of our religion, and of our American institutions; so that they may give us a literature which shall respond to both. We do not ask them to aim at producing a literature for the cloister, or one specially adapted to spiritual reading; for, in that literature the Catholic world already abounds, and, moreover, that literature is Catholic, not national, and can be produced as well in one age or nation, as another. What we ask of them to aim at, and prepare themselves for, is a popular national literature, which, though natural, is pure and innocent; though secular and free, is inoffensive to Catholic truth and virtue; and which, though not doing much directly to advance us in spiritual life, shall yet tend to cultivate, refine, and humanize barbarous nature, and to remove those obstacles to the introduction and progress of Catholic civilization, which are interposed by ignorance, rude manners, rough feelings, wild and ferocious passions. The office of popular literature is not precisely to spiritualize, but to civilize a people; and as we look here for the highest development of modern civilization, we demand of our American Catholics the highest and purest secular literature.

The principles of this independent American literature are determined by our religion, and our political and civil institutions; but its form may be flexible, and bent to the varying fashions of the day. The Catholic is at perfect liberty to avail himself of poetry and fiction. He may use fiction, but he must not abuse it. It is not true, as a friend writes us, that we have opposed all use of fiction by a Catholic writer. We have opposed the greater part of modern novels and romances, not because they use fiction, but because they make an improper use of the sentiment or passion of love, and inculcate false and pernicious views of love and marriage. We need no novels and romances to awaken the sentiment or passion of love in either sex, for it is sure to awaken quite soon enough of itself. There are very few modern novels and romances which, as a Christian, a patriot, and a man, we do not feel it our duty to condemn. Their

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authors, generally speaking, are men of little thought and less experience. Few of us have lived to middle age and not lived and outlived more romance than the best of them are able to embody in their works. They write from fancy, not life. The love they speak of is itself a fancy, as our old writers called it, a caprice, an affection of the sensitive soul, usually a disease. Their love is fatal, irresistible, uncontrollable, and to attempt to interrupt its course, or to prevent two silly lovers from being united in marriage, is to war against "manifest destiny." Trained under this false view of love, our young people expect from marriage an elysium which they will never find, and which can never be obtained except from a very different sort of love. Under the influence of love as a sensitive affection, a fancy, they imagine that their union is essential to their mutual happiness, and that they will continue to feel in regard to each other after marriage as they now feel. They little dream of the misery that awaits them when the illusion is dissipated. The sort of love they feel, and on which they rely, is morbid, transitory, and expires in its own gratification, like every passion or feeling that has its origin in the sensitive soul. The two simple souls were ready to die for each other, but they are hardly married ere the charm is dissolved, and the romance is ended. Each is no longer an essential to the happiness of the other; each is disappointed, cools to the other, becomes indifferent, and to indifference succeeds dislike, upbraiding, recrimination, hatred; and each takes a course apart from that of the other, and seeks happiness, distraction, or forgetfulness, in some sort of dissipation. It is the influence of the false and illusory love chanted by our poets and romancers, that creates that morbid state of society, so general, which gives rise to the woman's rights movements, and the legislation, becoming so alarmingly popular, which facilitates divorce, and renders even marriage only a transitory union.

Nothing having no more solid foundation than our sensitive nature can be permanent and unchangeable, or be satisfied even with the attainment of its end. Love, as a fancy, the only love recognizable by the sensualist philosophy, is a blind, a morbid craving, which nothing can fill. The heart is uneasy, and asks it knows not what, and, whatever illusion it follows, is sure to be disappointed and rendered only the more wretched. Hence nothing is less impracticable to persons trained in the modern school of romance, than

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the doctrine which makes marriage indissoluble, and binds love in the chains of duty. But the remedies sought bring no relief. Your legislatures may make marriage dissoluble at the will of the parties, or of either party alone, and leave all to the workings of what is called "Free Love," but they will only aggravate the evil, which is already but too real and too great. The praises or the enchanting pictures of love by your novelists and romancers, bring no relief, for the mistake is precisely in relying on the love they labor to exalt. Love, in any worthy sense of the word, is an affection of the rational nature, intrinsically reasonable, and controllable by reason and duty. It is a capital mistake to suppose that love is subjected to the law of necessity, and that we cannot love where we ought, and refrain from loving where we ought not to love. Disappointment in genuine love, no doubt, brings sorrow, and casts a shadow over the sunlight of the heart, but it never breaks the heart or induces despair; for whatever has its root in rational nature has, through that nature, a recuperative power, which enables it to heal its wounds, however deep. Men and women of the tenderest hearts, of the most loving natures, have experienced the most cruel disappointments in their purest and dearest natural affections, and have survived them, recovered their peace and tranquillity, found out new sources of enjoyment, and obtained as large a share of happiness as ever falls to the lot of mortals. Almighty God has in no instance made the happiness of life depend on the possession of the creature, however worthy, or so bound us up with the creature as to leave us no solace for its loss.

Our poets and romancers make love, as a sensitive affection, sentiment, or passion, an infallible indication of the will of God. It is beautiful, it is sacred, it is divine, it is religion. Marriage without love, they tell us, is prostitution, and it is love, and love only, that legitimates the union of the sexes. Where love is there is true marriage, the real sacrament of matrimony; and love laughs at conventionalities, laughs at legislative enactments and moral codes, and goes where it will, and touches what hearts it pleases, without condescending to say, "by your leave." It is the love that authorizes the marriage, not the marriage that authorizes the love. Society should recognize this, and leave marriage free wherever there is mutual love, and suffer it to cease whenever the mutual love ceases. This is the doctrine of a large and increasing modern school, and is, consciously

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or unconsciously, countenanced by the authors of nearly all our modern popular literature. You may detect it in the *Elective Affinities* by Goethe, in the novels of Georges Sand, and in all the writings of your modern socialists, communists, and world-reformers. It is the doctrine of your "free-love" associations. According to it the marriage contract, in which each party solemnly promises to love, cherish, and cleave to the other until death separates them, is immoral and impracticable, for each promises what it is impossible to perform. To love or not to love does not depend on us, and it is immoral to exact from us promises to do what exceeds our power to do. Love legitimates marriage, and the union of the sexes without love is immoral. Love is the "higher law," and to forbid marriage where it demands it, is to set up human law against the law of God. This is the conclusion to which we must come if we start with the premises supplied by our modern poets and romancers. Certainly, if it is love that legitimates marriage, and if it depends not on us to love or not to love, Catholic marriage is indefensible; for in it the parties contract to do what they cannot, and what it may often happen they ought not to do. Perhaps there is a deeper truth underlying the doctrine of our romancers than at first sight appears, and we are not certain but they draw the only conclusion a consistent Protestant can draw. If left, as Protestantism leaves us, to nature alone, marriage in the Catholic sense is for the most part impracticable; and to fulfil the conditions of Catholic marriage, the grace of the sacrament is indispensable. Hence it is the non-Catholic world rejects it, and substitutes for it polygamy, concubinage, or licentiousness.

Our modern novels and romances give our youth a wrong view of the relation and importance of marriage. They represent it, in some form, as the end and aim of life, as that to which all the thoughts and aspirations of the young should be turned. To live unmarried is to fail in the great end for which we were created. This is a purely Protestant notion, to which Protestants have been driven in order to find a justification of their insane warfare against monasticism and the celibacy of the clergy. But it is a notion fraught with mischief. It gives from an early moment a wrong and dangerous direction to the thoughts and fancies, hopes and expectations of our sons and daughters. Marriage is honorable, and desirable for the great majority, but it should not be regarded as the only honorable and desirable

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state, nor should the idea ever be entertained that every unmarried man or woman is necessarily useless or miserable. We reverence maternity, but we reverence virginity more; and we prefer that system of education which trains our youth of either sex to a sort of mutual independence; which, while it fits them to discharge all the duties of married life with alacrity and affection, yet enables them to be self-supporting, and to feel that the highest ends and aims of life are within reach of the unmarried, as well as of the married. Whenever marriage needs to be urged, and celibacy discouraged, we may be sure that we have fallen on evil times, and that the age and country we live in are corrupt and licentious.

Moreover, modern poetry and romance, for the most part, encourage an indocile and rebellious spirit. The popular literature of the day is, to a fearful extent, satanic, and seems to labor expressly to place the flesh above the spirit, and to eliminate from every department of life all law, except the law in our members. It exalts passion at the expense of reason, and recognizes in man no free agency, no power to govern his passions, and to regulate his affections according to an objective moral law. To insist on his doing so, it is maintained, is intolerable tyranny; and hence with a depth of thought not always appreciated, M. Proudhon has dared assert that the belief in God is incompatible with the maintenance of liberty, that is, liberty in the sense of modern popular literature, which makes love a passion, and duty a sentiment. M. Proudhon is a far profounder thinker than our "Know-nothings." They stop short with saying Catholicity and liberty are incompatible; he goes further in the same direction, and says, God and liberty are incompatible, and that whoever asserts the existence of God must, if logical, accept the whole Catholic system, and acknowledge the authority of the Catholic Church. God, he maintains, is a tyrant and the source of all tyranny, which is only the last word of modern popular literature, and strictly true, if man has no free will, and is merely a creature of sentiment and passion. There is an innate repugnancy between the moral system of modern literature and that of the Bible or Catholicity. The Catholic system proceeds on the assumption that man is essentially rational, and is always able, grace assisting, by the exercise of his reason to control his passions, and conform even his affections to the law of God, which prescribes authoritatively his conduct. It does not forbid

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love, but treats it as an affection of the rational soul, and as such controllable by reason and will, subject to the precepts of law, or the demands of duty. Where the law makes it our duty to love we can love, and where the law forbids us to love we can refrain from loving. It is always in the power of the husband to love his wife, and in the power of the wife to love her husband, and in the power of each to love only the other; and so in all other respects. We are not only placed under law, but endowed with the faculty of living according to law, and of marrying love and duty in an indissoluble union. This is the Catholic moral system, the system of the moral world itself, and against this system modern literature tends everywhere to stir up the mind and heart in rebellion.

Now the abuse of fiction, whether by Catholics or non-Catholics, which we have here indicated, we of course condemn, but the use of it by Catholic writers, in a legitimate way, for the conveying of useful instruction or innocent amusement, we have never dreamed of censuring. Fiction adopted as a vehicle of false philosophy, false morality, false political and social theories, or of amusement, entertainment, or diversion at the expense of innocence, is not allowable, not because it is fiction, but because it is a misuse or misapplication of fiction. Here the rule we have laid down in regard to literature in general obtains. But here also it may be well to bear in mind, that in our days novels which are sound in principle, though a little free or suggestive in expression, are less dangerous than those which, though chaste in expression, are licentious in their principles. *Alban* may be thought objectionable in some of its allusions and descriptions, and if our taste were consulted, several passages would be omitted in a new edition; but the most fastidious reader must acknowledge that its principles are sound, and that it will never, in the slightest degree, mislead the judgment or corrupt the heart; while *Indiana* and *Consuelo*, though seldom indelicate in phrase or direct allusion, are even more dangerous than the novels of Fielding, Smollett, or Paul de Kock, with all their dirtiness. Yet whatever excites an impure emotion, or an impure thought, is an objection, and should be carefully avoided by the romancer. But still more sedulously should we guard against those things which through the senses or the sentiments pervert the judgment, and create an erroneous conscience, for these undermine the moral fabric itself, and leave us no founda-

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tion on which to build, no spot on which to rest the fulcrum of the lever of reform. Hence it is, however vicious may be one's life, we hope for his recovery so long as he retains the faith and a correct moral judgment, and despair of regaining the apostate, although he preserves, and in fact in proportion as he preserves, a good degree of moral decency in his exterior conduct.

So far from objecting to the use of fiction by Catholic writers, we should be glad to see them make a bolder and a more liberal use of it than they have hitherto done. We do not like those petty Catholic tales which mix up a poorly managed love story with a dull, commonplace, and superficial theological discussion; but we object to them on the score of taste, rather than on the score of morals, and we would never discourage their production, save in the hope of encouraging the production of something better. No one who has read *I Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni, can doubt that Catholic genius, talent, and learning, may lawfully write novels and romances; and the romances of Scott, Bulwer Lytton, and James, show us what advantages we might derive from the historical novel, if we chose to cultivate it. The novel is at present the popular literary form, and we must adopt it, if we mean to act immediately on the mind and heart of our age and country. *Fabiola*, by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, will have a greater popular influence than his admirable *Lectures* on the Catholic faith. In our principles, in all that touches faith or morals, the mind or the wishes of the church, we must be inflexible and uncompromising; but in what relates simply to the literary form, we are free to conform to the reigning fashion, as much so in literature as in the cut of a coat, or the shape of a bonnet. The novel may not be absolutely the best literary form, but it is here and now the best literary vehicle, after the newspaper and the review, that we can adopt. We see no reason, then, why our authors should not, in so far as comports with their genius and ability, adopt it.

Polite literature, as it used to be called, here where everybody reads, and will have his reading made easy, is a power, and a power that may be wielded for good as well as for evil. We can use it with as much effect as our enemies, and so use it as to counteract no small portion of the evil which results from their abuse of it. A novel written with genius, learning, and taste, giving a correct view of

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some misrepresented period of history, or presenting the various passions and affections of human nature in the light of Catholic morality, giving them the full development and play allowed by that morality, would not only help on the general work of civilization, of mental culture and refinement, but would force non-Catholics to recognize Catholic genius and talent, in a field where they are best able to appreciate their value. A novel or a poem, such as we can conceive it, would, in the present state of the reading world, do more to enable our religion to assume its proper place in American life, than the theological treatise or the polemical tract, however able or learned. The age of controversy, in any legitimate sense of the word, has gone by, and the non-Catholic world is not to be won back by polemical literature. We must meet non-Catholics on their strongest side, and on what they regard as their own ground, and prove to them that we can, on that very ground, successfully compete with them. We must prove to them that in polite, as in controversial literature, we can bear away the palm. It will not do to rely on our past laurels, on what Catholics have done for literature in past ages or in other countries. We must show that we can, here and now, win and wear the crown. Not otherwise, humanly speaking, shall we win for our church, and secure for ourselves, that elevated position which we have the right to claim for both. We must throw ourselves fearlessly, lovingly, confidingly, into the deep and broad current of American life, American thought, and American literature, and show that not one of them can dispense with our services, or exist without us.

Nor is this all. We have become, in this country, a numerous people in ourselves. We do not all live in the cloister, or conceal ourselves in catacombs. We live here in open day, spread all over this immense country, engaged in every department of life, in law and justice, trade and commerce, in agriculture and the mechanic arts, in art and literature. We have all the classes that go to make up a people, and all the literary, artistic, and intellectual wants and tastes of an entire people. What have we done, or what are we doing to meet these wants and tastes? What are we to do with this multitude of youth of both sexes, growing up in our schools, academies, and colleges? How are we to meet and satisfy their intellectual, literary, and artistic wants? Do we expect to meet and satisfy them

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with the Bible, prayer book, and manual of meditations? Experience teaches us that that is out of the question. Do we expect to silence their cravings, or to change their tastes, by the voice of authority, and leave them nothing between the church and barbarism? If it were desirable, as it is not, it is impracticable, and not to be thought of. To do so were contrary to the uniform practice of the church, for the popes have always been the most liberal promoters of art and literature. Moreover, we live in a reading age and country, and our youth share and will share their spirit and tastes, and they are not and will not be satisfied with the literature of the cloister. They will resort to the corrupt and corrupting literature of the day, unless we furnish them a secular literature of our own, free from all corrupting principles and tendencies, equally attractive and adequate to their wants. We have no alternative; we must lose the greater part of these youth, or else provide for them a literature, which, while it runs athwart no Catholic principle, avails itself of all the resources of nature and art,—a free, fresh, original, living, popular literature, adapted to meet and satisfy the wants of our youth, without weakening their faith, or creating in them a distaste for prayer and meditation. Such a literature we need, both for ourselves and the country; for the corrupting popular literature furnished by non-Catholics will be displaced only by means of a purer, superior, and equally attractive Catholic literature. Protestant nations are preserved from lapsing into all the filthy abominations of the old pagan world, only by the presence and moral influence among them of the Catholic Church.

The literature we need must be American, cast in an American mould, and conformed to American institutions in all respects in which they are in accordance with Catholicity; for the persons we have chiefly to care for are the young, who are for the most part born in the country, and who will, let the old folks say what they please, grow up Americans. Italy has an Italian literature for Italians, France a French literature for Frenchmen, Spain a Spanish literature for Spaniards, Germany a German literature for Germans, Ireland an Irish literature for Irishmen, and we must have an American literature for Americans. The great body of Catholics in this country are, or if not, in a few years will be, Americans. We must suffer neither ourselves nor others to overlook this fact, or to think or speak of our

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church here as an alien. She has been here long enough to have taken out her last papers. She is at home here, naturalized, and as indigenous to the soil as any other American institution. All honor and gratitude to those who planted our religion here, and who have nursed it with their pious care, and watered it with their tears and their blood; but we must be permitted to feel that she has become an American institution, and has entered as an integral element into American life. We may, and must proceed in our literary productions as if the whole American people were Catholic or at least prepared to read what we write, and to listen to our Gregorian chant, as the writings and chant of their fellow-citizens. Let our young literary Catholics, who aspire to leave their mark on the age and country feel this, and open their hearts to the glorious prospect it unfolds before their eyes; let them take courage and rise to the level of their position, and with buoyant feelings, and loving hearts, go forth with their fresh enthusiasm to contribute their full share to the creation of such a literature as the world has the right to expect from our republic. Young America, if we did but know it, is Catholic America freed from the autocracies and clogs of the Old World: and here he has a field equal to his aspiring genius, equal to the vastness of his ambition, and let him betake himself with all his ardor, under the providence of God, to its cultivation.

We have only brief space in which to speak especially of the works cited at the head of this article. *Willy Reilly* is an interesting Irish story, founded upon fact. It is said to be Carleton's best, but to our liking it is far below *The Poor Scholar*. Carleton has genius of a certain order, and his sketches of Irish character certainly have great merit. In *Willy Reilly* he shows that his sympathies are with the oppressed part of his countrymen. His exposition of the wrongs they endure, and the cruelty practised by the government and officials towards them, is as truthful as it is harrowing. But we do not read him with the pleasure that we do Gerald Griffin, or even Banim, to either of whom he is inferior in the nobler qualities of the heart, and the true Irish genius. The hero of his book we are told is a good Catholic, but his conduct and words indicate what we call a *liberal* Catholic, one who knows little, and cares less for his religion, and adheres to it less from conviction than from a point of honor. He is so liberal that he would deprive

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the clergy of all voice in education, and give the control of it to the state; make even a Protestant state the educator of the children of Catholics, so as to prevent them from growing up bigots and becoming intolerant. From such a Catholic we can only say, "Good Lord deliver us."

Mr. MacCabe is a Catholic, what we call a Papist, and is not ashamed of the papacy. He is a man of learning, ability, and industry. His style as a writer is rich and vigorous, but a little too stiff, and lacking in ease, naturalness, and grace. He has admirable descriptive powers, and a powerful imagination, but a little wild, and quite too sombre. He does not appear to be quite free of his craft as a novelist, and though well read in the chronicles of the middle ages, in which his scenes are laid, his novels will not bear a comparison with the historical novels of Scott or Manzoni. His pictures are too dark, and his *Bertha* and *Florine* would be both healthier and more pleasing if they were more frequently relieved by scenes of a lighter and more humorous character. He does not give us breathing-spells enough. The tragic interest of his works becomes too painful. Nevertheless his tales possess a very high value, and are calculated to do much to give their readers a correct view, the one of the nature of the struggle between the papacy and the empire in the time of St. Gregory VII., the other of the first crusade. Several of the characters are well drawn and sustained. Beatrice is a vision of loveliness and purity, Philip of Brefney in *Florine* is a noble creation, and the old man, Walter Fitzwalter, is a very fair representative of the devil. The author, however, is not very remarkable for nice discrimination of character, or delineating its finer and subtiler shades. He is historical rather than dramatic in his genius, and we could not always detect the person by hearing him speak. Bianca, Beatrice, Bertha, Florine are all the same person in different positions and circumstances. Amine is good, but colorless, and Zara is in part a copy of Naam in the *Uscoque* of Georges Sand, but has less firmness, and a more turbulent temper. Still we are glad the works have been written and that they are republished on this side of the water.

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ÉTUDES DE THÉOLOGIE.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for April, 1860.]

We have always the same old enemy to combat, but not always on the same battle-ground, nor with precisely the same weapons, the same tactics, or the same strategetics. Each age has its own battle-ground, and its peculiar weapons and mode of warfare. The fathers lived in the midst of a hostile world, when the battle with error was serious, earnest, and they fought bravely, as men who fight for life or death, for all that is near and dear to them, against real enemies, who also fought in earnest against them; and they came off conquerors, though by being slain, not by slaying. They were followed by the scholastics, who lived for the most part in the bosom of a nominally Christian world, and who simply, in peace, gave lessons to be applied in war. They did well and nobly the work they had to do; but the opponents they combated were seldom the opponents one meets in real life, and the battles they waged were, to a great extent, mimic battles, designed chiefly to train and discipline troops for real war when it should come. Till the real war came, and the armies they disciplined were obliged to take the field against a real, living, and determined foe, their training, or discipline, was admirable and answered every purpose. They made an admirable appearance on parade. But there is in the whole scholastic discipline something artificial and unreal, and it has almost always been found inefficient when transported from the schools into real life. It was admirable for tilt or joust, where the knights fought in sport, to show their skill and prowess for their ladie love, and were obliged to conform strictly to the rules of the lists; but we all know it broke down when it had to war in downright earnest with a Luther or a Calvin, and their flying artillery and irregular horse.

We certainly do not mean to undervalue the labors, the logic, or the services of the scholastics from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. There are few questions that they

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* *Études de Théologie, de Philosophie, et d' Histoire. Publiées par les P P.* Charles Daniel & Jean Gagarin, *de la Compagnie de Jésus, avec la collaboration de plusieurs autres Pères de la même Compagnie.* Paris: 1857–1859.

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have not discussed, and well discussed; there are few truths in philosophy or in theology that they have not known, and, in one form or another, set forth and defended; and no man is, or can be, well qualified to engage in any of the controversies even of our day, who has not in some way availed himself of their labors. Still their methods will not answer our purpose now; for now we have to meet, not mere amateur foes, or reply simply to objections of our own invention or statement. It is true that there is scarcely an objection urged at any time against our religion that we cannot find stated in its strongest form, and refuted by our scholastic divines; but the objection is, for the most part, stated and refuted for the Catholic rather than for the non-Catholic mind. The scholastics are, as controversialists, far more influential in keeping men who have the truth from going astray, than in recovering from error those who, unhappily, have yielded to its seductions.

Moreover, the scholastics, as their name implies, thought, wrote, and discussed in the bosom of the schools for scholars, and to form scholastics. In their times the people at large took little part in theological discussions, and theological controversy was left, as it should be, to the schools and professional theologians. There was, then, no necessity of studying a popular manner, of laboring to catch the popular ear, and to arrest the popular attention. Having only scholars to deal with, it sufficed to write for scholars only. Authors could count on the public they addressed to read what they wrote, however elaborate or long might be their tracts or treatises. But we have, in our times, to discuss the most difficult problems before a non-professional public, an ignorant, conceited, and impatient public, that takes no further interest in the grave questions we present than we can create by our writings themselves. We have to create our own audience, and form our own public, before we can speak or write at our ease, or feel sure of being read or listened to. The age is frivolous, and wants not only faith, but seriousness, earnestness, save in trifles or in the accumulation of sensible goods. Serious studies are in low repute, unless we find a partial exception in Germany. In theology we study compendiums of compendiums, and the illustrious cardinal archbishop of Rheims has felt it necessary to write a compendium of dogmatic and moral theology in French, for the benefit of the French clergy,—the French revolution having left nearly a whole generation of Frenchmen to

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grow up without solid classical studies, literary culture, or mental discipline.

Luther and Calvin brought the discussion of theological questions of the gravest magnitude out from the schools into the forum, and made the ignorant and unprofessional public, instead of scholars, the judges. We may regret the fact, but we cannot unmake it. If we refuse to address the people, we only leave the field free to the advocates of error. We have suffered the enemy to choose his own battle-field, and we must now meet him there or nowhere. In plain words, we have to defend to-day the Catholic cause in the public arena, before a light, frivolous, captious, and impatient audience. We cannot do this by the scholastic methods—by long chains of syllogistic reasoning, elaborate treatises, or ponderous folios; for our treatises will not be read, and our dry, formal reasoning, however just and conclusive, will not be heeded. We have to depend on the celerity of our movements, the sudden dash of our cavalry, and the rapid advance, discharge, and sure aim of our flying artillery, and our sharp-shooters armed with their Minié rifles, instead of heavy dragoons, or the solid columns of heavy armed and carefully drilled infantry. We must fight an enemy always in motion, and that will not await a heavy charge. Hence it is that we must drop the ponderous folio for the light octodecimo, the elaborate treatise for the brief essay of the quarterly, or the leading article of the daily or weekly. The age is too fickle, too impatient, too much in a hurry, too incapable of sustained thought or serious application, to read books, unless light romances, or "sensation novels." Few are patient enough to read, even in the newspapers, any thing more than the telegraphic dispatches.

Some learned and zealous members of the illustrious Society of Jesus seem to have been fully aware of these facts, and have, in consequence, established the publication before us, which was commenced as a serial, but is now continued as a quarterly periodical. The earlier volumes, as the later numbers, are filled with separate articles on various theological, philosophical, and historical subjects, written with rare learning, deep earnestness, great force, in an excellent spirit, good taste, with clearness, beauty, and elegance. The four volumes before us are filled with important articles and essays on subjects of living and pressing interest, and are among the most valuable volumes, in relation to contem-

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porary wants, any members of the society have to our knowledge produced since its restoration by Pius VII. in 1814. They indicate that in spite of what it lost by its suppression under Clement XIV., the society retains elements of its original life, and in the providence of God it is destined to recover its pristine glory, and render to our poor nineteenth century services that will not suffer by comparison with those it rendered to the sixteenth or the seventeenth. There may be in the society certain old fogies who dwell among the tombs, with their eyes not only dim, but on the back side of their heads, and who can hope nothing for the world till it is restored to the state it was in before the French revolution; but these need not disturb us. Everywhere we find such men, and nowhere are they to be despised. They serve as a necessary drag on the bolder, more adventurous, and more audacious spirits, who, if left to their own momentum, might run too fast and too far, and experience the fate of the giddy son of Phœbus, who undertook, for a day, to manage his father's horses, and guide the chariot of the sun in its course. But we find them in less proportion among the Jesuits than in any other religious order; and as a general thing, at least in France and our own country, the sons of St. Ignatius keep themselves better up with the times, are less wedded to routine, and more ready to adapt themselves, as far as lawful, to the age and country, than any other class equally numerous that can be named.

Religious orders may sometimes insist too strenuously on their canonical rights, privileges, and exemptions to be always acceptable to every bishop in whose diocese they are established; but experience proves that they have for ages been of the greatest utility to the church. Regulars have a freedom and independence that we can hardly expect from seculars. Vowed to poverty and obedience, dead to the world and its pleasures, married to a celestial Spouse, and living only for the greater glory of God, they are in their normal state free to go wherever God commands, and to do whatever he prescribes. Exempted from the cares of the world, freed from the responsibility of governing the church, they are free to devote themselves to the living interests of religion, in any time or place, without having to confer with flesh and blood, or reckoning with the flunkyism of the age, the cupidity and selfishness of the rich, or the ambition and caprices of the great. The world can deprive them of nothing they have not begun by renouncing, and it can give

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them nothing which they have not already voluntarily trampled under their feet. They have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope from men. They are always free to attack the reigning evil of the times, to denounce popular sins, and to defend unpopular virtues. They are in the highest and noblest sense of the word free-men, and do not need to tremble when the heathen rage and the kings of the earth imagine vain things. Their portion is the Lord, and no power but their own will, can take it from them. They do not fear to face the realities of the day, to call things by their right names, nor feel that when God sends a saint on earth to trouble the waters of the stagnant pool or to combat spiritual wickedness in high places as well as in low places, they must join the hue and cry against him, and continue to din in his ear that he is too rash, ruining every thing by his imprudence, and that he should always observe the noble maxim : *Quieta non movere.*

Among all the religious orders the Jesuits seem to us the freest and best adapted by their institute to the service of religion in all times and places, and under all circumstances. Of course, nobody dreams of substituting them for the secular clergy who are provided for in the original constitution of the church. The regular clergy have under the church, in some sense, the mission of the prophets under the old dispensation. They do not supersede the secular priest, but they become his powerful auxiliary, and do what he sometimes neglects, fears, or is really unable to do. But regarded in the light of auxiliaries, the Jesuits are able to render to religion the most invaluable services. Their institute binds them to no one line of duty ; it gives them for their mission the special missions of all the other orders, and permits them to be contemplative and mortified with the Trappist, erudite with the Benedictine, theologians and preachers with the Dominicans and Franciscans, educators for all classes, and missionaries to the heathen or to lukewarm Christians who have hardly a name to live. There is no Christian work,—no work either for God or humanity, for religion or civilization, to which they are not free to turn their hand. All who study their institute must admire its comprehensiveness and its flexibility, and hardly any more than the constitution of the church herself, can it need alteration or amendment with the lapse of time and the mutations of human events. We see not how the order can ever grow old or be out of date : nothing in its institute

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hinders it from preserving the freshness and bloom of perpetual youth.

We will not say that every member of this illustrious society has been a saint; we will not say that none of its members have ever suffered their zeal for the salvation of souls to lead them to tolerate practices which cannot lawfully be tolerated, as in the case of the Chinese and Malabar rites; we will not say that individuals have not pushed too far and abused the principle on which St. Paul says he acted, of becoming all things to all men that he might gain some; but this much we can and will say, that the errors, if any are to be charged to them, have leaned to virtue's side. The principle on which they, as a society, have always acted, is a sound one. They have never been innovators in theology, dogmatic or moral, but they have always, within the limit of orthodoxy, taken the side of human liberty, and maintained for man all the freedom the law leaves him. If they have erred, they have erred on the side of laxity, not on the side of rigorism, which is the safer error of the two. They have never sought to make the law broader than the Lawgiver himself has made it. They have never intentionally sacrificed any Catholic doctrine or principle to the exigences of time and place; but they have studied to leave to each age and nation all its laws, institutions, customs, habits, manners, and usages not incompatible with Catholic faith and morals, and have labored to change no more in the private, domestic, or public life of a people than is absolutely required by the Christian law. As far as they lawfully can, they always conform to the spirit of the times, to the tendencies of the age or country. This spirit of conformity, or of accommodation, which prevents them from coming more than is necessary for salvation into collision with one's own age or country, and which a very considerable class of our own Catholic population, if they could avoid abusing it, would do well to cultivate, has availed them much reproach, and given in the English language a bad sense to the word *Jesuitical*, a sense which is wholly undeserved. But, on the other hand, the non-Catholic world pays to them the high compliment of calling every Catholic who takes a deep interest in religion, is zealous for its rights, and devoted to the independence and prosperity of the church, a *Jesuit*. Nothing could better prove the fidelity of the Jesuits to their Master, or better testify to the wisdom of their course and the utility of their services.

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We have had in these late years men of great abilities and vast erudition, laboring with true zeal for the interests of the church; but we have had comparatively very few who have fully comprehended the wants of their age, or understood the best manner of meeting them. In Great Britain and Ireland the attention of Catholics has very properly and very necessarily been directed to local questions between conflicting nationalities, conflicting political parties, and the church and a particular form of heresy, and therefore could not be engaged in the discussion of the broader and more general questions of the age. Moreover, English and Irish Catholics have been but just relieved,—indeed, are hardly yet relieved,—from the crushing weight of an iniquitous system of penal laws, enacted by bigotry and state policy, for the express purpose of brutalizing the Catholic population, and extirpating Catholicity from the British dominions. They have had leisure and opportunity to consider only the questions which more immediately and more pressingly affected themselves. In this country we have, so far as politics, law, the administration of government are concerned, ample freedom; but we have only recently had a Catholic public of much national consideration, and the English-speaking portion of our Catholic population being new-comers, and the majority from the less cultivated classes of the mother country, migrating hither primarily for the improvement of their worldly position and circumstances, have understood the importance and bearing only of such questions as they were familiar with in Great Britain and Ireland, and have been slow to learn that the greater part of those questions are out of place here, and that the larger portion of the intellectual strength we put forth has been put forth on questions that have and can have no significance in the United States, or for the world at large. Our Catholic population, formed of excellent materials, have not had the necessary preparation for entering into the great controversies with non-Catholics which the age demands. Our clergy have been too few for the population, and overworked in attending to the immediate spiritual wants of their people, in administering the sacraments, in building churches, school-houses, colleges, hospitals, and asylums,—they have had little heart and less leisure to take part in any controversies not forced upon them by their daily routine of duties. Yet there are unmistakable evidences that we are, and that at no distant day, to have in this country

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the most intellectually active Catholic population of the world ; and that we are destined to take an important part even yet in the great controversies of the nineteenth century. We have only to check our impatience, and wait for the young men now in our colleges to come forth and enter the field as laborers for God and humanity, to find our press,—the best supported Catholic press in the world,—laying aside its foreign aspect and character, and becoming thoroughly Catholic instead of simply national, and the leader in all the great controversies of the day. As the Old World sinks the New must rise.

In Germany the real issues before the public are perhaps better understood and more scientifically met than anywhere else, but for the German mind only. German Catholic literature is the most solid, the most erudite, the most vigorous literature of our times; but it is of recent growth, and but little known out of Germany. Italy ought to be the leading Catholic nation of the world, but, cut up into a number of petty states, and disturbed by political and revolutionary passions, it is a scandal rather than a light to the age. The Jesuits first at Naples, afterwards at Rome, have attempted to speak to the public through the pages of *La Civiltà Cattolica*, but, after all, more in reference to the state of things in Italy than elsewhere. The unsettled state of the peninsula, and the delicate position of the Holy See in relation to the temporal powers, Catholic and non-Catholic, the repressive policy adopted by Austria, Naples, and most of the Italian governments, and the fears and apprehensions produced by the revolutionary storm ready at any moment to burst forth, have cramped the freedom of the good fathers of the *Civiltà*, and given to their periodical an air of timidity and restraint. The writers are learned and able, but one feels in reading their essays that they are men of a past age, or, if living men of the present, men who dare not give, or who feel that it would not be prudent to give, free and full expression to their own inward life. They move as men in chains, or men who feel that free movements are not permitted them. After all, Rome, though the seat of authority, is not the centre of contemporary intellectual movements, and is not the place to which we are to look for the free and full development of Catholic journalism. The world will look upon a Catholic periodical published at Rome as an official or semi-official publication, and will hold the pope responsible for its statements. It will be consulted in order

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to ascertain the intentions of authority, and cited whenever it can be against the church, but any further it will not be regarded. It becomes in all other respects as nugatory as all official organs usually are.

Say what we will, France is the country to which we must look for the final discussion of all great world-questions; not because she is profounder, more learned, more scientific, or more intelligent than Germany, or even Italy, but because she is more sympathetic, more communicative, and more popular. She leads the fashions of the civilized world, and fashions for the mind as well as for the body. She, better than any other nation, represents the spirit and tendencies of the age, for she feels them more quickly and more vividly. She is the centre of modern life, in its good and in its evil. Her language is almost a universal language, and no literature can vie with hers in its diffusion and popularity. Though the first military power of the day, she is more powerful by her language and literature, her fashions and her ideas, than by her arms. Rome is the seat of the spiritual power, the mistress of faith and discipline, to whom we must look for guidance and support in our war against the errors and the evil tendencies of the times; but Paris is the seat of the secular power, the focus of all the good and the bad influences of the age, and whose *placet* is necessary to popularity. Nothing is really published to the world, till it is published at Paris and in French. We are, therefore, very thankful that the *Études* are written in French and issued from the French capital. Things written in English or German, or rather concealed in these noble tongues, may now be brought to light, and placed before the reading public of all nations.

There is another periodical, *Le Correspondant*, published at Paris, under the auspices of the illustrious Count de Montalembert, that has rendered and still is rendering valuable services to the Catholic cause, and which has strong claims on the gratitude of the Catholic public. It has battled nobly against the *Oscuranti*, or old fogies, as we say in Hiberno-English, and has labored, not without success, in preventing Catholic interests from being identified in the public mind with those of despotism, for which, as a matter of course, it has received the anathemas of that lay pope, and recent idol of unthinking Catholics, Louis Veuillot. But it is devoted, principally, to the external interests of Catholicity, and to the consideration of its political, social, and literary relations; and however able, useful, and indis-

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pensable, it leaves ample margin to the good Jesuit fathers for their quarterly, devoted to the same general cause indeed, but more especially under its theological, philosophical, and historical relations, and, being so devoted, perhaps less likely to fall under the censure of the government. *Le Correspondant* is conducted, chiefly, for seculars; the *Études* is conducted by religious and theologians by profession, and is addressed primarily to the religious and theological mind, though with liberal feelings, in a philosophical spirit, and popular style and manner. If the succeeding numbers correspond, in learning, intelligence, life, and freedom, to those already issued, it can hardly fail to supply a real want in Catholic periodical literature.

This periodical commands our attention, because it is fully up to the highest level of contemporary polemics. Its conductors are well aware that controversy has changed its ground, and that the loose statements, calumnious charges, and unscientific objections urged by no-popery writers in our English-speaking world, and which some of us Catholics are busy refuting with statements hardly less loose, and arguments hardly less unscientific, are not now the grave things for the Catholic controversialist. The real chiefs of the non-Catholic world scorn these petty cavils, coarse calumnies, and miserable sophistries of the Brownlees, Sparrys, Dowlings and Beechers, and even shrink from contact with those who call the pope "Anti-christ," and the church "the Whore of Babylon," or "the Mystery of Iniquity;" they, at least, affect to be liberal, fair, candid, and impartial. In some respects, some of them really are so. We owe to Protestant writers the explosion of the scandalous fable, not invented by Protestants, of a female pope, and the best vindication we have of that much calumniated pope, St. Gregory VII.; and the Protestant Leo has been surpassed, in the fair and just defence of the popes, in their relations with the German emperors in the middle ages, by no Catholic author we happen to be acquainted with. The higher class of non-Catholic writers of the day may have no more love for the church than have the vulgar no-popery writers, but they have more self-respect, and more regard for their own reputation. They are men who really stand, in their several departments, at the head of the modern world. They draw their objections from philosophy, science, and history, and aim to present only objections of real weight and solidity. These are not men to be turned off with a joke, nor are their objections such as

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can be refuted by a sneer, or dismissed with a majestic wave of the hand. Their objections, no doubt, are, in reality, as unfounded, and their arguments as inconclusive, as those insisted on by the small fry of no-popery writers, but they are evidently drawn from a high order of thought, and are far less discreditable to the understanding of those who urge them and of those against whom they are urged.

The Catholic who aspires to meet the real issues now before the educated and scientific public, has to prepare himself to meet not only the old theological objections, but objections drawn from philosophy, philology, ethnology, geology, history, the sciences, naturalism, and natural-supernaturalism, or natural mysticism. If we look beyond the flashy no-popery literature of the day, penetrate beneath the surface and go to the root of the matter, we shall find that it is simply, as we have often asserted, Christianity not only as a supernatural revelation, but also as a supernatural order of life, we have now to defend, and to defend against men who are up to the level of their age in science and erudition, and who admit, at best, only the natural-supernatural order, and seek to explain all the phenomena of man's religious life by means of what may justly be termed natural, as distinguished from Christian, mysticism. In doing this, both charity and policy require us to begin with endeavors to recall to the unity of the church all those who are churchmen in principle, and really retain, though outside of the Catholic communion, a real belief in Christianity as a supernatural order of life, flowing, not merely from the eternal Word, but from the eternal Word made flesh. Individuals among Protestants there may be found, who retain this belief, but no Protestant sect or communion, as such, retains it. The Protestant world has broken with Christianity itself, and refuses to recognize or accept its fundamental and essential principle. But such is not the case with the Russian or Greek Church. The Russian church is schismatic, but not heretical. It retains the great body of Christian doctrine in a Catholic sense, unless we except its view of the papacy. It does not deny the primacy of Peter, it only denies that it is of faith that the successor of Peter in the see of Rome is the supreme head and governor of the church; yet even here it concedes his right to preside in œcumenical councils, and that there can be no œcumenical council in which he does not preside, either in person or by his legates. While the Russians maintain that

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the supremacy of the pope is not of faith, they acknowledge, as we gather from Père Gagarin, himself a Russian, and brought up in the Russian church, that they do not say that it is against faith, or that there has ever been a decision of the universal church against it. We are glad, therefore, that the *Études* treats the Russian question as a primary question in our day, and regards the reconciliation of Russia with the Holy See as a matter that should engage the thoughts and the prayers of Christians throughout the world. Fathers Gagarin, Verdière and Buck, give us most interesting and valuable essays on the Russian church, and dissipate many prejudices long entertained by the Latins against the Greeks. They take up the question of the Russian church in an earnest and hopeful spirit, and with a full knowledge of its character and history. They place the church in its true light, learnedly and ably defend its substantial orthodoxy, and refute the popular charges brought against it by Catholics who speak from ignorance and prejudice, rather than from knowledge and charity. They show, however inexcusable is the eastern schism, and however fatal it may be, that all the blame is not on the side of the orientals. The popes have always been just to the Greeks, but many of the Latin princes, bishops, and writers have always seemed to us, when we were reading the history of the unhappy schism, to have treated the orientals with a passion and bitterness, with a haughtiness and contempt, which but little comport with the Christian character.

It is sometimes assumed that the Russians never were Catholics, that they were converted by missionaries from Constantinople after the schism had been effected. We heard even many Catholics maintaining this during the Crimean war. But this is a mistake, and Father Verdière has proved that they were converted while the Greeks remained in communion with the Holy See, and that they were not only Catholics, but very good and zealous Catholics. In point of fact, they did not separate from the apostolic see when the patriarch of Constantinople did, nor till long afterwards. Indeed, the schism in Russia was hardly complete before the reign of Ivan the Terrible, and probably would have been healed near the close of the seventeenth century, but for the revolution, gotten up chiefly by the protestantizing archbishop of Moscow, that placed Peter the Great on the throne instead of the rightful heir. Peter

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completed the subjection of the spiritual power, by establishing the Holy Synod of St. Petersburg, with a lay head, and did what he could to protestantize the Russian clergy, as Catherine II. did what she could to infidelize and corrupt the Russian nobility, thinking thus to enlighten her people, advance civilization, and enhance the glory of her empire. Still the mass of the Russian people have always held, and still hold fast the doctrine they received from their Catholic ancestors. Even on the procession of the Holy Ghost they are orthodox, and agree with the Latins. For they maintain that in denying that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son, they maintain that he only proceeds from a single principle, or by a single act or *spiration* of the divine being. They are intent on asserting the singleness or unity of the Divinity, whose spiration is the Holy Ghost; the Latins agreeing with them in this seek, more especially, to mark the consubstantiality of the Son to the Father, and therefore that the divine nature from which the Holy Ghost proceeds is common to the Father and the Son, unbegotten in the Father, begotten in the Son. It is not unlikely that the supposed differences of doctrine on the procession of the Holy Ghost, between the Greeks and the Latins, grew out of mutual misunderstanding. The Latins were less philosophical than the Greeks, and when they heard the Greeks saying the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father alone, they concluded that the Greeks denied that the Son had any agency in his production; and the Greek, when he heard the Latin say the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father *and* the Son, concluded that he meant to assert that he proceeded from the Son as a distinct principle from the Father, which would have been a heresy. Still, the great controversy on this subject was occasioned by the insertion in the Symbol as left by the fathers of Constantinople, of the words *Filioque*. These words seem to have been added primarily by officious Spanish and Gallican bishops, without the papal authority, in order to condemn the supposed error of the Greeks. Pope St. Leo III. refused to sanction their insertion by the Council of Frankfort, not on the ground that the doctrine was false, for he declared that to be true, but on the ground that the fathers of Constantinople for good reasons had omitted them, and to insert them would only give occasion to the clamors of the Greeks, and perhaps lead to a schism. Subsequently, the insertion received the papal sanction, be-

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cause circumstances had made it necessary, in order to avoid scandal and to save the true Catholic doctrine in the West.

The *Études* shows very conclusively that the doctrine of the Russian church on purgatory, the future life, and other points on which it has by some been supposed to err, can very easily, by a little explanation, be reconciled with the Catholic doctrine, and indeed, that whatever differences there may be between the Russians and Catholics, aside from differences of communion, are differences not between the teaching of the Catholic Church and the official teaching of the Russian church, but rather differences between the opinions outside of faith held respectively by Catholics and the Russians. Doubtless, among both Greeks and Latins, there are floating about many opinions, in regard to which they differ very widely from each other. We often insist on the distinction between Catholic tradition and the traditions of Catholics. Among the Latins there are various notions about purgatory which are not of faith, and which the Greeks do not accept. The Greeks do not believe that either the fire of purgatory or the fire of hell is material fire, and because they do not, many Latins imagine that they are unsound in the faith; but the Catholic Church nowhere teaches that the fire in either is material fire. Prescind from both Latins and Greeks the differences there may be between them in matters not of faith; restrict the question to what the church really and officially teaches, and it will be found that there is no difference between them but a difference of communion, or a hierarchical difference. They are separated only by a simple schism, and all that is needed to reëstablish union and restore unity is simply for the orientals to recognize the supremacy of Peter, and the authority of his successors in the see of Rome to feed, rule, and govern the church.

There are, no doubt, many obstacles to the reunion of the Russian church, but there are none that we need regard as insuperable. The first step towards their removal will, however, be to disabuse the Latins of their prejudices against the Greeks, and to convince them that the reunion is not to be despaired of. How much or how little influence the writings of our learned fathers in the *Études* will have on the disunited Russians we have no means of determining; but we think they cannot fail to have a great and salutary influence on the Latins, in correcting many false notions they

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have imbibed against the Russians and the Greeks generally, and in producing more liberal, generous, and charitable feelings towards them. The orientals, and especially the Russians, are more disposed to be religious, have more religious susceptibility, and are further removed from that chilling indifference and cold-hearted scepticism of the West than are the populations of western Europe and America; and it would be difficult to find a Catholic sovereign so truly observant of his religion as was the late emperor Nicholas I. Aside from the sin of schism, in which he persisted, he was, under the religious point of view, as under many others, a model prince. The Russian clergy are by no means that low and degraded class that ignorant and prejudiced travellers are too fond of representing them; and the Russian people have, as was proved in the Crimean war, most excellent dispositions. Reunite them to the centre of unity, emancipate the Russian clergy from their subjection to the civil power, and give to the people a reasonable liberty, obtained not by destroying, but by developing their old institutions, and the Russians would be the finest and noblest people in Europe.

The reunion of Russia, under simply a political point of view, is a most desirable measure. It is necessary to preserve the proper balance of power in Europe, and to secure the recognition and maintenance of legitimate authority, and international law. Great Britain has never been very scrupulous in regard to the rights of other nations, especially if feeble nations, and France is still less so. The present imperial government makes war for an "idea," on whom it sees proper, shows no respect for international or any other right, and lends all its power and influence to sustain filibusterism on a grand scale. The war against Austria, the wresting from her of the rich province of Lombardy, the march of Prince Napoleon, with the fifth *corps d'armée*, through the duchies, and their annexation, perhaps, to Sardinia, the stirring up of the revolution in Romagna, and the advice recently given to the Holy Father, by the emperor of the French, to give up to the rebels the Æmilian provinces are only so many examples of sublime filibustering. The principle on which they all rest for their justification is precisely the principle on which our own filibusters rest their justification for invading Cuba and Nicaragua, and the only difference we can discover between Louis Napoleon and William Walker is in the difference of the sphere in which

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they respectively operate, and the forces they have or have had respectively at their command. William Walker, as well as the emperor of the French, made war for an "idea," and a genuine "Napoleonic idea" into the bargain. Austria has been humbled, and is weakened by internal distractions; Germany is little more than a geographical expression. With the adoption by France and Great Britain of the principle of Yankee filibusterism as the principle of their international policy, there is left no power but Russia with sufficient material force to readjust the balance, and to defend the rights either of sovereigns or nations. Russia no longer in schism, uniting her material force to the moral power of the Holy See, would be able to restore order to demoralized Europe, reëstablish the reign of law, and suppress the now gigantic filibustering or buccaneering carried on by the emperor of the French, and acquiesced in, if not aided, by Palmerston and Lord John Russell of England, and save European civilization from the barbarism which now threatens to engulf it.

It is, moreover, only through Russia that we can hope for the final extinction of the Ottoman power, and the revival of a Christian East. France, for the time being at least, has deserted the cause of Christian civilization, which she so nobly sustained in the earlier crusades. She has become the ally of the Turks, and she and Great Britain, with the culpable connivance of Austria, for which Austria is now receiving merited chastisement, waged an anti-Christian and wholly unprovoked war against Russia for the support of the chief of Islam, Ottoman barbarism, and the oppression of the Christian populations of the East, and to prevent those populations from aspiring to their rightful national freedom and independence. Russia alone continues the crusades, and defends the cross against the crescent, and against the policy and frequently armed opposition of nearly all the Catholic and Protestant powers of Europe, ready always to postpone the spiritual for the temporal. Russia is a power Christendom cannot spare, and her support of the Christian cause in the East against the Turk and the policy of the West, will yet, we hope, avail her the grace of reunion with the Holy See. Even as a schismatic power she is the grand support of Christian civilization in the East, always betrayed by imperial France, though never by really Catholic France, whose liberal contributions and heroic missionaries keep alive and sustain the hopes of eastern Christendom and re-

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ligion. But when she is once reconciled to the Holy See, no power could prevent her from taking possession of the throne of Constantinople, expelling the Turks, and reviving the eastern Christian empire, to which she has some legitimate claims as heir of the Byzantine emperors, recognized in former times as such by the sovereign pontiffs, who on that ground urged her to join in the war against the Ottoman power. History shows us that in the steady march of Russia upon Constantinople, if following her ambition, she has also been following a policy marked out and urged by the spiritual chief of Christendom. If her establishment at Constantinople, as a schismatic power there, in the view of the sovereign pontiff, were a benefit to Christendom, what would not her establishment then be as a Catholic power? It would, humanly speaking, be of the greatest conceivable service to the cause of religion and civilization. It would not only balance the West, proving so widely false to the church of God and the civilization she has fostered, but it would open the way to the conversion and civilization of the whole Asiatic world. We are strong in our convictions that this is in the designs of Providence. As one nation proves false to its mission, Providence usually rejects it and gives its mission to another. As the West fails, the East will come to its rescue. The Russians have been prejudiced against the Latins, but these prejudices are not invincible, and the true interests of Russia as a leading political power, as well as of Christendom, require her union with the Holy See. The mass of the Russian people, we think it fair to presume, are only materially, not formally schismatics; and we saw in the Crimean war that the Russian soldiers, wounded and prisoners in the hands of the allies, did not hesitate to receive the last sacrament from Catholic priests. There would be little opposition, on their part, to the reunion, if consented to by the tsar and the Russian clergy. The clergy ought not to oppose it, for it is the only way in which they can secure the spiritual independence of their church, now oppressed by the civil power; and the tsar himself, though he might be reluctant to resign the spiritual power usurped by his predecessors, would yet find his interest in it, for it probably would be the most effectual means of preventing the revolution which is now preparing in his empire, and must soon break out with remorseless fury. As soon as the party struggling for the independence of the church,— and they are very numerous in the bosom

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of the church herself, as well as outside of her communion, —once make common cause with the Jacobinical secret societies, with which the whole land is all covered over, a revolution not less radical nor less destructive than the old French revolution will be sure to break out, and put an end to the Romanoffs. The surest way for the tsar to arrest this catastrophe, alike fatal to the throne and to the altar, is reconciliation with Rome, which would secure the spiritual independence of the church, and bring to his support the blessing of Heaven. It is better for him to give up his spiritual power than it is to lose both it and his temporal power.

The great objection the Russian clergy and people appear to have to this reconciliation, is their fear that it would be only a prelude to a substitution of the Latin rite for their present Greek rite. But this fear, created in past times by the Poles, is unfounded. The Greek rite is as old, as legitimate, and as sacred as the Latin; and the popes give every possible assurance that it shall not be disturbed. The Greek rite is more gorgeous, and in several respects more beautiful than the Latin, and far better suited to the oriental mind. Nor is any change in discipline, save the restoration of the old discipline of the Greek Church, broken down by the interference of the civil power, to be apprehended. The terms of reunion were fixed by the Council of Florence, and will not be departed from, at least to the prejudice of the Russians. Most of the fears of the Russians on this point are due to the efforts of the Poles, when they had the ascendency in Russia, to force them not only to accept a reunion with Rome, but also to adopt the Latin rite. The Poles have much to answer for in the continuance of the Russian schism, and they still do much to prevent the reconciliation. We do not wish to speak harshly of unhappy Poland, and by no means of the Polish Catholics. We in no sense whatever defend or excuse Russia, Austria, and Prussia in blotting out the kingdom of Poland from the map of Europe; but if Poland has suffered gross injustice from Russia, Russia had previously received grievous wrongs from her, and it is never through Polish influence that Russia can be reconciled to the Holy See. The less the Poles, save by their prayers, mingle in the matter, the better. There are too many old and deep national animosities on both sides for them to be able to mingle in the question with advantage. The influences that will weigh with the Rus-

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sians must come from other quarters. The Poles have done too much, and are still doing too much, to blacken the Russian character, and to render it odious to the civilized world, to be able to exert any influence on the Russians favorable to Catholicity. The movement for reunion cannot commence in Poland, but must commence in the bosom of the Russian church herself, aided by the prayers and sympathies of the Latins,—with the tsar and the Russian clergy. All that we Latins can do, aside from our prayers, is to dissipate prejudices, to direct the Catholic mind to the true issues between the Latins and the Greeks, and to assure the Russian schismatics that we understand truly their case, and are disposed to treat it with justice, candor, and Christian charity.

But we cannot pursue the subject any further at present. We hope, however, to be able to return to it at an early day. It is a question of the very highest interest alike to religion and civilization. The two great conquests now most important to religion and to civilization, are the conversion of Russia and the United States. These are the only two really growing states now existing, and the only two that really suffice for themselves, and are able to live and expand independently of the weakness of other nations. They do not depend for their existence or their progress on either their diplomacy or their alliances. The reconciliation of Russia with the Holy See would reëstablish the reign of law in Europe, and secure the conversion and civilization of Asia; the conversion of the United States would secure the triumph of religion and its attendant civilization on this continent. To the reconciliation of these two young, growing and already great nations, it seems to us, should be directed the labors and prayers, and the most ardent zeal of all who love the Lord our God, and seek the glory of the church, his body. And yet to this the mass of Catholics seem to us to have been, and to be even yet, fearfully indifferent. In the reconciliation of Russia, the good Jesuit fathers can hardly fail by their *Études* to awaken a lively interest which will be of great service; but for the conversion of this country nothing appears to be doing. The subject is hardly thought of. There is even a feeling, not seldom expressed in words, among our Catholic population, that Americans, Yankees especially, cannot be converted, as if Christ died not for them as well as for others; and we are quite sure that the less the Catholic publicist, who wishes

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to stand well with his religious brethren, says about it, the better. As a body, we have no hope of converting American non-Catholics, and make not the slightest effort in that direction. We think it quite enough for us to be permitted to retain and practise our religion for ourselves, in peace and quietness. If there is any one thing among us that will bring a blight on the church, in our country, it is our lack of apostolic zeal, and our indifference to the salvation of our non-Catholic neighbors and fellow citizens. The Holy Father has written to us and admonished us again and again, but all to little purpose. Our Catholic youth seem more likely to turn their backs on their mother church, than the non-Catholic American youth are to turn their faces towards her. We throw away our advantages, and trust to emigration from abroad to keep up our numbers. Nothing, we fear, will arouse us to a sense of our duty, unite us, and quicken either our zeal or our charity, but another and a more threatening Know-nothing movement. We are too prosperous, and are contracting the vices of prosperity. A little adversity, a little real persecution, would reinvigorate us, renew our zeal, expand our charity, and hasten the conversion of the country.

After the Russian question, that of rationalism, under its various modern forms, seems to hold the first rank with the writers in the *Études*. Father Daniel opens the discussion of this subject in the first volume, with a very able article on *Rationalistic Exegesis*, and is followed in the succeeding volumes by Father Sariot, with a learned and admirably-written essay on *The Respect and Contempt of Contemporary Philosophy for the Catholic Church*; by Father St. Frêchon, in a searching criticism of Ernest Renan and *Anti-Christian Exegesis*, and by Father Matignon in two profoundly philosophical articles on *The Supernatural in Face of Modern Rationalism*,—these last, we presume, to be followed by others. The aim of the rationalistic exegesis and criticism is, in the first place, to reduce the authority of the sacred Scriptures to that of ancient and, in general, trustworthy human documents, and by explanations to divest the teaching of the sacred text of all supernatural character, and present Christianity as a simple system of human philosophy. They who now boast of criticism and exegesis, do not accept the name of rationalists, and even claim to be Christians, while resolving the evangelical history into a pious myth, and denying not only the Incarnation, but all supernatural

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revelation. Religion, with them, is in all nations and ages substantially the same, and is the product not of reasoning, not of supernatural illumination, but of human spontaneity, —a system thoroughly examined and refuted in our earlier volumes, in various articles on transcendentalism. The fathers prove themselves more than a match for the ablest and most learned of the French and German transcendentalists, and expose their conceit, their ignorance, their sciolism, their lofty pretensions, with a keenness and a delicacy of wit, a felicity of exposition, a force of reason, and a wealth of learning that leave us nothing to desire. In these articles, they prove that they know the real enemy we have in our day to combat, and that they understand all his craft, all his wiles, and know all his resources, both his strength and his weakness. They are sure of the victory. Heresy in the last century had ripened into Voltairianism, and open revolt against Christianity, and savage hatred of its divine Founder. It took the ground that Christianity is false, the Scriptures a forgery, the church an imposition, and its Founder an impostor. That ground is now abandoned, and the master minds among the enemies of our holy religion now concede it, and profess to have great respect for the Jewish Reformer,—are willing to assign him an honorable rank with Socrates, Zoroaster, Confucius, and Apollonius of Tyana, and see much in the Catholic Church to respect and admire. They maintain that she is true and good, or was so in her day and generation,—a genuine production of human spontaneity, still useful and even necessary for all save the *élite* of the race, those who, like themselves, are able to transmute religion into philosophy. They have outgrown the need of religion, they are philosophers, speak with a high and confident tone, and look down with compassion, which we must not call insulting, on us, humble believers. But their predecessors were also philosophers, had equal contempt for Christians, and were equally sure of their own superiority, and the tenableness of the ground they took; and yet it is now conceded they were wrong, wholly unjustifiable, and little better than fools. What reason have their successors to suppose that the same will not be said of them in the next generation?

To many, these contemporary enemies of the church may seem formidable, and they really are so to all for whom their speculations and criticisms wear the gloss of novelty, or for all who are not sufficiently grounded in their own

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faith to see through their hollowness, and to expose their sophistries; yet, for ourselves, personally, they are little formidable, and even little interesting. Even the controversies with this class of enemies, so admirably conducted by our fathers, are, for us, a little stale. We were, formerly, one of their number; and it was with a full knowledge of their exegesis, their criticism, their theories, their speculations, systems, ideas, pretensions, that we yielded our mind and our heart to the Catholic faith. We had tried them, and found them wanting, long before we came into the Catholic Church, and can feel no great respect for or confidence in them; yet this is no reason why their exposure is not highly necessary, in the present state of religious controversy, especially in France and Germany. The fathers are rendering the highest service they can now render religion, by demolishing this class of its enemies, and proving to complete demonstration, that contemporary rationalism is as unreasonable, as unscientific, as unintellectual as the Protestantism of the sixteenth century, or the Voltairianism of the eighteenth. It is true, it puts on an imposing air, speaks with a tone of superior science and wisdom, and affects great candor and impartiality, but at bottom it is not one whit more respectable than the vulgar Protestantism of our no-popery lecturers, journalists, and pamphleteers. Beneath their show of erudition, there is the most deplorable lack of solid learning; beneath their lofty scientific pretensions, there is the most complete ignorance even of the real problems to be solved. Christianity is a supernatural order of life, proceeding from the Word made flesh, as its author and foundation, or it is nothing, or worse than nothing. There is no use of any cant or humbug about it. Has Jesus Christ come in the flesh or not? Has the Word really become incarnate? yes, or no? If you say no, then cease either to defend or to explain away Christianity. If you say yes, then accept the fact, and all that grows out of it. Settle, first of all, whether the incarnation be or be not a fact; and when you have proved that it is not a fact, and that the Christian phenomena are to be included in the natural history of man, it will be ample season to broach hypotheses as to their origin and production; but while you profess to accept Christianity, nothing is more unscientific, or even absurd, than to attempt to explain its origin and progress by reference to human spontaneity. You know that nothing can originate in human spontaneity to correspond to Christianity as be-

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lieved and taught by the church. That Christianity is either from God, and, therefore, true, holy, sublime, or it is a miserable imposition, a creation of fraud and malice, and unworthy of the slightest respect. There is no medium, no middle ground for either our German or our French neologists. That Christianity is an imposition, the creation of priestcraft or state craft, the controversies with the Voltairians have proved cannot be maintained; you yourselves concede it. Then it is true; then it is what it professes to be; then it is from God, a supernatural order of life introduced by the God-man, and you are any thing but wise and scientific in endeavoring to trace its origin not to God, but to human spontaneity. Indeed, you are less reasonable, less self-consistent than the Voltairians themselves.

The philosophical department of the *Études* does not satisfy us as thoroughly as the others. Father Matignon, as well as several of the other writers, has a truly philosophical mind, great philosophical attainments, and seems to us not indisposed towards what we hold to be the true philosophy. But, unhappily, philosophy in the Society of Jesus, as well as elsewhere, is in a very unsettled state. Many, perhaps the majority of the younger fathers, are ontologists, and would follow Father Rothenflue and Father Martin, if left to themselves; the rest are virtually peripatetics. The same differences are to be found out of the society, amongst Catholics and non-Catholics; and such being the fact, the general of the order can hardly do less than to require the professors in the colleges of the society to stick to Aristotle and Fonseca. For ourselves, we follow neither school, and are as far from accepting the exclusive ontology of Father Rothenflue as we are from accepting the conceptualism of his opponents, who are, after all, mere psychologists, and therefore sensists, even when they contend, with St. Thomas, that the mental conception has a foundation in reality. The exclusive ontologist starts with the simple intuition of being; and if faithful to his method, maintains that all the elements of our science are derived from that intuition. But from the intuition of being alone, we can derive only being. Let it be that our intuition is of necessary and most perfect being, including all possible perfections. We can never pass from the intuition of being, containing all possible perfections, to the fact of creation, unless we are prepared to say that it is necessary to the perfection of the divine being that he should create *ad extra*. But this we cannot say,

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for it would imply not only that creation is necessary, a pantheistic conception, but that God is not perfect in himself, but attains to perfection, fills up the void in his being, realizes the potentiality of his nature by creating,—the Hegelian and transcendental doctrine, that places the possible before the real, and regards the universe as the realization of God. Hence Hegel, and Cousin after him, teach that God arrives first at self-consciousness in man, and that it is only in man that God acts with a consciousness of what he is doing.

It may be conceded that the intuition of real and necessary being, God, *Ens necessarium et reale*, is at least implicitly the intuition of a possible creator, and of an ideal or possible universe; but how go from the possible or ideal to the real, or from a possible universe to an actual universe? *Argumentum a posse ad esse, non valet.* We get at the fact that God creates from the consciousness of ourselves, as *ens contingens*, or from the intuition of contingent existences, it may be said; but this is a departure from the strict ontological method. That method professes to deduce all the objects of our knowledge from the simple intuition of being; but in order to assert creation and escape pantheism, you now add to the intuition of being another intuition, that of creatures, or contingent existences. You include in your *primum* the intuition of existence as well as of being, and really maintain with us that we have real intuition of creatures, and that our *primum* must contain the twofold intuition. But creature is not its own *substans*, cannot stand by itself alone, and can be thought only in its relation to that which is not creature; then not at all, save as joined to the creator, or not without the copula that joins being and existence, that is the creative act. Your *primum* then must include the intuition of being, existence, and the *creative act*, which unites them. Without this, confining yourself to the simple intuition of *ens*, or being, you cannot assert an actual universe, and necessarily fall into the pantheism of Spinoza and his German followers. We succeed no better by starting with a psychological *datum*. If we have no intuition of being, and intuition only of existence, we can never arrive at the notion of real being, and, if faithful to our method, we can end only in atheism or nihilism. For we can deduce being from the intuition of existence no more than we can existence or creation from the intuition of being. It is strange that this should be disputed.

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Neither school is to be charged with the fatal consequences of its method, for neither is faithful to its method. Both in reality, if they did but know it, proceed on the assumption that we have intuition of both being and existence. The error of the exclusive ontologist is not in asserting that we have intuition of being, for that we certainly have, nor in maintaining that in the logical order the intuition of being is primary, but in pretending to deduce the notion of existences or creatures by a logical process from the intuition or notion of being. There is no logical process in the case, for in point of fact both are given simultaneously in direct and immediate intuition, and in their real relation. The error of the peripatetics is not in denying either that real and necessary being is, or that we have a real notion of *ens necessarium et reale*, but in pretending that it is obtained by a discursive or logical process from the intuition of contingent existence, or that it is obtained by the mind, or *intellectus agens* operating by way of abstraction upon the *species* presented to the understanding through the senses. There is no logic by which we can conclude what is not contained in the premises. The fact is, the peripatetics really borrow the notion of being from intuition, and do not, as they pretend, obtain it by a logical process. Their error is in their method, and in the account they give of the primitive facts of consciousness, or understanding, not in formally denying or mutilating those facts themselves. Each school aims to start from simple unity, and to obtain discursively or dialectically from it all the other elements of knowledge, instead of starting from an objective synthesis, and understanding that the necessary and essential elements of human knowledge or reason are given immediately, in their real order, intuitively, and simultaneously. The synthetic philosophy, though bitterly opposed by both schools, is slowly making its way, and, in spite of peripateticism and Rosminism, will ultimately prevail, we have no doubt, and be taught in all our colleges,—alike in the colleges of the society and others. But at present we cannot see how the general of the society could authorize its introduction into the colleges of the order, and we think that, till circumstances permit its authorization, the society does well, in its official teaching, to stick to the scholastics.

We know, perfectly well, that faith does not depend on philosophy, and that it is by no means necessary, in order to be true and firm believers, to be learned philosophers. But

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a sound philosophy is not without its use in constructing the science of theology, and in defending the faith against objections professing to be drawn from science and reason. Theology would bear a very different character from what it now does, if, in constructing it, theologians were to follow the sensist or even the modern psychological school. Prescind the supersensible or intelligible world, and retain in the mind only sensible or material images, and what meaning should we be able to attach to the dogmas of the Trinity, the eternal generation of the Word, the procession of the Holy Ghost, the incarnation, transubstantiation, the real presence, infused grace, the resurrection of the flesh? On either the sensist or the psychological system of philosophy, theology would, indeed, be an impossible science, and faith would run the risk of being rejected as fanciful, self-contradictory, or absurd. When the church adopts the word *Transubstantiation*, and defines the soul to be *forma corporis*, she shows the influence of the scholastic philosophy in determining, not the revealed truth, but the form of its expression. To the ordinary reader, at the present day, the assertion that the soul is the "form of the body," either conveys no meaning, or a meaning very nearly the reverse of the one intended. The word transubstantiation, we think, is very far from expressing to the modern non-Catholic mind the exact meaning of the church. Theodoret is, we believe, orthodox in regard to the blessed Eucharist, and yet he says, according to his Latin translator, that the nature and substance [*natura ac substantia*] of the bread and the wine remain unchanged after consecration. ' Our philosophy has no term more ultimate than substance, and if that is not changed it is hard to understand what is changed. It calls matter a substance, and defines it by its sensible properties. Take away the sensible properties, then, and no matter remains. If, then, matter is a substance, and the sensible properties of the bread and the wine remain, as they certainly do, after consecration, unchanged, there is and can be no transubstantiation or change of substance. If this philosophy were true, the Catholic dogma would be demonstrably false. Yet the whole difficulty arises from substituting a false for a true philosophy. Substance, with the Greeks, was by no means the ultimate term, and St. Augustine, who was Greek, rather than Latin, as to his philosophical genius, obviates the difficulty and saves the dogma by recognizing an intelligible body, which he distinguishes from the visible

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or sensible body. The change effected in the elements is a change in the intelligible, not in the sensible or visible body. Our Lord is present in the Eucharist, not in his visible, but in his supersensible or invisible body. Without recognizing this same distinction, we could not defend the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. The visible body is simply a congeries of particles, or molecules, which are changed many times during life, and at death are scattered, and go to form new visible bodies of plants, animals, and even of other men. How, then, can God raise up the flesh and give to each man his own body, if, by the body that will rise again, we understand this visible or sensible body? We can defend the dogma only by distinguishing between the intelligible body and the sensible or visible. But we can never do this if we regard matter as a substance, and substance as that which is ultimate. We must maintain, with Leibnitz and others, that there are, strictly speaking, no material substances in the Latin use of the word, and that all substances are immaterial activities or forces, each acting from its own centre. Matter is not a substance, is never simple, but always composite,—a collection of immaterial forces or activities, as was maintained in substance by Father Boscovich.

These remarks show that under a theological point of view, and in relation to the exposition and defence of the faith, it is not a matter of indifference what is our philosophy. They prove, too, that it is necessary that, saving the dogma, the fullest liberty should be allowed our professors of philosophy in reëxamining the philosophy of the schools, and in readjusting it to the wants of the theologian of our day. Philosophy is the product of the human reason, and, therefore, should be free; it is not an independent science, but the ancilla of theology, and, therefore, should be held in subordination to faith, and cultivated in the light of the revealed dogma. We add this last not to favor the traditionalists, with whom we have no sympathy, but simply to direct the philosopher to the source from which it can receive no little aid. The dogma is true, is certain, and we may always be sure that so long as our philosophy does not harmonize with it, our philosophy is false or defective, for truth, no matter in what order, can never be at odds with truth, and the richest contributions philosophy has ever received, it has received from theologians in their theological explanations and defences of Catholic dogmas, especially of the Trinity,

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the incarnation, infused grace, the eucharist, and the beatific vision. We should be glad to see a little more freedom under the relation of philosophy in the society, and although some inconveniences might result from it, we should wish the fathers to have all the philosophical freedom the church recognizes or allows, especially in these times, when, in defending Christianity and guarding Catholic youth against the errors of the day, they have to meet all sorts of wild and extravagant, and subtile metaphysical theories and speculations. We cannot, if we would, throw back, in matters within the province of reason, the mind of the age to the old and superannuated systems. It belongs to us Catholics to revise philosophy, and to reconstruct it, as it never yet has been, in harmony with Catholic faith and theology.

The volumes and numbers of the *Études* before us contain several valuable historical, biographical, and miscellaneous articles, which we have read with great pleasure and instruction. But it is time to bring our long, rambling, and miscellaneous notice of this able and learned quarterly to a close. We have no occasion to assure its conductors of our hearty sympathy, or of our disposition to offer them every encouragement in their noble enterprise in our power. They have conquered the first difficulties, and have already gained the ear of the public. They are working for the greater glory of God, and God will accept and give success to their labors. They are a host in themselves, and they are backed by all the genius, talent, and learning of their illustrious society. It is true, they have a disadvantage in the indifference and scepticism of the age, and in the levity and fickleness of the French people; but these they will surmount, since the gravity of events, not far distant, will operate in their favor. Let them go forth strong in hope and love. For ourselves, we crave no higher honor than to be recognized as an humble coöperator with them in the same field, and for the greater glory of the same Master. These are times when all Catholic publicists should have a good understanding among themselves, and when there should be no other rivalry among them than to see which of them shall best serve the cause of our holy religion. A noble and generous emulation of this sort may be encouraged, but whoever labors in the field of the Lord should rejoice alike if the work is done, whether it is done by himself or another, whether the glory of doing it redounds to himself or to his brethren. We all serve our Master, and a master that will

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let no one go without his reward. All Catholics who read and understand French among our countrymen, as well as elsewhere, will find these *Études* worthy of their attention and liberal support. We commend it, if they will permit us so great a liberty, especially to our reverend clergy, who will find it a periodical better adapted to what they wish than any other we are acquainted with.

LITERATURE, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for July, 1864.]

THE question we raised in our last *Review*,† as to what works are to be called literary works, may receive a more restricted answer than we then gave it. Literature is frequently taken by modern writers in the sense of polite literature, or what the French call *belles-lettres*. In this more restricted sense, it does not include professional works, or works devoted specially to science or the sciences. It must express something universal, and be addressed to the common understanding and common sentiments of all cultivated readers. There is, if we may so speak, a certain universal mind in all men who think, and certain sentiments common to all men who feel. It is to these common sentiments and this universal mind that polite literature is addressed, and these it must aim to embody or express in its creations. Not that the literary man is not free to express individualities, or to describe local manners, usages, habits, and customs, but he must do it always under some relation to the common and the universal. The common and the universal are the sources of his inspiration and the principles of his judgments. These common sentiments and this universal mind embrace what goes ordinarily under the name of common sense, good sense, taste, or good taste. To determine their basis, their existence, or their authority beyond human nature as we find it, is the province of science, not of general or polite literature.

**Hannah Thurston; a Story of American Life.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York: 1864.

†*Reade's Very Hard Cash.*

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The philosopher knows that in this universal mind, and in these common sentiments, there is the intuition of an ideal that transcends human nature, that transcends all created nature, identical with Him who is "First True, First Good, and First Fair;" without which the human mind could neither exist nor operate, the human soul neither feel nor aspire, neither know nor love. But the literary man, as such, takes no account of this, and is contented to express human nature and its ideal without looking beyond it, and to embody the best he can the intuition, the sentiments, the beliefs, the convictions which he finds to be common to all men. He practises art without giving its philosophy. He who is truest to this common and universal human nature, and expresses it with the most vividness, clearness, distinctness, vigor, and energy, is the prince of literature, as the homage rendered by all men who read them, to Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare amply testifies.

As this common and universal nature is in every living and full-grown man, the true artist, whether he writes or paints, sings or sculptures, pronounces an oration or designs a temple, is he who best expresses what is truest, deepest, richest, and broadest in his own human nature. He who only copies the convictions, sentiments, or ideal of others, without having found them in himself, or made them his own by his life and experience, is unworthy of the noble name of artist, however successful he may be as a copyist or an imitator. He must draw from the well within himself, from his own inspiration, his own life and experience, his own ideal, or an ideal that he has really assimilated and made his own. So of the literary man. A literature which is simply copied or imitated from a foreign model is no literature at all in its artistic sense. Hence, we can assign no high rank to the Italian Sannazar, notwithstanding the exquisite beauty, rhythm, and polish of his Latin verse, for he is only a servile imitator of Virgil, and Virgil himself ranks below Lucretius, and even Ovid, to say nothing of Horace and Catullus, for he servilely copies Homer and other Greek poets.

It is not meant by this, that the literary man, to be original, must say nothing that has been said before him, for that would imply that no modern can be original. It is doubtful if there remains any thing to be said that has not been said a thousand times over already, and better said than any one can now say it. The author often finds, on extending his

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reading, that even in the very passages in which he honestly believed that he was saying something new, he had been anticipated ages ago. You can find little even in Shakspeare that is not, in some form, to be found in his predecessors. Originality does not consist in saying things absolutely new, or which no one has said before, but in expressing in our own way, from our own mind, what we ourselves have really thought, felt, or lived.

Our American literature wants, generally speaking, originality, freedom, and freshness. It lacks spontaneity, is imitative, and, for the most part, imitative of the English. Those of our writers who are free, racy, original, as some of them are, lack culture, polish, are rude and extravagant. We, as a people, are educated up to a certain point, better educated up to that point, perhaps, than any European people, but we are not a highly educated nor a highly cultivated people. A certain number of our scholars, historians, poets, and novel writers have a mental and social culture that places them on a level with the cultivated men of Europe; but, in general, our easy classes have more instruction than cultivation, while our poorer classes, excluding those of European birth, if better informed, are less well trained than those even of England. In literature and art we are provincials, striving to ape metropolitan fashions. Hence our literature is constrained and stiff, and has a certain vulgar air and tone. Like the American people themselves, it lacks free, manly, independent thought. It is licentious enough, at times, in doctrine and speculation, but there is all the difference in the world between license and freedom. In many sections we can find impudence enough, not unfrequently taken for independence; but, as a people, we have very little real independence of character, far less, in fact, than we had before 1776. *What will they say?* has more influence with us than with any other people on earth. My wife has constantly the fear of Mrs. Grundy before her eyes, and is afraid to consult her own taste, convenience, or means in furnishing her house, or in selecting and shaping her dresses. In politics we go with our party, and never dare think beyond it or differently from it; and hence it would be difficult to find a civilized nation on earth so destitute of scientific and thorough-bred statesmen as our own. Not a man amongst us was found, at the breaking out of the present formidable rebellion, able to solve a single one of the great problems it presented for practical solution. We

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have seen no statesmanship in either the administration or congress, or even in any of the leading journals and periodicals of the country. In religion we believe, or do not believe, with our sect, denomination, or church, accept, or reject its symbols alike without thought, without reason, and without any perception of their meaning. In literature we copy, or try to copy, the English, the French, or the German, seldom venturing to give free play to our own original powers, or even suspecting that we have any. There is even in our best literature a constant effort to conform to a foreign standard, to write or sing, not as we want to write or sing, but as somebody else has written or sung. Ralph Waldo Emerson is almost the only original writer of distinction that we can boast. His friend, Theodore Parker, thought and wrote as a sectarian, and was a rhetorician and sometimes a declaimer, but never a free, original thinker, and has produced nothing that will live.

We have any quantity of fictitious literature, fictitious in all the senses of the term, produced chiefly by women, and therefore weak, sentimental, preventing instead of aiding high national culture. We prize woman as highly as do any of our contemporaries, but we have no great liking for feminine literature, whichever sex has produced it. Woman has a noble and important intellectual mission, but she performs it by her conversational rather than by literary gifts. Her genius may emit flashes which penetrate even further into the surrounding darkness than the slower intellect of man, but the light is not steady enough, and is too transient, to enable us to see even the outlines of the objects it momentarily illumines. Man can penetrate further and rise higher by her aid than without it. Yet even the light she flashes, and which is so serviceable to him, has been struck out by her collision with the masculine intellect, and the problems she helps to solve she could never have conceived if man had not first suggested them and prepared her to grasp them. She can aid man, but can do nothing without him. She was made for him, and in herself is only an inchoate man. The effort of "our strong-minded women" to raise their sex from the position of drudge, plaything, or an article of luxury, is praiseworthy and well deserving our sympathy and coöperation; but when they go further, and attempt to make her as independent of man as he is of her, they forget the respective provinces of the sexes, and simply attempt to reverse the laws of nature, and assign to the fe-

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male of the species the office of the male. It is not conventionalism, but God, that has made the man the head of the woman, and not the woman the head of the man, and every day's experience proves that the men who lend themselves to the silly woman's rights movement are precisely the men the least acceptable to women. A woman wants a man, not a woman, for her husband, and a man wants a woman, not a man, for his wife.

The curse of the age is its femininity, its lack, not of barbarism, but of virility. It is the age of woman-worship. Women are angels; men are demons. Our modern literature, not our brave old English tongue, makes all the virtues feminine and all the vices masculine. A well-formed, fair-faced, sweet-tempered and gentle-spoken woman, if young and accomplished, is an angel; her sentimental tears are angel's tears, though her heart is cold, selfish, incapable of a single generous emotion or heroic virtue,—an angel, though utterly regardless of the misery she needlessly inflicts on an accepted lover, if her caprice only calls her to suffer also. Sweet angels are the dear creatures, if we may believe modern literature, though they make all connected with them thoroughly wretched, if they have gentle manners, pretty faces, and sweet voices. Yet it must be conceded that we have no class of writers who draw so much from themselves, in their writings, as our literary women. They draw from themselves, and draw themselves, and present woman, under the veil of pretended female modesty, which prevents her from being open, frank, truthful, honest, as self-willed, capricious, passionate, rash, artful, artificial, false, servile, tyrannical, exaggerating mole-hills into mountains, and seeing every thing through the distorting medium of a morbid sensibility. Their fault, a feminine fault is, that they exaggerate, and write themselves down infinitely worse than they are. Though moderately well read in feminine literature, we cannot call to mind a single heroine, drawn by a female hand, that is really frank and truthful, unless it be Jane Eyre, and Dinah in *Adam Bede*, and no one that a sensible man could love or wish for his wife.

But literature is the exponent of the life and character of the people who produce it. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain. Our authors, whether male or female, have labored, and still labor, under many disadvantages. The American people have the germs of romance in them

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as have every people, but they have not as yet been developed. Our country is new, and our people, as a distinct, free, and independent people, have hardly, as yet, attained to a consciousness of their own existence. The materials of romance have not yet been furnished us. We are removed from the old homestead, have lost its legends, traditions, and associations, and have too recently settled in the wilderness to have created them anew for ourselves. There is little mystery in our ordinary life, and we have, save in the southern Atlantic states, acquired no deep attachment to the soil, and are, if not a nomadic race, at least a moving, and a migratory, rather than a sedentary people. We have rich, varied, and magnificent natural scenery, though rarely equalling that of Europe, Mexico, or South America; but no human memories hallow it, and render it either poetical or romantic, and, as a people, we are not nature-worshippers. We have not that intense love of external nature which the English have, or affect to have. We are too familiar from our childhood up with woods and fields, pastures and meadows, winding brooks, water-falls, precipices, sheep feeding, lambs frolicking, cattle browsing, partridges whirring, quails whistling, birds singing, to go into ecstasies over them. If we are capable of being impressed by them, we have seen and felt more than the poet can express in his song, or the romancer seize and embody in his description. We have our rivers, our lakes, our forests, our mountains; but these, to serve the purpose of literature, must be associated with man, and consecrated by human joy or sorrow, human affections, or the fierce struggle of human passions. The wild Indian was a resource, but it has been exhausted by Cooper; and, besides, the Indian is himself the least romantic of mortals, and the memory of his treachery, his cruelty, and the fierce struggle for life which our pioneer settlers have had to sustain with him, is too recent to be poetical or romantic. We have a glorious nature, no doubt, but it is barren of legends, traditions, and human associations, unpeopled with fairies, even with dwarfs; descriptions of it soon become wearisome to the mind, fatiguing to the soul, as do our immense and treeless prairies to the eye. In traversing these prairies, we long for a hill, a tree, or any thing that can break the monotony. Nature, without man, or human association, as Byron well maintained, is not poetical, and cannot sustain a literature that does not soon become fatiguing and repulsive. We have never been able to admire Cole's

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picture of *The Voyage of Life;* for, though the human is there, it is dwarfed and crushed beneath the wild and massive nature overhanging it. The human is too feeble to transform it, or to clothe it with the bright and unfading hues of its own immortal spirit.

Most of us even, who live in cities, have been born and brought up in the country, and our cockney class, to whom nature is a novelty, is very small. Our cities themselves are mostly huge market-towns, where people congregate to trade, not to live. They are, with two or three exceptions, of which New York is not one, provincial in their tastes, manners, and habits; looking to some foreign city, chiefly London or Paris, as their metropolis. The commercial spirit dominates, and the commercial spirit is always and everywhere the most positive spirit in the world, so positive and hard, that it is only by a figure of speech that we can call it a *spirit* at all. The commercial classes, engrossed in business, intent on making, increasing, or retrieving their fortunes, have little leisure, and less taste for general literature, and absorb whatever of poetry or romance they may have in their nature in business operations or hazardous speculations. Our country residents are mostly country people. They have some education, but the mass of them, even when great readers, though characterized by much natural shrewdness and quickness of apprehension have not much mental culture, or intellectual development or refinement. Their tastes are crude and coarse, and after the journals, become a necessity of American life, crave yellow-covered literature, what are called "sensation novels," or works addressed specially to the sentiments, emotions, or passions. The more cultivated, but much smaller portion, who have wealth, leisure, and taste for polite literature of a higher order, rely principally on the supply from England, France, Italy, and Germany, or content themselves with re-perusing the classics.

The Americans as a people are colonists and *parvenus*. We have never yet felt that we are a nation, with our own national metropolis. Washington is only a village where are the government offices, and where congress meets; it gives no tone to our literature, and only partially even to our politics. Boston is more of a literary capital than Washington, but it is the capital of New England rather than of the nation. New York and Philadelphia are great book-manufacturing cities, but no great literary centres, like Lon-

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don or Paris. New York especially is the Leipsig of America, but the population of which it is the business centre, is hardly counted by the trade in their calculations of the sale of a book. New York subscribed for just one-eighth as many copies of Agassiz's great work on the Natural History of the United States as Boston. In our cities, so numerous and so wealthy before the breaking out of the rebellion, and so marked by their hurry and bustle, luxurious tastes, and frightful extravagance, the great majority of the wealthy citizens have become rich by their own exertions and successful speculations. They had sometimes, and sometimes had not, a good business education to begin with, but in general as little mental culture or refinement as wealth. Engrossed in money-getting, they have had little time and less disposition to supply their early literary deficiencies. Their brains exhausted in their business pursuits they cannot find relaxation in a literature that makes any demand on their intellects. They must seek their relaxation either in light, flashy, emotional novels, or in gross sensual pleasures. As parvenus, we seek rather to forget than to recall our own past. We are in a position which we were not born to, which we were not brought up to, and which we feel that we may at any moment lose. We do not feel ourselves at home, or settled for life; we are ill at ease; care sits on our brow, anxiety contracts and sharpens our features. We have no freedom, no leisure to cultivate the mind, to develop and purify our tastes, to find enjoyment in intellectual and spiritual pleasures. With fine original mental constitutions, with an unequalled cerebral activity, which unhappily tells on our bills of mortality, save in special or professional studies, there is perhaps no civilized people that is not above us in the higher intellectual culture, and in the development of thought. We are in this respect below Great Britain, and Great Britain is below most of the continental nations. Even the Irish and German peasants who migrate hither soon come to leave our old American population in the lurch, and to govern the country.

Such a public is not favorable to high literary culture, and it is no wonder that American literature is no great thing. In these days, when the public are the only literary patrons, literature of a high, generous, and ennobling character cannot be produced without a high, generous, and cultivated literary public, that finds its amusement and relaxation from business or dissipation in literature, in works of taste, in the creations

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of thought and imagination. As yet we have as a people no real artistic culture. The literary man is not independent of his medium. He can never be formed, by himself alone, without living, breathing, and moving in a literary atmosphere. Man cultivates man, and cultivated society is essential to the production and growth of a genuine, high-toned literature. The society and conversation of virtuous, refined, and cultivated women are also indispensable. Woman cannot be a literary man herself; but no literary man of correct taste, and of broad, elevated, and generous views and sentiments can be formed without her.

Some of these disadvantages are, no doubt, common to all modern society, so universally pervaded by what the late Emperor Nicholas so justly stigmatized as the "mercantile spirit," which makes all things venal, and estimates a man by what he has, not by what he is. Worth, now-a-days, means hard cash, or what can be exchanged for hard cash. But this "mercantile spirit," which turns even religion into speculation, and coins genius into money—of which Barnum, if a vulgar, is yet a real impersonation—is more rife in our country, and finds less to counteract or temper it than elsewhere. Here it coins the blood of our brave and heroic defenders, the widow's desolation, the mother's grief, and the orphan's wail into money, which our shoddy nabobs display in the form of silks, laces, and jewellery, with which they deck out their vulgar wives and daughters, as we are learning by an experience that will, in the end, be as bitter as it has hitherto seemed sweet. It is hard for genuine literary men to be formed in such a medium, and still harder for them to find a large appreciative public. Nevertheless, our literary artists must not despair; they must struggle manfully against the false taste and false tendencies of the age and the nation, not by preaching against them and scolding them, as we do in our capacity of critic, or as Cooper did in his later novels; but by laboring to produce fitting and attractive examples of what literature should be, by careful self-culture, by acquiring habits of independence, and by avoiding all servile imitation—not study—of foreign models, whether ancient or modern. No man writes well unless he writes freely from his own life. Above all, let them bear in mind that a literature destined to live, and to exert an ennobling influence on the national character, must entertain the ideal, be replete with thought, inspired by an earnest purpose, and addressed to the under-

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standing as well as to the affections, passions, and emotions. Truth has a bottom of its own, and can stand by itself; but beauty cannot, for it exists only in the relation of the true to our sensibility or imagination, as a combination of intellect and sense. The form of ancient classic literature is unsurpassable, but that literature finds its vital principle, that which preserves it as a living literature to-day, chiefly in its thought, in the truth which it expresses to the understanding, though under the form of the beautiful to our sensitive nature. Hence all efforts to exclude the study of the classics from our schools and colleges have failed and will fail. The neglect of the ancient classics marks simply the advance of barbarism.

Some of the remarks we have made have been suggested by reading *Hannah Thurston*, a story of American life, by Bayard Taylor, late secretary of the American legation at the court of St. Petersburg. Mr. Taylor enjoys a high reputation as a literary man. He is said to be a poet; but whether so or not we are unable to judge, for, to our loss, no doubt, we have read only two or three of his occasional songs, of which we did not think much. He has been a great traveller, has seen much, and relates well what he has seen. But we really know him only by his *Hannah Thurston*, and can judge him only as the author of that work. As the author of *Hannah Thurston*, he has most of the faults of American writers in general, and very few of the merits of such writers as Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Kennedy, Bird, and Gilmore Simms; and he even ranks below several of our female writers, such as Miss Sedgwick and the author of *Miriam* and *Husks*. He strikes us as a feminine man. The virile element in him, apparently, is weak, and he writes more as a man of sentiment than as a man of thought. His story is well conceived, and is conducted with artistic skill to its conclusion. His intention has been good, and he deserves high praise for it. His book may be read once, if not with intense interest, without fatigue; but we broke down in our attempt to read it a second time. It is unlike Thackeray's novels, which interest more on a second than on a first perusal. His book shows some experience of life, fine powers of observation, some humor, and now and then, unobtrusive wit; but it lacks strength—free, vigorous, masculine thought. It is called "A Story of American Life," and American it is, and none but an American could have written it; for none but an American could have

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shown us the same evident effort to write like an Englishman, without ever attaining to the real English manner. The American who does not try to write like an Englishman, and is contented to write as a man whose mother tongue is English, will catch more of the English manner than the one who does.

Mr. Taylor is unmistakably American. His style has the peculiarly American nasal twang. We, Americans, lack the English *aplomb*, the English *Selbstständigkeit*, and the English round and full pronunciation. We do not feel ourselves full-blooded Englishmen, are afraid to be ourselves, and seldom speak out, like men, our own mother tongue in a full round voice. We speak through the nose, in a thin, sharp voice, as if afraid to speak with an open mouth. This is especially true of us in the northern states; in the South and the West we find more individual independence. As a rule we both write and speak our common language with more grammatical correctness than do the English, but rarely with the same ease, fluency, and idiomatic grace. Our writers have as much genius, ability, and knowledge as the English, but less mental culture and less self-confidence, as any can feel who compares the *North American* with the *Quarterly*, or the *Atlantic* with *Blackwood*. There is almost always something of the plebeian and the provincial about us, and we act as if afraid of committing some solecism, or of neglecting some conventional usage which we have heard of but are unfamiliar with. This is easily explained by the fact that English writers themselves had, at the epoch of the founding of the Anglo-American colonies, very little of that high-bred and metropolitan air which the better class of them have now; and by the further fact that the first settlers of the colonies were chiefly provincials, plebeians, and dissenters from the national church, to which adhered the aristocratic and ruling classes of the mother country. The American people have sprung, in so far as of English blood, chiefly from the middle and lower classes of England, for, as Mr. Bancroft has justly remarked, royalty and nobility did not emigrate, and the larger portion of the colonial gentry, such as we had, abandoned the colonies when they declared their independence of Great Britain. The objections to the air and tone of our literature, apply more especially to New England and the middle states; the writers of the southern states have the temper and tone of a slaveholding community, are independent enough, but are

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too florid, too wordy, and incline to the pompous; western writers are free enough, but inflated, turgid, bombastic, and neglectful of the graces and proprieties of our mother tongue. Indeed, we are daily losing throughout the Union the purity, the simplicity, and directness demanded by the English genius, as is also the fact in England, owing to the extraordinary development of journalistic and periodical literature, and to the influence of Hibernian and feminine writers. The writers for our leading journals are in no small proportion Irishmen, and for our popular magazines women, or, what is far worse, feminine men, who have great fluency and little thought.

Mr. Taylor has a touch of the nasal twang of the middle states, which is very distinguishable from that of New England, but not a whit more agreeable or manly. The real "Down East" vernacular has been rendered classic by our excellent friend Seba Smith, in his famous Jack Downing letters, the only man who has yet written it. Haliburton, in his Sam Slick, Davis of this city in his counterfeit Jack Downing, and Professor Lowell, of Cambridge, in his Biglow Papers, write it as a language they have learned, as many Americans, ourselves especially, do English, never as their mother tongue. With Mr. Smith the language of "Down East" is really vernacular, and he writes it as naturally, as gracefully, as idiomatically as Burns or Scott writes broad Scotch, or Gerald Griffin the Munster brogue. We ought to be a good judge in this matter, for the Down East dialect was our mother tongue, and we never heard any other spoken till we were a right smart lad. Mr. Taylor writes English, very correct English, but with an American twang, all the more remarkable, for he evidently tries to write English as an Englishman. We find no fault with any writer for writing according to his own national character. Americans are not inferior to Englishmen, as we may one day prove, by a fierce war on the sea and on the land, if we have not done it already, and the inferiority of our literature is due to our fear to be ourselves. Human nature is as broad, as rich, as living in us as in Englishmen; their mother tongue is ours, and we can write it as well as they, if we only write as they do, from our own minds and hearts, and learn to express our own thoughts and sentiments in our own way, with frankness, directness, naturalness, and simplicity. Mr. Taylor's fault is, being an American, in trying to play the Englishman.

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Mr. Taylor is a practised writer, and writes with much facility, but he is neither a profound nor a vigorous writer. Still he is a shrewd observer, and, if he does not go to the bottom of things, he skims gracefully over their surface. His satire is free from malice; he is pleasant, bright, good-humored, and never ruffles your temper, or offends your taste. There are passages even, in his book, which indicate that he has a deeper nature than he displays, and has thought more than he pretends. It is, after all, only the smallest, and that not the best part of the man, that the author is able to express, and there are few men or women whose experience is not deeper and richer than can be found in the pages of the truest, deepest, and richest romance. Never yet has fiction been able to match the romance of real life. Mr. Taylor is unquestionably far superior to his book, but he does not, after all, strike us as a man of deep feeling or of original and far-reaching thought. He designs well, constructs not unhappily the outlines of his story, gives us its dry bones, properly arranged, and proves himself a good literary anatomist; but he succeeds not in clothing them with living flesh, nor in breathing a soul into the body, and bidding it live, which Heinrich Heine says is the grand defect of English literature in general. The English nature has more heart than soul, and is more remarkable for a deep sensibility, which it masks under a rough and bluff exterior, than for spirituality, and Americans in this respect, especially in the free states, share largely in the English nature. But no man is to be censured for not giving to the offspring of his brain what he himself has not to give.

Mr. Taylor lays the scene of his story in the interior of the state of New York, in the pleasant village of Skaneateles,—Ptolemy, as he calls it,—on the borders of the beautiful Skaneateles Lake, one of the most charming lakes in a state that should be called the Lake State, and his design has been to satirize gently, very gently, yet keenly and effectively, certain faults and follies into which our Anglo-Saxon nature betrays us. He points his wit and humor at several classes of philanthropists and world-regenerators, far more numerous and rampant before the outbreak of the rebellion than they are now. He laughs, and bids us laugh, moderately, at sewing-societies and tea-parties among our spinsters and some not spinsters, to make dresses for a pupil or two of the missionary schools in India, or to clothe half a dozen negro children in the interior of Africa, as yet unvisited by

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any traveller, European or American, though in this he has been preceded and surpassed by Dickens in his *Bleak House*. He takes off admirably the one-sidedness of the original abolitionists, the folly of Fourierism, the vain pretensions and immoral tendencies of Mesmerism, modern spiritism, and free-lovism, and discourses at length, philosophically, politically, economically, and æsthetically on woman's rights, all of which had some years since numerous advocates in the village named, and in or near it was founded an experimental establishment or community for the general and particular improvement of the human species, and giving the finishing stroke to the Creator's work. This part of his novel is happily conceived and well executed, and deserves for the author the warm gratitude of the public.

But we cannot say as much of the love-story. Hannah Thurston, who gives her name to the book, is the daughter of Quaker parents, has herself been brought up a Quaker, but has strayed beyond the limits prescribed by George Fox and Robert Barclay, and can hardly be said to be a Quaker at all. She has made humanity her God, and philanthropy her worship. She has devoted herself body and soul to the assertion of woman's rights, and insists that woman has the right to be treated as a man, to enter public life, or upon any public career, as a man, and to vote and be voted for as a man. She is, or wishes to be, a man-woman, and to force all men to recognize and respect her manly claims, which would be very well, if she were a man, and not a woman. She is tall, well-formed, very handsome, intellectual, passably educated, and on some subjects well instructed, refined in her tastes and feelings, liberal, generous, benevolent, but intolerant and unyielding where her principles and sense of justice are not acknowledged. She is about thirty years of age, has had several offers of marriage, which she has rejected, because she wishes to remain free to devote herself to the cause of humanity, so grossly and shamefully outraged in the degraded position in which society places her sex. The hero and lover is a certain Maxwell Woodbury, an American gentleman just returned from India, at the age of thirty-seven, where he has acquired wealth, or at least independence. He becomes acquainted at a tea-party with Hannah, whose views on woman's rights he combats. We have no space to follow the sharp and protracted discussions which took place between them. The author manages them passably well on both sides, but, so far as the logic goes, he

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gives the advantage decidedly to Hannah, who proves herself the better man. Indeed, she argues her cause bravely, and maintains her ground firmly, successfully,—Lucretia Mott herself could not have done better; and makes more progress in converting him than he does in converting her, —which is the best possible argument against her side of the question. They quarrelled almost from their first meeting, and for a long time quarrel as often as they meet, each obstinately refusing to see the other's side. The quarrels, at first, excite mutual dislike, then they excite mutual interest, and end in each falling desperately in love with the other. Hannah triumphs in the argument, as women always do, but is vanquished by love. Her head is strong, but her heart is weak. Max promises to inquire, to look closer into the question, and she is sure, if he does, he will agree with her. They in fact both inquire—into the state of their own hearts, find they have great "harmony of sentiment," and a true "union of hearts," conclude the best thing they can do is to marry, and the great question is settled in the way women and feminine men settle all great questions, not by reason, but by love, the grand conciliator. He, poor man, lets her have her own way, and she, proud woman, loves him, and when in due time she adds to her love as wife her love as mother, she does his pleasure, for she finds that in pleasing him she best pleases herself.

There is much truth to nature, especially to woman's nature in all this, but not to the nature of Hannah Thurston, who has lived to the age of thirty totally ignorant of the first motions of what is called love. The Hannah Thurston whom we knew, and we knew her well, though under another name, and when she was some years younger, never betrayed such weakness. She was more beautiful, as well as more majestic than Mr. Taylor has described her. She was tall, well formed, graceful in all her motions, and dignified in her whole deportment; her features were large, but of the purest classical type; her complexion was the fairest and richest that we have ever seen, and her large, deep blue eyes expressed rare sweetness, strength, and energy. Her manner was gentle, quiet, self-possessed, proud, commanding, not haughty or disdainful. She had tenderness, but no sentimental effusion, and never dissolved in tears. She appeared to be above all human weakness, self-poised, and self-sufficing, and conscious of ability to govern a household or an empire. You never thought of her as love-

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ly, but regarded her as queenly. She married when about twenty-five, not because she loved, but because she wanted a servant, and was willing to pay him his wages. Love, in Mr. Taylor's sense of the word, she could not, and obey any will but her own she would not, even were it the will of Heaven. Such was the real Hannah Thurston of our acquaintance, from whom Mr. Taylor has modelled his heroine, and therefore we insist that her falling in love with Max Woodbury, and marrying him as her husband, her lord, not as her servant, is a fiction. The real Hannah Thurstons are ideal, not sentimental, and sentiment in their vocabulary does not mean love; and though they may sometimes fall through the senses, through the sentiments never. They are born with lofty natures, the choice souls of their sex; even if they love at all it is only in the ideal, with that sublime affection of the soul which Plato discourses of with so much eloquence, or unfolds with that poetic charm which takes captive even the most unwilling of his readers.

People laugh at Plato's love, which, according to him, is one of the two wings on which the soul soars to the empyrean; but it is very real, and all love into which it does not enter is an intoxication of the senses, or weak, variable, and transitory sentiment. Hence, that admonition to husbands to love their wives, and wives their husbands "in the Lord," and, hence the benediction which the church bestows on the Christian spouses. But as this mystic love does not necessarily nor always prove a guaranty against the movement of the senses, it is always dangerous to cultivate it between the sexes, where the marriage relation does not exist, and is out of the question; and hence the justice of the warnings of all moralists against so-called Platonic attachments. Mr. Taylor's mistake is in giving us a Hannah Thurston of this high ideal character, who can love only with this ideal love, and then making her succumb to sentiment, and fall in love with Max Woodbury, and marry him as an ordinary woman, or a sentimental girl, just out of the nursery. We protest against this as not true to Hannah's nature. She could more easily have become Max Woodbury's mistress than his sentimentally loving wife. Women of her caste may sometimes be moved through the senses, and become the slaves as well as the tyrants of men they loathe; but there is no moving and binding them through the sentiments. They have sense and reason, body and soul, flesh and spirit. Their souls aspire to the highest ideal, which

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they find and can find in no man. They have no sentimental illusions, and in their love either rise to heaven or sink to hell.

The real Hannah Thurstons, when developed under the safeguard of religion, under the influences of the Christian faith, and the sense of duty, become the glory of their sex. If unmarried, or widows, they found or reform convents, govern religious houses or communities, found institutions for the relief of the poor, the redemption of captives, or the restoration of the fallen; aid in changing the face of society, in advancing religion and civilization; and when they die are canonized, and presented to the veneration of a grateful and admiring posterity; such are, in Catholic countries, the St. Catharines, the St. Teresas, the St. Claras, the St. Frances-de-Chantals. If developed without that safeguard, without positive religion, without the Christian ideal, and the Christian sense of duty; if taught, or suffered, to look upon duty as a vulgar restraint, as a trammel upon natural liberty, or the natural freedom of the soul, and worthless, because not spontaneous or instinctive, they become the shame of their sex, and are remembered only for their loose manners and disorderly lives. They give us an Aspasia, a Laïs, a Thaïs, a Sappho, a Cleopatra, a Julia, a Fulvia, a Messalina, a Ninon de l'Enclos, a Catharine II., a Georges Sand. They become notorious for their outrage upon law and private morals, and sometimes upon public decency. Now and then one of them may be converted, and edify the world by her sublime repentance and her grand expiations, like St. Mary Magdalene or St. Mary of Egypt. Hannah Thurston had Christian manners, but no positive Christian faith, and only an instinctive morality. She was engrossed with the cause she had espoused, and found in that a measurable protection, but she had no well-grounded principles, that could have given her the power of resistance in the moment of strong temptation.

The author makes the same mistake with regard to his hero, in whom are the types of two very different classes of men. To be what the author wished to represent him, Max Woodbury should be a man of high moral principle, who acts always from faith and duty, and never from mere sentiment. He should be as little sentimental as sensual; yet, though he has honorable instincts, elevated and generous feelings, good sense, and good breeding, he is sentimental rather than ideal; and if, to a certain extent, independent

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in his views, with the courage, in spite of village associations, to smoke his hookah, and take his glass of old sherry with his dinner or a friend, he has no religious principles, no positive convictions, and acts from no high moral or ideal motives. When Mrs. Merryfield leaves her husband, and runs off with a scamp to join the free-love community, he insists on her return, indeed, but not from a sense of duty, or for reasons addressed to her conscience. She must do it to avoid scandal, to prevent the village gossip, and because her husband loves her, is a more agreeable man than she thinks, and there is less incompatibility of temper between them than she has suffered herself to believe. She would miss her husband and her children, and, at her age, and with her memories and associations, she would not find the society of the free-lovers as agreeable as she fancies. Her husband is a worthy man, and she can never be happy in reflecting that she has left him desolate, and her children worse than motherless. He so well manages her self-love, that she fancies that it is she who shows herself generous and self-sacrificing in returning to the home she has abandoned; not her husband in receiving and reinstating her in her position as wife and mother, without a word or look of reproach.

Governed by a sense of propriety, by his good taste and generous feeling, by sentiment rather than by reason, wealthy, independent in his position, a returned East Indian, comparatively young, in the full vigor of his manhood, endowed with robust health and true manly beauty, Max Woodbury could never have contracted a sentimental marriage, or what is called a marriage for love, with Hannah Thurston, who is older, as a woman, than he is as a man, and all whose associations, habits, tastes, and sentiments are at variance with his own. He might have dispensed with wealth, but not, at his age, with youth. That he could have done only as a youth himself. He could no more have married for love a woman thirty years old, who from early youth had mingled with all sorts of men, sat with them on the same platform, and, throwing aside the veil of her modesty, addressed public meetings in defence of political, social, and domestic changes, all of which offended his taste or convictions, and some of which he regarded even as immoral, than he could a cast-off mistress or a notorious courtesan. He could at best have married her only to get a housekeeper, or some one to make his tea and coffee, to bring him his slippers and light his pipe. If they had had the high ideal

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character the author wished to give them, they would have been above all sentimental illusions; and if they had married, it would have been for other reasons and with other views than those assigned. Taken as they are represented, as sentimentalists, and above all mercenary motives, their marriage was simply impossible.

Mr. Taylor, and nearly all our popular writers on love and marriage, commit the mistake of placing the highest ideal of love in the sentimental order, and of expecting the happiness of the married life from the sentimental union of hearts. The most unhappy marriages are usually sentimental marriages, and we have never heard of a love-match that was not an unhappy match. A real union of hearts there may be, and there often is, but not a sentimental union. The harmony of sentiment the author speaks of is an illusion, and never yet existed between two individuals of the same sex or of opposite sexes. It sometimes appears to exist between two young lovers, and they are persuaded that it does exist, but they are deceived in themselves and in each other, for they heed only the sentiments which tend to unite them, and take no account of those which are mutually repellent, and which not seldom gain the mastery before the end of the honey-moon, if not suppressed by a sense of duty and a strong effort of the will. Then nothing is more uncertain, variable, and fickle, than sentiment. It depends more on physical than rational causes, and the finest imaginable sentimental union may be sundered for ever by a rainy day, a fit of indigestion, a nervous headache, an idle word heedlessly dropped by an idle friend or acquaintance, a misapprehended jest, look, or gesture, or any assignable or unassignable cause whatever. All sentiments, taken alone, are purely selfish, and in sentimental love we love only our own sentiments. Sentiments are the affections of the sensitive soul, merely modes of our own interior life, and never go out of it. We attain to a reality out of us by sense and reason, never by sentiment, and therefore in sentiment we love never another, but simply ourselves, or our momentary state of feeling. The feeling changed, the union is dissolved, and the love gone.

The necessity of woman's nature, and equally so of man's nature, is to love. But all love is worship; and the fine or high-sounding talk of the woman, that she would be loved as for herself alone, and of the man, that he wants to be loved for what he is in himself, when it is not simply a protest

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against a purely mercenary marriage, proceeds from the sentiment of pride, and is a demand that each shall regard the other as God. Two young lovers under the illusion of the sentiment of love, when it first becomes conscious of itself, may, in the intoxication of the moment, regard each the other as divine, but they both become, in each other's estimation, very mortal after the intimacy of married life. Men and women, say what we will, are imperfect creatures, and love can tolerate no imperfection in its object. No woman is worthy to be loved in and for herself alone, not even the purest, noblest, loveliest, holiest, the most beautiful and charming of her sex, not even the Blessed Virgin herself, for such love were idolatry; and no man is in himself and for himself alone worthy of love; even humanity is worthy of love, the supreme homage of the soul, only as elevated through the Incarnation to be the nature of God, and for ever inseparable from the divine personality. Men and women, the great no less than the small, are creatures, and do not suffice for themselves; and how then can a love which stops with the creature, which on the part of the man stops with the woman, and on the part of the woman stops with the man, suffice for itself? Husband and wife may and should be all in all to each other, in relation to other men and other women, but they never in themselves alone suffice for their own mutual love.

The error of supposing love as a sentiment suffices for the basis of a happy marriage is productive of much misery in our modern society. Women, save in the lower classes, are very generally educated, and intellectually as well as sentimentally. They are educated beyond the harem of the Turk and the gyneceum of the Greek, and in several branches of literature compete not unsuccessfully with men. Their education has raised them above a mere instinctive life, and developed in them wants which cannot be satisfied in the sentimental order. They can satisfy their craving to love and to be loved only in an order that transcends the finest and most generous sentiments as well as the senses. Yet their education does not supply the ideal wants it develops. It makes them aware of the necessity of the ideal to their happiness, and then sends them to seek it in the sentiments, where it is not to be found. The young girl is hardly out of the convent or the boarding-school before her sentimental illusions are dispelled, and, supplied with a clear understanding of nothing higher, she becomes cold, dry, hard,

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unloving and unlovely; she looks upon marriage as a purely mercenary thing, and coolly calculates for how much she can afford to sell herself or consent to be sold. Once married, she insists on receiving her price, which she proceeds to spend in such dissipations as she has a taste for, or as are within her reach, always in search of a "new sensation." Or, if the illusion continues till after marriage, the result is no better. Married in the expectation of finding happiness in the union of hearts and the harmony of sentiments, she soon finds that she has wants that these pretty things do not satisfy —ideal wants which they cannot meet—and she either suffers from the interior craving to love with no object to love, the most lively image of hell that the human imagination can form, or she tries, like her sister who married without love or expecting love, to find relief or forgetfulness in some sort of sensual dissipation. The evil is not confined to women; men suffer from it hardly less than women, for the need as well as the power of loving and being loved in man is even greater than in woman, and hence the chief reason why she almost always controls him, never yielding her will to his, and seldom failing to make him yield his to her. Woman's nature is lighter, more superficial than man's, and she is incapable of the strong, deep, and abiding affection which he experiences. Hence she can always, if she chooses, gamble on his love, and be his tyrant. A great deal of needless commiseration is bestowed on women, as if they were always the victims of man's tyranny or brutality. What women most love is their own will, and they generally contrive to have it. Men suffer more than women, but they do not make so much fuss about it.

The age does not err in its demand for the ideal; its error is in confounding the ideal with the sentimental. Love-matches are, we have said, usually unhappy, and however parents may have abused their power in individual cases, we have no doubt that in former times, and in countries where the old custom continues, the average of happy marriages, arranged by parents and guardians, was and is much higher than with us, where the young people take the matter into their own hands, barely condescending, when they have settled it, to inform the "Governor" or the "Landlady" of the fact, or going through the formality of asking consent when it is too late to withhold it. But a good custom become obsolete can never be revived, for it becomes obsolete because the course of events has left it behind. The age, again, does

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not err in setting a high value on sentiment, for the sentimental has its place in human nature, especially Anglo-Saxon nature, and its function in human life. The error is in supposing that it does or can suffice for itself; in supposing that love is fatal, is destiny, uncontrollable by intelligence and will; in not understanding that all love is worship, and that the creature can be safely loved only in the ideal, in the Creator. To love the creature in the Creator, or one another in God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, is not to love one another less, but is to give to love a rational and solid basis, a real substance to complete it, and to render it constant, abiding, and immortal as the human soul itself.

The age craves the ideal, suffers for the want of it, but does not know that in the nature of things it can be supplied only by Christian faith, hope, and charity. The soul is spiritual, and the sensible and the sentimental can satisfy it only as it integrates them or sees them integrated in the ideal, in God, the beginning and end of all things. The Christian religion is the revelation of the ideal, and it places it within the reach of all who are not turned away from it by false doctrines or a false education. The age misconceives both religion and its necessity. It patronizes religion, asserts its utility, its necessity even, for savage and barbarous tribes, for nations in the infancy of civilization, for the lower classes, for the simple, the illiterate, the ignorant, and for women and children even in our old civilized communities, but by no means for the enlightened, the cultivated, the highly civilized, the learned, the scientific, and the strong. It comprehends not that the nearer we approach to the animal world, the less do we feel the need of religion; and that the higher we rise in the scale of civilization, the more educated and enlightened we become, the deeper and more pressing are the wants developed in us, which cannot be satisfied either with the sensible or the sentimental, and which imperatively demand the ideal order, which transcends them, and brings us into immediate relation with the origin and end of all things. Religion does not recede as science advances, and the more we know of the universe, the intenser becomes our consciousness of the need of knowing and loving it in its principle and cause. Ignorance and barbarism are the greatest of all obstacles to religion, and it is almost impossible to get savages and barbarians to accept any religion but a gross and debasing superstition, founded

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on fear or dread, not on intelligence and love. The ignorant fear the wrath of the angry gods, and seek to appease them with costly presents, and painful, often cruel, sacrifices. This sort of religion, rather of superstition, no doubt, recedes as science advances; but not true religion, the religion founded on love, and which meets the soul's craving for the ideal. The greater the advance of civilization, the less can men and women enjoy themselves, find interior peace and serenity, without religion.

No doubt, the age, in words, insists on religion, and formally teaches it in its schools, but as something foreign to the human soul, imposed from abroad, enjoining a round of duties only arbitrarily connected with human life, and not needed or fitted to satisfy the wants that education has developed in the soul, and of which we are so painfully conscious. Our popular authors have learned that all worship is love, and all love is worship; but they teach us to love the Creator in the creature, and do not understand that when we love God only in loving creatures, we are simply idolaters; and that all idolatry is not only sin, but slavery, that degrades and debases, instead of purifying and elevating the soul. They should reverse their doctrine, and while holding all love to be worship, understand that we love not God in creatures, nor creatures in themselves, but creatures in the Creator, in whom they live, move, and have their being, and without whom they are nothing, and can neither love nor be loved. The unsatisfactory nature of the love which seeks to love the creature in itself, is due to the fact that in itself, or out of God, the creature is nothing, and presents no object to love. The love is necessarily, therefore, an empty sentiment, a simple interior craving which finds only itself to feed upon.

This loving of creatures in God is a love which has a real object, unfailing and unbounded, for the creature in God is perfect, complete, infinite, and may receive the full love or supreme homage of the soul. Marriage based on this love is sacred, holy, and can never, whatever the imperfections of the spouses, be utterly miserable, because it can never leave the mind utterly empty, and the soul to devour herself. In this sense all love—the sensible, the sentimental, the ideal—is holy, and marriage, in all its mysterious rites and relations, is as pure, as high, as laudable as virginity; for in all the soul offers her supreme homage to her Maker. The whole meaning of all this is, that in love and marriage

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reason or the ideal is primary, and the happiness is sought from the cheerful and faithful performance of the duties which belong to the married state, and to the state of the married in life. The faithful and loving performance of these duties secures repose and serenity of soul, even where the sentiments of the spouses do not happen to be perfectly harmonious. That delicate young girl, just from school, who, from a sense of duty and filial piety, marries, in obedience to her parents' wishes, a man whom she has never before seen, and whose sentiments, tastes, habits are by no means accordant with her own, may, at first, recoil, but she is not necessarily miserable, and the marriage may turn out a happy one, because nothing not within the power of good-will is necessary to make it so. The affections do not precede it, they follow it, because it was not entered into from sentimental illusion, and because nothing is demanded that, with God's grace, it is not possible on either side to give. The fine sentiments, the deep gushing feeling, the French woman's *grande passion*, is not necessary to the happiness of the married life, and indeed would never answer for every-day life. It would wholly unfit us for the ordinary duties of our state, and we suspect the truest and noblest Christian wives and mothers, they who have been dearest to their husbands, and are held in the most grateful and touching recollection by their children, have never felt it. We think the less one knows of it, the better. Poor friend Thurston, Hannah's mother, was all the better wife for the mistake with regard to her husband, which she so feelingly confesses to her daughter, and which she discovered not till he was dying. *La grande passion* may do for a woman who forgets what she owes to her husband, and takes up a forbidden lover; but it will never do for a wife. Sentiments, at best, are only the condiments; they can never be substantial *pieces* of the feast, which must be good sense, intelligence, and duty. A man would soon starve on curry or London Club sauce.

We have said here nothing new; the parson, in his sermon, has said it all, my dear, a hundred times. I have only given you the philosophy of his sermon, and shown you that it accords with the nature of things, save in accordance with which neither you nor I, however wise I am, or beautiful and angelic you are, can be happy, married or unmarried. So take what I have said kindly; for if I am old now, I have been young, and remember too well the follies of my youth.

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USE AND ABUSE OF READING.*

[From the Catholic World for July, 1866.]

We have been much interested in the grave and earnest essay on the abuses and dangers of reading, by P. Toulemont, in that excellent periodical, the "Études," so ably conducted by fathers of the Society of Jesus, and we would translate and present it to our readers in its integrity, if some portions of it were not better adapted to France than to the United States; yet much which we shall advance in this article is inspired by it, and we shall make free use of its ideas, facts, authorities, and arguments.

This is a reading age, and ours is to a great extent a reading country. The public mind, taste, and morals are with us chiefly formed by books, pamphlets, periodicals, and journals. The American people sustain more journals or newspapers than all the world beside, and probably devour more light literature, or fiction, or trashy novels than any other nation. Reading of some sort is all but universal, and the press is by far the most efficient government of the country. The government itself practically is little else with us than public sentiment, and public sentiment is both formed and echoed by the press. Indeed, the press is not merely "a fourth estate," as it has been called, but an estate which has well-nigh usurped the functions of all the others, and taken the sole direction of the intellectual and moral destinies of the civilized world.

The press, taken in its largest sense, is, after speech—which it repeats, extends and perpetuates—the most powerful influence, whether for good or for evil, that man wields or can wield; and however great the evils which flow from its perversion, it could not be annihilated or its freedom suppressed without the loss of a still greater good, that is, restrained by the public authorities. In this country we have established the *régime* of liberty, and that *régime*, with its attendant good and evil, must be accepted in its principle, and in all its logical consequences. If a free press becomes a fearful instrument for evil in the hands of the heedless or ill-disposed, it is no less an instrument for good in the hands of

* *Appel aux Consciences Chrétiennes contre les abus et les dangers de la lecture.* P. Toulemont. *Études Religieuses, Historiques et Littéraires. Tome 8. N. S.*

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the enlightened, honest, and capable. The free press in the modern world is needed to defend the right, to advance the true, to maintain order, morality, intelligence, civilization, and cannot be given up for the sake of escaping the evils which flow from its abuse.

Yet these evils are neither few nor light, and are such as tend to enlarge and perpetuate themselves. Not the least of the evils of journalism, for instance, is the necessity it is under in order to live, to get readers, and to get readers it must echo public opinion or party feeling, defend causes that need no defence, and flatter passions already too strong. Instead of correcting public sentiment and laboring to form a sound public opinion or a correct moral judgment, its conductors are constantly tempted to feel the public pulse to discover what is for the moment popular, and then to echo it, and to denounce all who dissent from it or fall not down and worship it; forgetting if what is popular is erroneous or unjust, it is wrong to echo it, and if true and just, it needs no special defence, for it is already in the ascendant; and forgetting, also, that it is the unpopular truth, the unpopular cause, the cause of the wronged and oppressed, the poor and friendless, too feeble to make its own voice heard, and which has no one to speak for it, that needs the support of the journal. When John the Baptist sent two of his disciples to our Lord to ask him, "Art thou he that is to come, or are we to look for another?" our Lord said: "Go and tell John . . . that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the gospel preached to them." Here was the evidence of his messiahship. "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

This is not all: needing to be always on the popular side, the press not only plants itself on the lowest general average of intelligence and virtue, but it tends constantly to lower that general average, and hence becomes low and debasing in its influence. It grows ever more and more corrupt and corrupting, till the public mind becomes so vitiated and weakened that it will neither relish nor profit by the soundest works needed as remedies.

In the moral and intellectual sciences we write introductions where we once wrote treatises, because the publisher knows that the introductions will sell, while the elaborate treatise will only encumber his shelves or go to the pastry-cook or the paper-maker. Not only do the journals flatter

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popular passions, appeal to vitiated tastes, or a low standard of morals, but books do the same, and often in a far greater degree. The great mass of books written and published in the more enlightened and advanced modern nations are immoral and hostile not only to the soul hereafter, but to all the serious interests of this life. A few years since the French government appointed a commission to investigate the subject of colportage in France, and the commission reported after a conscientious examination that of nine millions of works colported eight millions were more or less immoral. Of the novels which circulate in the English-speaking world, original or translated, one not immoral and possible to be read without tainting the imagination or the heart is the rare exception. Under pretence of *realism* nature is oftener exhibited in her unseemly than in her seemly moods, and the imagination of the young is compelled to dwell on the grossest vices and corruptions of a moribund society. Chastity of thought, innocence of heart, purity of imagination cannot be preserved by a diligent reader even of the better class of the light literature of the day. This literature so vitiates the taste, so corrupts the imagination, and so sullies the heart, that its readers can see no merit and find no relish in works not highly spiced with vice, crime, or disorderly passion. The literary stomach has been so weakened by vile stimulants that it cannot bear a sound or a wholesome literature, and such works as a Christian would write, and a Christian read, would find scarcely a market, or readers sufficiently numerous to pay for its publication.

It is boasted that popular literature describes nature as it is, or society as it is, and is therefore true, and truth is never immoral. Truth truthfully told, and truthfully received, is indeed never immoral, but even truth may be so told as to have the effect of a lie. But these highly spiced novels—which one can hardly read without feeling when he has finished them as if he had been spending a night in dissipation or debauchery, and with which our English-speaking world is inundated—are neither true to nature nor to society. They give certain features of society, but really paint neither high life nor low life, nor yet middle life as it is. They rarely give a real touch of nature, and seldom come near enough to truth to caricature it. They give us sometimes the sentiment, sometimes the affection of love with a touch of truth—but, after all, only truth's surface or a distant and distorted view of it. They paint better the vices of nature,

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man's abuse or perversion of nature, than the virtues. Their virtuous characters are usually insipid or unnatural; nature has depths their plummets sound not, and heights to which they rise not. There they forget that in the actual providence of God nature never exists and operates alone, but either through demoniacal influence descends below, or through divine grace rises above itself. They either make nature viler than she is or nobler than she is. They never hit the just medium, and the views of nature, society, and life the young reader gets from them, are exaggerated, distorted, or totally false. The constant reading of them renders the heart and soul morbid, the mind weak and sickly, the affections capricious and fickle, the whole man ill at ease, sighing for what he has not, and incapable of being contented with any possible lot or state of life, or with any real person or thing.

Besides books which the conscience of a pagan would pronounce immoral, and which cannot be touched without defilement, there are others that by their false and heretical doctrines tend to undermine faith and to sap those moral convictions without which society cannot subsist, and religion is an empty name or idle form. The country is flooded with a literature which not only denies this or that Christian mystery, this or that Catholic dogma, that not only rejects supernatural revelation, but even natural reason itself. The tendency of what is regarded as the advanced thought of the age is not only to eliminate Christian faith from the intellect, Christian morality from the heart, Christian love from the soul, but Christian civilization from society. The most popular literature of the day recognizes no God, no Satan, no heaven, no hell, and either preaches the worship of the soul, or of humanity. Christian charity is resolved into the watery sentiment of philanthropy, and the Catholic veneration of the Blessed Virgin lapses, outside of the church, into an idolatrous worship of femininity. The idea of duty is discarded, and we are gravely told there is no merit in doing a thing because it is our duty; the merit is only in doing it from love, and love, which, in the Christian sense, is the fulfilling of the law, is defined to be a sentiment without any relation to the understanding or the conscience. Not only the authority of the church is rejected in the name of humanity by the graver part of popular literature, but the authority of the state, the sacredness of law, the inviolability of marriage, and the duty of obedience of children to their parents, are discarded as remnants

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of social despotism now passing away. The tendency is in the name of humanity to eliminate the church, the state, and the family, and to make man a bigger word than God. In view of the anti-religious, anti-moral, and anti-social doctrines which in some form or in some guise or other permeate the greater part of what is looked upon as the living literature of the age, and which seem to fetch an echo from the heart of humanity, well might Pope Gregory XVI., of immortal memory, in the grief of his paternal heart exclaim, "We are struck with horror in seeing with what monstrous doctrines, or rather with what prodigies of error we are inundated by this deluge of books, pamphlets, and writings of every sort whose lamentable irruption has covered the earth with maledictions"!

"There doubtless are men," as Père Toulemont says, "who have very little to fear from the most perfidious artifices of impiety, as, prepared by a strong and masculine intellectual discipline, they are able easily to detect the most subtle sophisms. No subtlety, no *tour de métier*, if I may so speak, can escape them. At the first glance of the eye they seize the false shade, the confusion of ideas or of words; they redress at once the illusive perspective created by the mirage of a lying style. The fascinations of error excite in them only a smile of pity or of contempt.

"Yes, there are such men, but they are rare. Take even men of solid character, with more than ordinary instruction, and deeply attached to their faith, think you, that even they will be able always to rise from the reading of this literature perfectly unaffected? I appeal to the experience of more than one reader, if it is not true after having run over certain pages written with perfidious art, that we find ourselves troubled with an indescribable uneasiness, an incipient vertigo or bewilderment? We need then, as it were, to give a shake to the soul, to force it to throw off the impression it has received, and if we neglect to assist it more or less vigorously, it soon deepens and assumes alarming proportions. No doubt, unless in exceptional circumstances, strong convictions are not sapped to their foundation by a single blow, but one needs no long experience to be aware that this sad result is likely to follow in the long run, and much more rapidly than is commonly believed, even with persons who belong to the aristocracy of intelligence.

"This will be still more the case if we descend to a lower social stratum, to the middle classes who embody the great majority of Christian readers. With these mental culture is very defective, and sometimes we find in them an ignorance of the most elementary Catholic instruction that is really astounding. What, at any rate, is undeniable, is that their faith is not truly enlightened either in relation to its object or its grounds. It ordinarily rests on sentiment far more than on reason.

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They have not taken the trouble to render to themselves an account of the arguments which sustain it; much less still are they able to solve the difficulties which unbelievers suggest against it. Add to this general absence of serious intellectual instruction, the absence not less general of force and independence of character, and the position becomes frightful. In our days it must be confessed the energy of the moral temperament is singularly enfeebled, and never perhaps was the assertion of the prophet, *omne caput languidum*, the whole head is sick, more true than now. Robust and masculine habits seem to have given place to a sort of sybaritism of soul, which renders the soul adverse to all personal effort, or individual labor. See, for example, that multitude which devours so greedily the first books that come to hand. Takes it any care to control the things which pass before its eyes, or to render to itself any account of them by serious reflection? Not at all. The attention it gives to what it reads is very nearly null, or, at best, it is engrossed far more with the form, the style, or the turn of the phrase, than with the substance, or ground of the ideas expressed. The mind is rendered, so to say, wholly passive, ready to receive without reflection any impression or submit to any influence."

The great body of the faithful in no country can read the immoral, heretical, infidel, humanitarian, and socialistic literature of the age without more or less injury to their moral and spiritual life, or without some lesion even to their faith itself; although it be not wholly subverted. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? It is precisely the devouring of this literature as its daily intellectual food, or as its literary pabulum, that produces that sybaritism of soul, that feebleness of character, that aversion to all manly effort or individual exertion without which robust and masculine virtue is impossible.

There is certainly much strong faith in the Catholic population of the United States, perhaps more in proportion to their number than in any of the old Catholic nations of Europe; but this strong faith is found chiefly amongst those who have read very little of the enervating literature of the day. In the younger class in whom a taste for reading has been cultivated, and who are great consumers of "yellow-covered literature," and the men who read only the secular and partisan journals, we witness the same weakness of moral and religious character, and the same feeble grasp of the great truths of the Gospel complained of by Père Toulemont. To a great extent the reading of non-Catholic literature, non-Catholic books, periodicals, novels, and journals, neutralizes in our sons and daughters the influence of

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Catholic schools, academies, and colleges, and often effaces the good impression received in them.

The prevalence of such a literature, so erroneous in doctrine, so false in principle, and so debasing in tendency, must be deplored by Catholics, not only as injurious to morals, and too often fatal to the life of the soul, but as ruinous to modern civilization, which is founded on the great principles of the Catholic religion, and has been in great part created by the Catholic Church, chiefly by her supreme pontiffs, and her bishops and clergy, regular and secular. The tendency of modern literature, especially of journalism, a very modern creation, is to reduce our civilization far below that of ancient gentilism, and it seems hard that we who under God have civilized the barbarians once should have to begin our work anew, and go through the labor of civilizing them again. Our non-Catholic countrymen cannot lose Christian civilization without our being compelled to suffer with them. They drag us, as they sink down, after them. This country is our home and is to be the home of our children and our children's children, and we more than any other class of American citizens are interested in its future. It is not, then, solely the injury we as Catholics may receive from an irreligious and immoral literature that moves us; but also the injury it does to those who are not as yet within the pale of the church, but between whom and us there is a real solidarity as men and citizens, and who cannot suffer without our suffering, and civilization itself suffering, with them.

As men, as citizens, as Christians, and as Catholics, it becomes to us a most grave question—What can be done to guard against the dangers which threaten religion and civilization from an irreligious and immoral literature? This question is, no doubt, primarily a question for the pastors of the church, but it is, in submission to them, also a question for the Catholic laity, for they have their part, and an important part, in the work necessary to be done. There can be no doubt that bad books and irreligious journals are dangerous companions, and the most dangerous of all companions, for their evil influence is more general and more lasting. Plato and most of the pagan philosophers and legislators required the magistrates to intervene and suppress all books judged to be immoral and dangerous either to the individual or to society, and in all modern civilized states the law professes either to prevent or to punish their

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publication. Even John Milton, in his *Areopagitica*, or plea for unlicensed printing, says he denies not to magistrates the right to take note how books demean themselves, and if they offend to punish them as any other class of offenders. English and American law leaves every one free to publish what he pleases, but holds the author and publisher responsible for the abuse they may make of the liberty of the press. In all European states there was formerly, and in some continental states there is still, a preventive censorship, more or less rigid, and more or less effective. Formerly the civil law enforced the censures pronounced by the church, but there is hardly a state in which this is the case now.

Whatever our views of the civil freedom of the press may be, ecclesiastical censorship, or censorship addressed to the conscience by the spiritual authority, is still possible, and both proper and necessary. The act of writing and publishing a book or pamphlet, or editing and publishing a periodical or journal, is an act of which the law of God takes account as much as any other act a man can perform, and is therefore as fully within the jurisdiction of the spiritual authority. So also is the act of reading, and the spiritual director has the same right to look after what books his penitent reads, as after what company he keeps. The whole subject of writing, editing, publishing, and reading books, pamphlets, tractates, periodicals, and journals, comes within the scope of the spiritual authority, and is rightly subjected to ecclesiastical discipline. In point of fact, it is so treated in principle by heterodox communions, as well as by the church. The Presbyterians are even more rigid in their discipline as to writing and reading than Catholics are, though they may not always avow it. The Methodists claim the right for their conferences to prescribe to Methodist communicants what books they ought not to read, and seldom will you find a strict Methodist or Presbyterian reading a Catholic book. It is much the same with all Protestants who belong to what they call the church as distinguished from the congregation—a distinction which does not obtain among Catholics, for with us all baptized persons, not excommunicated, belong to the church. There is no reason why the church should not direct me in my reading as well as in my associations, or discipline me for writing or publishing a lie in a book or a newspaper as well as for telling a lie orally to my neighbor or swearing to a falsehood in a court of justice.

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But when the church, as with us, is not backed in her censures by the civil law, when her canons and decrees have no civil effect, the ecclesiastical authority becomes practically only an appeal to the Catholic conscience, and while her censures indicate the law of conscience in regard to the matters censured, they depend on our conscience alone for their effectiveness. Hence our remedy, in the last analysis, as Père Toulemont implies, is in the appeal to Christian consciences against the dangerous literature of the day; and happily Catholics have a Christian conscience,—though sometimes in now and then one it may be a little drowsy,—that can be appealed to with effect, for they have faith, do believe in the reality of the invisible and the eternal, and know that it profiteth a man nothing to gain the whole world and lose his own soul. The church declares by divine constitution and assistance the law of God which governs conscience, and when properly instructed by her, the Catholic has not only a conscience, but an enlightened conscience, and knows what is right and what is wrong, what is useful and what is dangerous reading, and can always act intelligently as well as conscientiously.

Père Toulemont shows in his essay that it is not reading or literature that the church discourages or condemns, but the abuse of literature and its employment for purposes contrary to the law of God, or the reading of vile, debasing, and corrupting books, periodicals, and journals which can only taint the imagination, sully the purity of the heart, weaken or disturb faith, and stunt the growth of the Christian virtues. The conscience of every Christian tells him that to read immoral books, to familiarize himself with a low, vile, corrupt and corrupting literature, whatever may be the beauty of its form, the seductions of its style, or the charms of its diction, is morally and religiously wrong.

Père Toulemont shows by numerous references to their bulls and briefs that the supreme pontiffs have never from the earliest ages ceased to warn the faithful against the writings of heretics and infidels, or to prohibit the reading, writing, publishing, buying, selling, or even keeping impure, immodest, or immoral books or publications of any sort or form, as the civil law even with us prohibits obscene pictures and spectacles. It was to guard the faithful against improper and dangerous reading that St. Pius V. established at Rome the congregation of the Index; and that publications by whomsoever written judged by the con-

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gregation to be unsafe, likely to corrupt faith or morals, are still placed on the Index. Nothing is more evident than that the church, while encouraging in all ages and countries literature, science, and art, has never allowed her children the indiscriminate reading of all manner of books, pamphlets, tractates, and journals. There are writings the reading of which she prohibits as the careful mother would prevent her innocent, thoughtless child from swallowing poison. Her discipline in this respect is accepted and felt to be wise and just by every man and woman in whom conscience is not extinct or fast asleep. Even the pagan world felt its necessity as does the modern Protestant world. The natural reason of every man accepts the principle of this discipline, and asserts that there are sorts of reading which no man, learned or unlearned, should permit himself. The Christian conscience once awakened recoils with instinctive horror from immoral books and publications, and no one who really loves our Lord Jesus Christ can take pleasure in reading books, periodicals, or journals that tend to weaken Christian faith and corrupt Christian morals, any more than the pious son can take pleasure in hearing his own father or mother traduced or calumniated; and what such publications are, the Catholic, if his own instincts fail to inform him, can always learn from the pastors of his church.

The first steps toward remedying the evils of the prevailing immoral literature must be an earnest appeal to all sincere Christians to set their faces resolutely against all reading, whatever its form, that tends to sap the great principles of revealed truths, to destroy faith in the great mysteries of the Gospel, to subvert morality, to substitute sentiment for reason, or feeling for rational conviction, to ruin the family and the state, and thus undermine the foundations of civilized society. This, if done, would erect the Christian conscience into a real censorship of the press, and operate as a corrective of its licentiousness, without in the least infringing on its freedom. It would diminish the supply of bad literature by lessening the demand. This would be much, and would create a Christian literary public opinion, if I may so speak, which would become each day stronger, more general, more effective, and which writers, editors, publishers, and booksellers, would find themselves obliged to respect, as politicians find themselves obliged to treat the Catholic religion with respect, whenever they wish to secure the votes of Catholic citizens. Fidelity to conscience in those

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who have not yet lost the faith, and in whom the spiritual life is not yet wholly extinct, will go far toward remedying the evil, for the movement begun will gather volume and momentum as it goes on.

The next step is for Catholics to regard it as a matter of conscience to demand and sustain a pure and high-toned literature, or ample, savory, and wholesome literary diet, for the public. Reading, in modern civilized communities, has become in some sort a necessary of life, a necessity, not a luxury, and when we take into consideration the number of youth of both sexes which we send forth yearly from our colleges, academies, private, parochial, conventual, and public schools, we cannot fail to perceive that it is, and must be a growing necessity in our Catholic community; and we may set this down as certain, that when wholesome food is not to be had, people will feed on unwholesome food, and die of that which they have taken to sustain life. But if people, through indifference or negligence, take no heed whether the food be wholesome or unwholesome, or through a depraved appetite prefer the unwholesome because more highly spiced, very little wholesome food will be offered in the market. Many complaints are heard from time to time of our Catholic press, because it does not give us journals of a higher order, more really Catholic in principle, of higher moral tone, and greater intellectual and literary merit. Even supposing the facts to be as these complaints assume, the complaints themselves are unjust. The editors and publishers of Catholic journals edit and publish them as a lawful business, and very naturally seek the widest circulation possible. To secure that, they necessarily appeal to the broadest, and therefore the lowest average of intelligence and virtue of the public they address. They who depend on public sentiment or public opinion must study to conform to it, not to redress or reform it. The journals of every country represent the lowest average intelligence and virtue of the public for which they are designed. The first condition of their existence is that they be popular with their own public, party, sect, or denomination. Complaints are also frequently heard of our Catholic publishers and booksellers, for not supplying a general literature, scientific and philosophical works, such as general readers, who though good Catholics, are not particularly ascetic, and wish to have now and then other than purely spiritual reading, and also such as scholars and scientific men seek, in

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which the erudition and science proper are not marred by theories and hypotheses, speculations, and conjectures, which serve only to disturb faith and stunt the growth of the spiritual life. But these complaints are also unjust. The publishers issue the best books that the market will take up. There is no demand for other or better books than they publish; and such books as are really needed, aside from bibles, prayer books, and books for spiritual reading, they can publish only at their own expense. They are governed by the same law that governs editors and publishers of newspapers or journals, and naturally seek the broadest, and therefore in most respects the lowest average, and issue works which tend constantly to lower the standard instead of elevating it. The evil tendency, like rumor, *crescit eundo.*

There is no redress but in the appeal to Christian consciences, since the public now fills the place of patrons which was formerly filled by princes and nobles, bishops and monastic or religious houses. The matter cannot be left to regulate itself, for the public taste has not been cultivated and formed to support the sort of reading demanded, and will not do it from taste and inclination, or at all except from a sense of duty. The great majority of the people of France are Catholics, yet a few years ago there were Parisian journals hostile to Catholics, that circulated each from 40,000 to 60,000 copies daily, while the daily circulation of all the Catholic journals and periodicals in all France did not exceed 25,000. It should be as much a matter of conscience with Catholics to open a market for a sound and healthy literature as to refrain from encouraging and reading immoral and dangerous publications. We gain heaven not merely by refraining from evil, but by doing good. The servant that wrapped his talent in a clean napkin and hid it in the earth was condemned not because he had lost or abused his talent, but because he had not used it and put it out to usury. The church attaches indulgences to doing good works, not to abstaining from bad works.

The taste of the age runs less to books than to reviews, magazines, and especially to newspapers or the daily journals. People are too busy, in too great a hurry, for works of long breath. Folios and octavos frighten them, and they can hardly abide a duodecimo. Their staple reading is the telegraphic despatches in the daily press. Long elaborate articles in reviews are commended or censured by many

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more persons than read them, and many more read than understand them, for people nowadays think very little except about their business, their pleasures, or the management of their party. Still the review or magazine is the best compromise that can be made between the elaborate treatise and the clever leader of the journal. It is the best literary medium now within reach of the Catholic public, and can meet better than any other form of publication our present literary wants, and more effectively stimulate thought, cultivate the understanding and the taste, and enable us to take our proper place in the literature and science of the country. But here again conscience must be appealed to, the principle of duty must come in. Few men can write and publish at their own expense a magazine of high character, of pure literary taste, sound morals, and sound theology, able in literary and scientific merit, in genius, instruction, and amusement, to compete successfully with the best magazines going, and there is at this moment no public formed to hand large enough to sustain such periodical, and even the men to write it have in some sort to be created, or at least to be drawn out. It must be for a time supported by men who do not want it as a luxury or to meet their own literary tastes, but who appreciate its merits, are aware of the service it may render in creating a taste for wholesome instead of unwholesome reading. That is, it must be sustained by persons who, in purchasing it, act not so much from inclination as from a sense of duty, which is always a nobler, and in the long run, a stronger motive of action, than devotion to interest or pleasure; for it is in harmony with all that is true and good, and has on it the blessing of Heaven. It is precisely because Catholics can act from a sense of duty that we can overcome the evil that is ruining society.

No doubt we are here pleading, to a certain extent, our own cause, but we only ask others to act on the principle on which we ourselves are acting. *The Catholic World* is not published as a private speculation, nor with the expectation of personal gain. Our cause is what we hold to be here and now the Catholic cause, and it is from a sense of duty that we devote ourselves to it. We are deeply conscious of the need for us Catholics in the United States of a purer and more wholesome literature than any which is accessible to the great majority, and than any which can be produced outside of the Catholic community, or by others than Catho-

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lics. We need it for ourselves as Catholics, we need it for our country as a means of arresting the downward tendency of popular literature, and of influencing for good those who are our countrymen, though unhappily not within our communion. There is nothing personal to us in the cause we serve, and it is no more *ours* than it is that of every Catholic who has the ability to serve it. If we plead for our magazine, it is only as it is identified with the Catholic cause in our country, and we can be as disinterested in so soliciting support for it as if it was in other hands, and we solicit support for it no further than it appeals to the Catholic conscience. We have seen the danger to the country, and the destruction to souls threatened by the popular literature of the day, and we are doing what we can in our unpretending way to commence a reaction against it, and give to our American public a taste for something better than they now feed on. We cannot prevent our Catholic youth who have a taste for reading from reading the vile and debasing popular literature of the day, unless we give them something as attractive and more wholesome in its place, and this cannot be done without the hearty and conscientious coöperation of the Catholic community with us.

Catholics are not a feeble and helpless colony in the United States. We are a numerous body, the largest religious denomination in the country. There are but two cities in the world that have a larger Catholic population than this very city of New York, and there are several Catholic nations holding a very respectable rank in the Catholic world, that have not so large, and upon the whole so wealthy a Catholic population as the United States. We are numerous enough, and have means enough to found and sustain all the institutions, religious, charitable, educational, literary, scientific, and artistic needed by a Catholic nation, and there is no Catholic nation where Catholic activity finds fewer "lets and hindrances" from the civil government. We are free, and we have in proportion to our numbers our full share of influence in public affairs, municipal, state, and national; no part of the population partakes more largely of the general prosperity of the country, and no part has suffered less from the late lamentable civil war. We have our church organized under a regular hierarchy, with priests rapidly increasing in numbers, churches springing up all over the land, and Catholic emigrants from the Old World pouring in by thousands and hundreds of thousands. We

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are numerous enough and strong enough in all religious, literary, and scientific matters, to suffice for ourselves. There is no reason in the world, but our own spiritual indolence and the torpidity of our consciences, why we should continue to feed on the unwholesome literary garbage provided for us by the humanitarianism and pruriency of the age. We are able to have a general literature of our own, the production of genuine Catholic taste and genius, if we will it, and at present are better able than the Catholics of any other nation; for our means are ample, and the government and civil institutions place no obstacles in our way, which can be said of Catholics nowhere else.

Our Catholic community is large enough, and contains readers enough, to sustain as many periodicals as are needed, and to absorb large editions enough of literary and scientific works of the highest character to make it an object with the trade to publish them, as well as with authors to write them. Works of imagination, what is called light literature, if conceived in a true spirit, if they tend to give nature a normal development, and to amuse without corrupting the reader, ought to find with us a large public to welcome and profit by them. What the people of any Catholic nation can do to provide for the intellectual and æsthetic wants of a Catholic people, we Catholics in the United States can do, if we are disposed to set ourselves earnestly about it with the feeling that it is a matter of conscience.

And we must do it, if we mean to preserve our youth to the church, and have them grow up with a robust faith, and strong and masculine virtues, to keep them clear from the humanitarian sentimentality which marks the age and the country. Universal education, whether a good or an evil, is the passion of modern society, and must be accepted. Indeed, we are doing our best to educate all our children, and the great mass of them are destined to grow up readers, and will have reading of some sort. Education will prove no blessing to them, however carefully or religiously trained while at school, if as soon as they leave the school, they seek their mental nutriment in the poisonous literature now so rife. No base companions or vicious company could do so much to corrupt as the sensation novels, the humanitarian, rationalistic, and immoral books, magazines, and journals, which, as thick as the frogs of Egypt, now infest the country. Our children and youth leave school at the most critical age, and a single popular novel, or a single sophistical

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essay, may undo the work of years of pious training in our colleges and conventual schools. Parents have more to apprehend for their children when they have finished their school terms than ever before, and it is precisely when they have left school, when they come home and go out into society, that the greatest dangers and temptations assail them. From their leaving school to their settlement in life is the period for which they most need ample intellectual and moral provision in literature, and it is precisely for this period that little or no such provision is made.

Hence the urgency of the appeal to Catholic consciences first to avoid as much as possible the pernicious literature of the age, and second to create and provide to the utmost of our ability, good and wholesome literature for the mass of our people, such a literature as only they who live in the communion with the saints, drink in the lessons of divine wisdom, and feast their souls on celestial beauty, can produce—a secular literature indeed, but a literature that embodies all that is pure, free, beautiful, and charming in nature, and is informed with the spirit of Catholic love and truth—a robust and manly literature, that cherishes all God's works, loves all things, gentle and pure, noble and elevated, strong and enduring, and is not ashamed to draw inspiration from the cross of Christ. It will require much labor, many painful sacrifices to work our way up from the depths to which we have descended, and our progress will be slow and for a long time hardly perceptible, but Catholic faith, Catholic love, Catholic conscience, has once succeeded when things were more desperate, transformed the world, and can do so again. Nothing is impossible to it. It is your faith that overcomes the world.

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BEECHER'S NORWOOD.*

[From the Catholic World for December, 1868.]

THE Beecher family is certainly a remarkably gifted family, though we think the father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was the best of them all. Yet his two daughters, Miss Catharine Beecher and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, are women of rare abilities, and have made their mark on the times and sad havoc with New England theology. Dr. Edward Beecher has written several notable books, among which may be mentioned *The Papal Conspiracy* and the *Conflict of the Ages*, which prove him almost equally hostile to Rome and to Geneva. Henry Ward Beecher is the most distinguished of the sons, and probably ranks as the most popular, certainly the most striking, pulpit orator in the country. But none of the family are remarkable for purity of taste, refined culture, or classical grace and polish as writers. They would seem to owe their success partly to their audacity, but principally to a certain rough vigor and energy of character, and to their sympathy with the popular tendencies of their country. They rarely take, never knowingly take, the unpopular side of a question, or attempt to stem the current of popular opinion. They are of the world, and the world loves them. They never disturb its conscience by condemning its moral ideal, or calling upon it to strive after a higher and purer ideal. They have in an eminent degree the genius of commonplace. There are in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *The Minister's Wooing* passages of rare force and vigor, but they are not very original, nor very recondite. The Beecher genius is not lyrical or dramatic, but essentially militant and prosaic. It can display itself only against an antagonist, and an antagonist at least about to fall under the ban of public opinion. They have some imitative ability, but little creative power, and rarely present us with a living character. We remember only two living characters in all Mrs. Stowe's writings, Dred and the Widow Scudder; and we are not certain that these are not copies of originals.

**Norwood; or, Village Life in New England.* By HENRY WARD BEECHER. New York: 1868.

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The author of *Norwood* is less of an artist than his sister, Mrs. Stowe, and under the relation of art his novel is below criticism. It contains many just observations on various topics, but by no means original or profound; it seizes some few of the traits of New England village life; but its characters, with the exception of Judge Bacon, Agate Bissell, and Hiram Beers, are the abstractions or impersonations of the author's theories. The author has little dramatic power, and not much wit or humor. The persons or personages of his book are only so many points in the argument which he is carrying on against Calvinistic orthodoxy for pure naturalism. The substance of his volume seems to be made up of the fag-ends of his sermons and lectures. He preaches and lectures all through it, and rather prosily into the bargain. His Dr. Wentworth is a bore, and his daughter Rose, the heroine of the story, is a species of blue-stocking, and neither lovely nor lovable. As a type of the New England cultivated and accomplished lady she is a failure, and is hardly up to the level of the New England school-ma'am. The sensational incidents of the story are old and worn out, and the speculations on love indicate very little depth of feeling or knowledge of life, or of the human heart. The author proceeds on a theory, and so far shows his New England birth and breeding, but he seldom touches reality.

As a picture of New England village life it is singularly unfortunate, and still more so as a picture of village life in the valley of the Connecticut, some twenty miles above Springfield, in Massachusetts, where the scene is laid, and where the tone and manners of society in a village of five thousand inhabitants, the number Norwood is said to contain, hardly differ in refinement and polish from the tone and manners of the better classes in Boston and its vicinity. There are no better families, better educated, better bred, more intellectual in the state, than are to be found in no stinted numbers in the towns of the Connecticut valley, the garden of Massachusetts. The book is full of anachronisms. The peculiar New England traits given existed to a certain extent, in our boyhood, in back settlements or towns not lying near any of the great thoroughfares; but they have very generally disappeared through the influence of education, the railroads which run in all directions through the state, and the almost constant intercourse with the society of the capital.

The turnpikes did much to destroy the rustic manners

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and language of the population of the interior villages, and the railroads have completed what they left undone. Save in a few localities there is no longer a rustic population in Massachusetts, and very little distinction between the countryman and the citizen. In small country villages you may find Hiram Beers still, but Tommy Taft, Polly Marble, and Agate Bissell are of a past generation, and even in the past belonged to Connecticut rather than to the Old Bay State. Strangers suppose the people of the several New England states have all the same characteristics, and are cut out and made up after the same pattern; but in reality, except in the valley of the Connecticut, where there is a blending of the characteristics of the adjoining states, the differences between the people of one state and those of another are so strongly marked that a careful observer can easily tell, on seeing a stranger, to which of the six New England states he belongs, without hearing him speak a word, and not unfrequently the section of his state from which he comes. There is no mistaking a Berkshire county man for a Cape Codder, or a Vermonter for a true son of the Old Bay State, or a Rhode Islander. The gait, the air, the manners, the physiognomy even, tell at once the man's native state. The Vermonter is the Kentuckian of the East, as the Georgian is the Yankee of the South, and we have found no two cities in the Union, and there are few East of the Rocky Mountains that we have not visited, where the citizens of the one have so many points of resemblance with those of the other, as Boston, the metropolis of New England, and Charleston, the real capital of South Carolina. Accidental differences of course there are, but the type of character is the same, and the purest and best American type we have met with. And we are very disinterested in our judgment, for we are natives of neither city or state. In both we have the true English type with its proper American modifications. No two cities stood firmer, shoulder to shoulder, during the American war of independence, "the times that tried men's souls," than Boston and Charleston. They became opposed not till, under the lead of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania and Kentucky politicians, congress had fastened on the country the so-called American system, which struck a severe blow at the commerce of New England, and compelled its capitalists to seek investment for their capital in manufactures. It is a little singular that New England, which up to 1842 had voted against every

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protective tariff that had been adopted, should have the credit or discredit of originating and securing the adoption of the protective system. The ablest speech ever made against the system in congress was made in 1824 by Mr. Webster, then a member of the house of representatives from Boston. We express no opinion on the question between free-trade and so-called protection; we only say that Pennsylvania and Kentucky, not the New England states, are chiefly responsible for the protective system; the very remote cause, at least, of the late terrible civil war between the North and South, in which, if the victory was for the Union, the South are likely to be the gainers in the long run, and the North the losers.

But we are wandering. Mr. Beecher speaks truly of the diversity and originality of individual character in New England, which you discover when you have once broken through the thin crust of conventionalism; but he seems not to have observed equally the marked differences of character between the people of the several states. The wit of a Massachusetts man is classical and refined; of the Connecticut man sly, and not incapable of being coarse; of the Vermonter it is broad farce, and nobody better than he can keep a company of good fellows in a roar till morning. The Bay State man has a strong attachment to tradition and to old manners and customs, and his innovating tendency is superinduced, and is as repugnant to his nature as Protestantism is to the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. He is naturally a conservative, as the Scotch are, if we may so speak, naturally Catholic; and it was only a terrible wrench of the Scottish nature that induced the loyal Scots to adopt the reformation. The Connecticut man excels the Bay State man in ingenuity, in inventive genius, in doing much with little; is less conservative by nature, and more enterprising and adventurous, and in his exterior conduct more under the influence of public opinion. Each is proud of his state, and the Connecticut man especially, who has acquired wealth elsewhere, is fond of returning to his early home to display it; but attachment to the soil is not very strong in either, and neither will make heavy sacrifices for simple love of country. The Bay State man is more influenced by his principles, his convictions, like the South Carolinian, and the Connecticut man more by his interests.

The Vermonter has no conservative tendency by nature; he cares not the snap of his finger for what his father be-

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lieved or did; is personally independent, generally free from snobbishness, no slave to public opinion, and for the most part has the courage of his convictions; but he loves his state, loves her green hills and fertile valleys, and when abroad holds a fellow-Vermonter dear as his brother. A Georgian and a Connecticut man are fighting in Georgia; the Connecticut man looking on will wish his countryman to get the better of his Georgian opponent, but will not interpose till he has inquired into the cause of the dispute, and ascertained on which side is the law. A Georgian and a Vermonter are fighting under the same circumstances; the Vermonter comes up, looks, knocks the Georgian down, rescues his countryman, and investigates the cause and the law afterward. The Vermonter pays no attention to the personal responsibility he may incur; the Connecticut man tries to keep always clear of the law; and if he makes up his mind to do a great wrong to some one, he takes care to do it under cover of law, so that no hold can be got of him. The Bay State man is much the same; and the Connecticut man has less of patriotism than the Vermonter. We speak of what was the case in our own youth and early manhood; yet the character of the whole American people has so changed during the last forty years that we can hardly any longer recognize them, and in the judgment of an old man they have changed not for the better.

We have no space to remark on the characteristic differences of the three remaining New England states. These states have still less resemblance to each other. The people of Maine differ widely from the people of New Hampshire, and the people of Rhode Island have very few traits in common with the people of any of the other New England states. The author of *Norwood* has lost no little of his own New England character or overlaid it with his westernism. He is not in sympathy with the true New England character, as found in any of the New England states, and is more disposed to exaggerate, in his descriptions, its few eccentricities than to bring out its higher and nobler qualities. No doubt the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts and Connecticut set out with the intention of founding what they regarded as a Christian commonwealth, in which the evangelical counsels should be recognized and enforced as laws. They would have organized and maintained society, except in not enjoining celibacy, after the mode of a Catholic monastery. They attempted by constant vigilance and the strict enforce-

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ment of very rigorous laws to shut out all vice and immorality from their community. They were rigorists in morals, somewhat rigid and stern in their personal character, and have been generally supposed to be much more so than they really were. Their experiment of a Christian commonwealth as it existed in their own ideal failed, partly through their defective faith and the absence of supernatural grace, and partly through their exacting too much of human nature, or even of men in the flesh, except an elect few. But they, nevertheless, succeeded in laying the foundation of a Christian as distinguished from a pagan republic, or in founding the state, the first in history, on truly Christian principles, that is, on the rights of God, and which better than any other known state has protected the rights of man.

The Puritan did not separate from the Church of England on the principle of liberty of dissent, or because he wished to establish what liberals now understand by religious liberty. The principle of his separation was the Catholic principle, that the magistrate has no authority in spirituals, and no right to prescribe any forms or ceremonies to be used in worship. It was a solemn protest not against the doctrines of the Anglican Church, but against the authority it conceded in spiritual matters to the civil power—or the civil magistrate, as they said then. The Puritan was logical; he had a good major, and his conclusion would have been just, if his minor had only been true; and we are, in our opinion, indebted to him far more than to Lord Baltimore or to Governor Dongan of New York for the freedom of conscience secured by our institutions. Lord Baltimore and Governor Dongan sought the free exercise of their own religion for their co-religionists, and asserted, and in their situation could assert, only toleration. Neither could assert the principle of true religious liberty, the incompetency of the state in spirituals, holding, as they did, their power from the king of England and head of the Anglican Church. The Puritan abominated toleration, called it the devil's doctrine, and proved himself little disposed to practise it; but in asserting the absolute independence of the church or religion before the civil magistrate, he asserted the true principle of religious liberty, which the Catholic Church always and everywhere asserts, and laid in the American mind the foundation of that religious freedom of which our religion, which they hated, now enjoys the benefit.

We have nothing to say of the virtues of the Puritans in

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relation to the world to come; but they certainly had great and rare civil virtues, and they have had the leading share in founding and shaping the American state. They were grave, earnest—too much so, if you will; but however short they fell in practice, they always asserted the independence and supremacy of the moral order in relation to civil government, and the obligation of every man to obey God rather than men, and to live always in reference to the end for which God makes him. Their moral standard was high, and they set an example of as moral a people as can be looked for outside of the church. They had only a faulty religion, and perhaps were Stoics rather than Christians in their temper; but they always put religion in its right place, and gave the precedence to its ministers. They placed education under charge of the church, and the system of common schools which they originated or adopted was really a system of parochial schools, under the supervision of the pastor, and supported by a tax on the parish, imposed by the parishioners, in public meetings, on themselves. The centralized system of godless schools, borrowed from the convention that decreed the death of Louis XVI., generally adopted by the middle and western states, is hardly yet fully adopted in Massachusetts, though since 1835 it has been gradually gaining the ascendency.

The Puritans not only adopted a high moral standard, but they lived as nearly up to it as is possible for human nature alone since the fall, and few examples of a more rigidly moral people can be found than were the New England people for a century and a half after the landing of the Pilgrims, and to them, in no small measure, the whole Union is indebted for its moral character as well as for the greater part of its higher institutions of learning. There have been as learned, as gifted, as great men, found in other states, and perhaps even more learned, gifted, and greater; but there is no part of the Union where the intellectual tone of society is so high, or intellectual culture so general as in New England, especially in the states founded by the Puritans, as were Massachusetts and Connecticut. New York leads in trade and commerce; Pennsylvania latterly, Virginia formerly, in politics; but the New England mind has led in law, jurisprudence, literature, art, science, and philosophy; though since Puritanism has been lapsing into liberalism its preëminence is passing away. We speak of New England as it was thirty or forty years ago, or a little

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earlier, when the majority of the supreme judges, and two thirds of the members of the legislature of New York were Connecticut, or, at least, New England men. New England, we fear, is no longer what she was when we were young, and she appears only the shadow of her former self. She is attempting to do, from sheer calculation, and purely secular motives, what even in the heyday of Puritanism was more than she could effect, aided by strong religious convictions and motives. Still, if the substance is wanting, she keeps up the appearance of her old moral character, and in no part of the Union will you hear finer moral sentences, or better reasoned orations on the beauty of virtue and the necessity of religion to the commonwealth. Even New England infidelity is obliged to assume a moral garb, to express itself in Christian phrases, and affect to be more Christian than Christianity itself.

The author of *Norwood* does not do justice to the intellectual character of New England life, to the thought, the reflection, and movements of a New England village of five thousand inhabitants. His village philosopher, Dr. Wentworth, is very shallow, being very narrow and very prosy. We could easily find any number of farmers in the valley of the Connecticut able to see through his paganism at a glance and refute it with a word. Especially is the author unjust to New England women. No doubt such women as Polly Marble, Rachel Cathcart, Agate Bissell, and Mother Taft can be found in a New England village, but they are not representative characters. New England Puritanism was never so stiff, or so annoying to one's self or to others, as it appears in these exceptional characters. The women of New England are in general remarkable for their intellectual culture, their gentleness, their refinement, their grace and dignity of manners, the elevation and breadth of their minds, and the extent and variety of their information, no less than for their domestic tastes and habits, or superior *faculty* as housekeepers. There are, no doubt, blue stockings in Yankeeland which their wearers' skirts are too short to conceal; no doubt, also, there are women there who encroach on the rights and prerogatives of the other sex, and aspire to be men; but your leading woman's rights women and men are not New Englanders. Our old friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is a New Yorker, and Susan B. Anthony, if born in Nantucket, is a Quakeress, and the Quakers are of no country, or simply are their own country.

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Many movements are accredited to New England which originated elsewhere, and are simply taken up by a certain class of New Englanders in easy circumstances, as a diversion or a dissipation, instead of whist, balls, routs, and plays. Yet they are only a class. The Massachusetts legislature voted down, by a large majority, the proposition to give the elective franchise to women, and the legislation of the Old Bay State continues far more masculine and conservative than that of the state of New York.

Norwood leaves the impression on the reader that the Puritans were a set of gloomy fanatics, austere and unbending, harsh and cruel, minding everybody's business but their own, and seeking, in season and out of season, to cram their horrible doctrines down every neighbor's throat, and that the only sociable and agreeable people to be found among them were precisely those who had broken away from the Puritan thraldom, and returned to the cultivation and worship of nature. The wish is father to the thought. More social, neighborly, genial, kind-hearted, hospitable people it would be difficult to find in the Union than were the great body of these New England Puritans, than perhaps they are still; though they have by no means improved since they have abolished the dinner-table, as they suppose in the interest of temperance, and substituted opium for Santa Cruz rum and old Jamaica spirits, as they have philanthropy for devotion. Intellect, morals, and sociality seem to us to have sadly deteriorated under the misdirected efforts to advance them.

But Henry Ward Beecher has had a far other purpose in *Norwood* than to produce a work of art, to construct a story, or to sketch New England village life. He is willing enough to correct some of the misapprehensions which southerners have, or had, of New England character; but his book, after all, has a serious purpose, and is intended to be a death-blow to New England theological and moral doctrines.

The author, though nominally a Christian, and professedly a Congregational preacher, is really a pagan, and wishes to abolish Puritanism for the worship of nature. But it is less the Puritan than the Christian he wars against; and if he understands himself, which is doubtful, his thought is, that a child, taken as born, without baptism or regeneration, may be trained up by the influence of flowers and close communion with nature, beasts, birds, and fishes, reptiles and insects, to be a Christian of the first water. Dr. Wentworth represents this theory, and reduces it to practice in

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the training of his daughter Rose, whose chief educator is the half-idiot negro, Pete, "no great things in the intellects, but with a heart as big as that of an ox." The theory recognizes Christ only in nature, and really identifies him with nature, and resolves the Christian law of perfection into the natural laws of the physicists. The author holds, if any thing, that heaven, the crown of life, is in the order of generation, and is attainable as the result of natural development.

The theory, of course, rejects the very fundamental principle of Christianity, which declares that "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." The author, indeed, does not deny in words the new birth; nay, asserts it, but resolves it into a natural operation, a sort of mental and physical crisis, and recognizes nothing supernatural, or any infusion of grace in it; which is in reality to deny it. We have as hearty a dislike of Calvinism as any one can have, and we know it passably well by our own early experience; but we confess that we have no wish to see old-fashioned Puritanism exchanged for pure rationalism or mere naturalism, and as against Henry Ward Beecher, we are strongly tempted to defend it. Any one who knows New England at all, knows that its morals have deteriorated just in proportion as its old Puritanism has declined, or been liberalized. The fact, whatever the explanation, is undeniable. In our judgment, it is the natural result of loosening the restraints which Puritanism undoubtedly imposed on the passions and conduct, and leaving people to their natural passions, instincts, and propensities, without any restraint at all. Despotism is bad enough; but it is better than no government, better than anarchy. As it affects the question of conversion to the church, we see no gain in the change. We think a sincere, earnest-minded, Puritan a less hopeless subject than a liberal, like an Emerson, a John Weiss, a John Stuart Mill, a Mr. Lecky, a Herbert Spencer, or such men as were the late Mr. Buckle and the late Sir William Hamilton, who despise Christianity too much to offer any direct opposition to it. The honest Puritan is prejudiced indeed, and unwilling to hear a word in favor of the church; yet he believes in Christian morals, and has some conception of the Christian plan of salvation, and therefore really something for the missionary to work on; but men who have resolved Christianity into naturalism, and measure reality or even the knowable by their own narrow and

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superficial understandings, are beyond his reach. Their case is hopeless.

Puritanism keeps alive in the community a certain Christian habit of thought, a belief in the necessity of grace, and more or less of a Christian conscience. The greater part of the common people gathered into the sects in seasons of revivals, if our missionaries were present, could just as easily be gathered into the church, and be saved. We suffer terribly in this country for the want of missionary priests, who can go wherever their services are needed by those who know not yet "the faith once delivered to the saints." Our priests are too few for the wants even of our old Catholic population, and what with hearing confessions, and attending sick calls, building churches and school-houses, and providing for the most pressing wants of a Catholic people, are over-worked, and soon exhausted. The great majority of our priests die young, from excessive labor. There is with us a vast missionary field, not indeed among the sects, but among the so-called Nothingarians, who comprise the majority of the American people, and who, though without any specific belief, are yet far from being confirmed unbelievers. But let the Beechers and their associates succeed in reducing Christianity to naturalism, and you soon make this whole class downright infidels. We can have, therefore, no sympathy with Beecherism, or pleasure in seeing its success against even old-fashioned New England Puritanism.

We should say as much of the Presbyterianism of the middle, western, and southern states. We believe any of the older Protestant sects that retain a belief in the Trinity, the Incarnation, and future rewards and punishments, and that practise infant baptism, are preferable by far to any form of modern liberalism, which discards dogma for sentiment and reason for the soul, and are really nature-worshippers, and as much idolaters as were the old pagans, whose rivers and ponds, whose gardens and orchards were overrun with gods. Even a Methodist is upon the whole better than a liberal, however puffed up he may be by the successful worship of mammon by his sect, and its growing respectability in the eyes of the world.

We have bestowed, perhaps, more attention on Mr. Beecher and his novel than they deserve, but we have made them the text for a desultory discourse, partly in defence of New England against her denigration attempted by one of

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her prominent sons, and partly in protest against the revival of heathen nature-worship favored by the author. We have not aimed at exalting New England above other sections of the Union. Each section of our common country has its peculiar merits, which are essential to the welfare and development of the whole. New England has hers, which, in some respects, excel those of other sections, and in other respects fall short of them. It is not for us to strike the balance, and to decide which upon the whole preponderate. We have wished to give New England her due, without detracting any thing from what is due to any other section of the Union. We should be sorry to see the effort now making to new-englandize the South succeed. There are some things in the New England character that could be corrected with advantage: and there is much in the southern character, its openness, its frankness, its personal independence, its manliness, its aristocratic tone and manner, that we should be sorry to lose. But we do not like to find any man decrying his own native land or insensible to its merits.

MRS. GERALD'S NIECE.*

[From the Catholic World for January, 1871.]

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON is no stranger to our readers, nor to either the Catholic or the non-Catholic public. She is a convert to the church from Anglicanism, and a literary lady of distinguished merit. She stands, for her rare ability, rich and chaste imagination, high culture, and varied knowledge, elevation and delicacy of sentiment, purity, strength, and gracefulness of style, and the moral and religious tendency of her writings, at the head of contemporary female writers. She lives and writes for her religion, and seeks, through rare knowledge of the human heart and of the teachings of the church, combined with the graces and charms of fiction, to win souls to the truth, or at least to disarm the prejudices and disperse the mists of ignorance which prevent them from seeing and loving it. Her works

*_Mrs. Gerald's Niece._ A Novel. By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. New York: 1870.

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have done much in this direction, and deserve the warm gratitude of Catholics.

In general, we do not like modern novels, though our duty as reviewers requires us to read not a few. The bulk of our more recent novels or popular works of fiction compels us to form the acquaintance of very disagreeable people, with whom one cannot be intimate without losing something of the chastity and delicacy of the soul. Evil communications corrupt good morals. Our young men and maidens cannot associate even in the pages of a novel with rogues and villains, the licentious and the debauched, without having their imaginations more or less tainted, and their sensibility to virtue more or less blunted. Tony Trollope, one of the most popular of contemporary English novelists, in his Barchester novels, especially in his *Can You Forgive Her?* forces us, if we read him, to associate through wearisome pages with people whose morals and manners are of the lowest type, and whose acquaintance in real life we should as carefully avoid as we shun persons infected with the small-pox or the plague. We may say as much of his brother's *Lindisfarne Chase*, and not less of the works of such writers as Holme Lee, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Henry Wood, Wilkie Collins, Amelia Edwards, Charles Reade, Charlotte Bronté, Mrs. Gaskell, the mistress or wife of the positivist Lewes, and others too numerous to mention.

We know our modern novelists profess to be realists, and to paint men and women as they are, and society as it is; but this, even if it were true, as it is not, would be no excuse or extenuation. Vice and crime lose much of their hideousness by familiarity, and our horror of them is not a little lessened by the habit of associating with them even in imagination. We lose the flour of chastity from our souls when we mingle with them for pastime or distraction. Even they whose duty it is to make themselves acquainted with the diseases, moral and physical, of individuals or society, in order to learn and apply the remedy, unless strictly on their guard and protected by divine grace, are in great danger of losing their virtue. What must be the danger, then, to those who seek acquaintance with them from a morbid curiosity, the craving for excitement, or simple amusement? What judicious parent regards the *Police Gazette*, the *Chronicles of the Old Bailey*, or the reports of criminal trials published by our respectable dailies, as harmless reading for either sex? Yet the characters they present are real, such as are actually found in real life.

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We make no account of the poetical justice the writer administers to his characters at the end of his novel or romance. The mischief is done long before the end is reached, and done by association with the immoral and the criminal characters introduced—often the most attractive characters in the book—the familiarity acquired with scenes of iniquity, dissoluteness, and dissipation. The scene in which Fagin teaches young Oliver the art of pocket-picking has made more than one bright boy emulate the Artful Dodger. Nobody is deterred from house-breaking or street-walking by the horrid death of Bill Sykes or the tragic fate of Nancy. The evil of associating with such an accomplished hypocrite and scoundrel as Scott's Ned Christian, the dissolute and thoroughly unprincipled Duke of Buckingham, or the merry monarch, Charles II., with his mistresses, is imperfectly neutralized by the temperance of Julian and the modesty, purity, and fidelity of Alice. The reward of virtue and the punishment of iniquity in novels cannot abate, and can never undo, the harm done by association with evil-thinkers and evil-doers.

Nor do we concede that our modern novelists, realists as they claim to be, who treat us to any amount of intrigue and rascality, flirtation and coquetry, seduction and adultery, swindling and fraud, speculation and gambling, drunkenness and murder, whether in high places or low, give us a true picture of life or of society as it is. Their pictures of society are as false to real life as were those of the old mediæval romances so unmercifully and yet so justly ridiculed by Boiardo and Cervantes. Society is corrupt, rotten, if you will, but less so in reality than in the pages of a Bulwer or a Trollope. Virtue is still the rule, vice the exception, and society could not exist if it were not so. There is corruption enough in public and official life, we grant, to make Satan laugh and angels weep; but not all, nor the majority of the men in office or connected with government are peculators, swindlers, tricksters, villains, intent only on "the pickings and stealings," or their own selfish ends. They may often lack capacity, and fail to aspire to heroic virtue, but the evil-intentioned bear a small proportion to the whole. In domestic life, no doubt, there are unfaithful husbands and unchaste wives, but there are few countries in which they are not the exception. In the business world, there are rash speculators, fraudulent dealers, swindling bankers, corrupt railroad and other corporation presidents,

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directors, treasurers, and agents, but the great majority are, according to the standard of the business world, fair and honest in their transactions. Their standard may not be the highest, but they who do not live up to it are the exceptions to the rule. There is imperfect virtue in the world, but no total depravity; and rarely do we meet one, however hardened, who has not somewhere a mellow spot in his heart.

In addition to the faults of novels in general, novels written by women have the grave fault of tending almost uniformly to degrade woman. Women, of course, are the principal personages, and men only play second-fiddle in female novels, but of this we complain not; what we do complain of is, that women—who must be presumed to know, and to wish to write up, their own sex—depict women in their novels such as no honorable or high-minded man can love or esteem. We do not recollect a single heroine of a feminine novel that, were we young and a marrying man, we could love or desire to have for a wife. Women are almost invariably cruel to woman, they lay bare all her faults and imperfections, depict her as a weak and whimpering sentimentalist, deluging us with an ocean of tears; as an unprincipled intriguer and manager, a trifling flirt, a heartless coquette, playing with her victim as the cat with the mouse; or as a cruel despot, greedy of power and of its display, thoroughly unscrupulous as to the means she adopts to acquire it, and reckless of the hearts she crushes or the ruin she spreads in displaying it. Even when her purposes are laudable, they represent her in her efforts to realize them as artful, untruthful, diplomatic, never open, frank, straightforward, and honest. The whole plot of feminine novels turns usually on feminine dissimulations. The reader sees that a single word spoken when it might be and ought to be would prevent or clear up all misunderstanding, and make it all sunshine and fair weather for the lovers. The heroine sees it too, and would say it, but feminine modesty, feminine delicacy, or fear of misconstruction compels her to be silent and suffer, and so the plot thickens—misconstruction follows silence, complications of all sorts are created, distress caused and deepened to agony, till a happy accident near the end of the novel clears up the mystery, and ushers in a wedding and a honeymoon which might have come much sooner, if the lady had been frank, and had not insisted on being trusted on her bare word while shrouded in a very suspicious mystery, with all the appearances against her.

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Women's novels are very damaging to our respect for woman by the recklessness with which they reveal the mysteries of the sex, expose all her little feminine arts and tricks, lay bare her most private thoughts and interior sentiments, rend from her the last shred of mystery, and expose her unveiled and unrobed to the gaze of the profane world, and leave nothing to the imagination. They divest her of the mystic veil with which man's chivalry covers her. There are passages in *Jane Eyre*, for instance, which show that woman can enter into and describe with minute accuracy the grossest passions of man's nature, and which men could not describe to their own sex without a blush. Men are naturally more modest than women. To every young man not yet corrupted by the sex, there is something mystic, almost divine, in womanhood, something that fills him with awe of woman, and makes him shrink from the bare thought of abusing her as a sacrilege. This awe is both his protection and hers. Your feminine novels dispel the illusion, and prove to him that there is nothing more mystic in woman's nature than in man's, that her supposed divinity is only the projection of his chivalric imagination, and that, after all, she is only ordinary flesh and blood, kneaded of no finer clay than himself. It is a sad day for her as well as for him when that illusion is dispelled, and man is, as the French say, *désillusionné*. Woman alone can dispel it, and make man henceforth regard her as a toy or a drudge. St. Paul knew what he did when he forbade women to teach, commanded them to be veiled and silent in public, and to stay at home and learn of their husbands.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton is a woman, and is occasionally womanish, but her women do not make their toilette in public She respects as far as a woman can the secrets of the sex. She escapes the chief faults of modern novels, whether written by men or women. She does not draw on the Old Bailey, nor employ the detective police to "work up" her case. We are not introduced, in *Mrs. Gerald's Niece*, to a single downright villain or a single genuine coquette; and are not treated to a single case of seduction, adultery, bigamy, divorce, or even an incipient flirtation. We are not led to a single place of amusement and temptation. We are not required to associate with disreputable or even offensive characters, and the acquaintances we form are at least well-bred and respectable, and some of them distinguished for their intelligence, amiability, and eminent virtue. We re-

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new, and are pleased to renew, our intimacy with some old friends from *Grantley Manor*. Edmund Neville, now a worthy Catholic priest, and the sister of his deceased wife, and her husband, Walter Sydney, become earnest and devoted Catholics. Among the new acquaintances we form, if two or three are a little below the average, they are never brought prominently forward, and are never associates dangerous to one's manners or morals. Throughout, the moral and religious tone is high, and the atmosphere the reader breathes is pure and invigorating. Lady Georgiana is a gifted and highly cultivated Christian lady, who knows and loves her religion, and whose very presence is a joy and a blessing.

The plot, if it can be called a plot, of *Mrs. Gerald's Niece*, is not much, and the story, though a little improbable in parts, is simple, and apparently told not for its own sake, but as an occasion for the writer to introduce and develop the controversy between Catholics and the catholicizing party in the Church of England, in which her heart and soul are absorbed. Mrs. Gerald, whose husband died while she was still young, had an elder brother, Robert Derwent, the proprietor of Holmwood, one of the most beautiful places in England, whom she loved more than any thing else on earth. This brother, who married late in life, was lost off the coast of the Riviera, by the colliding with another in a storm of the steamer on which he had embarked, with his young wife and infant daughter, at Leghorn for Genoa, on his return to England, and which went down at the entrance of the bay with all on board, as it was supposed, except a poor cabin-boy and a female infant, who were saved in a boat. Mrs. Gerald is very anxious to believe that this infant is Robert Derwent's daughter, her own niece, not only because of her great love for Robert, but also because, if so, she is the heiress of Holmwood, and would prevent it from going to her younger brother, Herbert, who has no attachment to the place, and whom she dislikes for his dissolute character, for having made what his family regard as an improper marriage, and who has threatened to sell Holmwood if he ever gets possession of it. It is not easy to identify an infant only four months old; but the rescued child was found wrapped in a night-gown which Mrs. Gerald recognizes as one that she had herself worked for her niece, little Annie Derwent, and marked with the letters A. D., the initials of her name. Two witnesses from Florence who knew the

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child swore, too, that it was the child of the Derwents, and further evidence was judged unnecessary, and Mrs. Gerald takes the child, brings her up as her niece and the heiress of Holmwood, and lavishes upon her all the wealth of her affection, which the child seems to take as a matter of course, and for which no extraordinary return is needed.

One thing troubles Mrs. Gerald. As the little Annie grows up, though a very good child, she bears no resemblance to either Robert or his wife, or any one of the family, and appears much more like an Italian girl of Mentone than like an English girl. Could it be possible, after all, that she is not her niece? Might it not be that her great anxiety to find in her Robert's daughter had made her too ready to believe her so? Yet the proofs seemed conclusive—were thought so by others besides herself. So she stifles her doubts, cherishes her as her niece, and spares no pains with her education, till she is of age, and betrothed to Edgar Derwent, the son and only child of her brother Herbert, who had died a few months after his elder brother. Mrs. Gerald does not visit her dislike of the father upon the son. Edgar is almost brought up at Holmwood, and becomes nearly as great a favorite with his aunt as Annie herself. He is about four years older than Annie, and, as both grow up, Mrs. Gerald had nothing more at heart, though Edgar is poor and Annie a great heiress, than their marriage. Annie loves Edgar, and has loved him from a child, and he at least appears to be fond of her, and certainly is fond of Holmwood, and warmly admires its beauties. So by the aunt's consent and approval they are engaged to be married, and there seems no obstacle in the way of their union.

But before the wedding-day is fixed, Lady Emily Hendon, an invalid, and an acquaintance, returns to the neighborhood of Holmwood, from Mentone, where she has resided for thirty years or over, bringing with her an adopted daughter, Ita or Margaret Flower, a young lady of great vivacity and rare beauty, a foundling, picked up by a fisherman of Spedaletti floating in a boat at sea very near the spot where Annie herself had been rescued, and probably about the same time. She and Annie are apparently very nearly of the same age, and they become warm friends as soon as they meet; but Mrs. Gerald no sooner sees Ita than her trouble returns. Ita bears the most striking likeness to Robert Derwent's young wife, while Annie resembles her not in the least. When Mrs. Gerald learns the mystery

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that hangs over Ita's birth and parentage, and that she had also been picked up at sea on the coast of the Riviera, she is almost certain that she, not Annie, is her niece. But how can she bear to think of disinheriting Annie, and telling the girl she has brought up as her niece and the heiress of Holmwood that she is not her niece, is the child of nobody, and inherits nothing? Then, if Ita is her niece, she has a right to Annie's place, and cannot without great wrong be left out of it. Poor Aunt Gerald is greatly troubled, becomes nervous, irritable, and very capricious in her treatment of Ita, now showing her the most ardent affection and now repulsing her with aversion from her presence; falls seriously ill; and thinks it would be a great relief if she were a Catholic and could tell her troubles to a priest and ask his advice. She can place no confidence in her Protestant minister.

Edgar, who sides with the so-called Catholic party in the establishment, and had taken Anglican orders before his engagement with Annie, in the meantime enters upon the great task of instructing and relieving the poor and of catholicizing the Church of England, or developing the Catholic doctrines and church principles which he fancies she holds without knowing it, and even while denying them. Annie did not much like his becoming a minister—priest, as she said; she had been trained by her Anglican pastor as a Protestant, and believed nothing in the Catholicity of the Church of England, and indeed took no great interest in any of the religious questions of the day. She was not imaginative nor speculative, was not learned, but was straightforward and honest, with a large share of common sense. She had believed what her minister, the good old vicar, had taught her, and did not wish to be obliged to think out a religion for herself. But she loved Edgar, wished to see him happy, and was willing that he should be happy in his own way. She also recollected that she had the patronage of the living of Holmwood, and that on the death of Mr. Pratt, the present aged incumbent, she can confer it on Edgar. So it will do very well, and she will interpose no objection. In waiting for the vicarage of Holmwood, Edgar accepts from Lord Carsdale the living of Bramblemoor in the neighborhood, a poor living indeed, but affording ample opportunity for hard work among the poor and for carrying out "church principles."

But while Annie takes little interest in Edgar's labors

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and is not able to assist him in carrying out his church plans, Ita, who has been brought up among Catholics in Mentone and is rather partial to the Catholic service and Catholic usages, enters with spirit and ready sympathy into his plans, and becomes a zealous and efficient helper. What might easily be foreseen happens. Ita becomes more to Edgar than is Annie; she is constantly with him and aiding him. He has persuaded her that the Church of England is Catholic; their thoughts run in the same channel; their aspirations and hopes are the same; and he, though resolved as a man of honor to keep his engagement with Annie, whatever it may cost him, becomes aware that if he was free he could love Ita as he can never love Annie; and Ita finds that her love for him is becoming too strong to be resisted, except by flight. A terrible struggle between love and honor commences in the hearts of both, and threatens to make both miserable for life. Annie perceives it, and feeling certain that Ita has a power of making Edgar happy which she has not and never will have, and seeking only Edgar's happiness, she generously breaks off the engagement and leaves him free to love and marry Ita. She herself will never marry; during her life, she will provide amply for him and Ita; he shall have the living, be near her, and when she dies Holmwood will be his as next heir, or will go to his children. Edgar will be happy, and that is all she asks. Mr. Pratt opportunely dying, she gives him the living, surrounds him with all the comforts and luxuries of life her love can invent, and finds genuine pleasure in working in his garden, and seeing him happy in his love and unwearied efforts to bring the Church of England up to the Catholic standard.

Edgar is very devoted, and labors hard in his calling, loses his health, is in danger of losing his eyesight, and in about two years after his marriage with Ita is ordered by his physicians to seek a more southern climate. Ita takes him to Mentone, where she still retains the Villa Hendon, left her by Lady Emily, who had adopted her. Here and in its neighborhood Ita obtains a partial clue to her birth, loses all confidence in the Catholicity of the Church of England, and finds that, cost what it will, she must become a *real* Catholic. Proofs seem to multiply that she, not Annie, is Robert Derwent's daughter and heiress of Holmwood. This gives her pleasure in so far as it clears up the mystery of her birth, but greatly distresses her for Annie,

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to whose generosity she owes her beloved husband and all her happiness. Dispossess her generous and noble benefactress! No; it is not to be thought of for a moment. She tries to call the attention of her husband to the discoveries she has made concerning her birth and to take his advice, but he will not listen to her, does not want to know any thing of the matter, and is perfectly satisfied with his "pearl of the sea," without inquiring whether she is the child of somebody or of nobody. So she tells him nothing, and has a painful secret she cannot share with him.

The other matter she dares not broach with her husband. He calls himself indeed a Catholic, denounces Protestantism as a heresy, and mourns over its prevalence in his own church, but at the same time he cannot endure that any Anglo-Catholic should secede to the Church of Rome, or, as Ita expresses it, become "a *real* Catholic." It is not that he holds that the Church of Rome does not possess the character of the church of Christ, or that salvation is not attainable in her communion; but for Anglo-Catholics to secede and join the Church of Rome would be a great scandal, would discredit the Catholic movement in the Church of England, and tend to prove, what Protestants allege, that the movement is a movement toward Rome, and that those who are affected by it have no real belief in the Catholicity of the English national church. Although he looked forward to the union of the Church of England with the Church of Rome as the result of the movement, yet he regarded it as very improper and wrong for individual Anglicans to seek that union for themselves. They would be soldiers deserting their post. They would show a want of confidence in the Anglican position, of faith in the movement, and an inexcusable lack of patience and firmness under trial; they should stay in the church of their baptism, and labor to catholicize it, and prepare the way for a corporate union with Rome—a union to be effected not by submission to Rome, but on equal terms, or terms of mutual compromise. If he so felt about persons in general, what must he then feel to have his own darling wife desert him for Rome? She would thus show clearly her want of confidence not only in the movement, but even in him, her own dear husband, as a true Catholic priest, which, by the way, she never really believed him.

The bare hint that Ita one day gave him that her convictions were tending Romeward drove him almost beside

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himself and threw him into a rage. He forbade her to think of doing any thing of the sort, and told her that if she ever became a Roman Catholic she would lose his love, that he would leave her, and no longer recognize her as his wife. He told her that such a step would be the ruin of all his hopes, of his life itself. He was terribly excited, suffered seriously in health, and for a time became actually blind, and could see only by the eyes of his wife. She was so far affected by his excitement as to resolve to delay her union with the church till their return to England; but at the same time resolved, let come what may, to be true to her conscience and to do what it was clear to her God required of her. They set out on their journey homeward, stop by the way to consult a famous German doctor, whose prescriptions have a wonderful effect on Edgar's general health and through that on his eyes, and finally arrive in London, where he leaves her to carry out her intention of becoming a Catholic, if she persists in doing so, and returns himself alone to Holmwood, and throws up his living, very much to the wrath and grief of Annie, who sees in it the defeat of all her plans and sacrifices for Edgar's happiness.

Mrs. Gerald is more and more convinced that Ita is her niece, and that she had been too hasty in concluding the child she had brought up was Robert Derwent's daughter. Proofs accumulate in answer to her inquiries, till doubt is no longer possible. Her distress becomes agony, and she falls dangerously ill. Annie is inconsolable, and exceedingly angry at Ita, not for becoming a Catholic, but for not making Edgar happy, the only reason why she gave him up to her. His abandoning his living defeats all her plans, removes him from Holmwood, and leaves her no way of making him happy but by dying and leaving him to take possession of Holmwood as heir-at-law. Ita carries out her intention, and becomes a Catholic, which she had always wished to be, informs her husband of the fact, who tells her she may return to him if she is willing to do so. Aunt Gerald grows worse and dies, with her last look of love fixed on her true niece, much to Annie's wounded affection. Ita has satisfied herself, and even her husband, when she lays the proofs before him, that she is Robert Derwent's daughter, but they, like two simpletons, agree to keep the matter secret, out of regard to Annie. In making out who Ita is, they have cleared up the mystery also of Annie's birth, and found that she is the daughter of a poor Italian

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woman of Mentone, who was on board the steamer with her child when it went down with Robert Derwent and his young wife, and who is still living and longing for her lost child; but they dare not tell Annie, for fear that she will be deeply mortified to find a mother in humble life, although really refined and respectable. Annie is desolate. She will die by refusing to live. Holmwood will then be Edgar's, as it would have been if he had married her, and he will be happy, her only object in life.

When she is nearly dead, they venture to tell her the truth, that Ita, not she, is the heiress of Holmwood, which secures it to Edgar, and that she has a mother living in Mentone. This revives her, and as soon as able to travel she demands to be taken to her mother, whom she longs to see and embrace. Edgar and Ita take her to Ita's villa in Mentone, and bring her mother to see her, who recognizes her by a mark on her shoulder, and embraces her child after twenty-two or twenty-three years' separation. The mother, Mariana, is a pious and devoted Catholic; Annie, or rather Lucia Adorno, her true name, listens as a little child to the instructions of her poor but now happy mother, and soon returns to the church of her baptism. She is very happy; all has come out just as she wished it. Holmwood, through his wife, is Edgar's, and her cares for him are no longer needed. She is happy with her mother, offers up her life for Edgar's conversion, which is accepted. Hardly have Edgar and Ita reached Holmwood when a telegraphic despatch from Mariana informs them that Lucia Adorno, their beloved Annie, is dead.

Such is a brief outline of the story, and it is easy to see that it has capabilities of being moulded by the peculiar genius of Lady Georgiana into a very charming work of art. The characters are marked and truthful, stand out from the canvas with the distinctness and freshness of life. We much like dear Aunt Gerald, with her deep love for her niece, but the most lovable character to us is the generous, unselfish, and undemonstrative Annie, who is, in most respects, an exception to the heroines of feminine novels. She is, of course, very handsome, but not brilliant; has a good share of plain common sense, but no genius; she is very amiable, sweet-tempered, healthy, strong, self-poised, has a dislike of being pitied or petted, is free from vanity, is no coquette, no diplomate, is straightforward and honest. She loves Edgar, has loved him from her childhood, and has never sought even the admiration of another. She has

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always noted Edgar's fondness for Holmwood, and the strongest passion of her life has been to place him in possession of it; when, therefore, he asks her, with the approval of Aunt Gerald, her only guardian, to be his wife, her wishes are fulfilled, and she is happy. But when she perceives Edgar, if free, would love Ita as he does not and never will love her, and that Ita is far better fitted than she to make him happy, she at once, from her deep and unselfish love, gives him up to her rival, and exerts herself in the speediest and most straightforward way to bring about Edgar's and Ita's marriage, and to effect and provide for his happiness. Here, however, we think Lady Georgiana deviates not a little from the truth of nature, and ascribes to Annie a pure disinterested love, of which boarding-school misses may dream, but which is seldom or never found in real life.

Ita is very beautiful, sprightly, charming, with firm principles and a delicate conscience, which she is able to obey, though it cost her her husband's love and all her earthly happiness. We should like Georgiana's novels far better, however, if, in making converts, she dwelt less on the struggle certain natures, no doubt, experience in giving up the world for God, very unsatisfactory opinions for faith, or falsehood for truth. There is, very likely, in some cases a severe trial in leaving old associations and entering, as it were, into a new world; but, judging from our own experience, we do not believe the trial is so great or so severe as the conversions made in novels would lead one to think. In real life, there are no conversions to the Catholic faith without divine grace moving and assisting, and under the influence of that grace one is more deeply affected by what is to be gained than by what is to be lost. For ourselves, we know that with us there was nothing of the sort, and nothing could exceed the joy we felt as the truth flashed more and more clearly on us, and we saw that there was deliverance for us from the error and sin, the doubt and uncertainty, we had suffered from for more than forty years of a wearisome life. We were the wanderer returning home, the lost child returning to lay his head once more on his mother's bosom. Every step that brought us nearer to her was a new joy. And when we found ourselves in her embrace, our joy was unspeakable. We could not recall any thing we had lost, or count any thing we might yet have to endure; we could only sing the *Magnifi-*

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cat, and we have done nothing since but sing in our heart the *Te Deum*.

Edgar, the Puseyite minister, so devotedly loved by both Ita and Annie, is by no means an elevated character. He is narrow-minded and cold-hearted, so wrapped up in his own theories and so engrossed with his own projects that he has no thought or consideration for any thing else. He takes himself as the centre of the universe, and sees all things from the point of view of his own *Ich*. Lady Georgiana does not quite understand him. She meant him to be a pure and noble-minded man, with high and generous aims, simply blinded by his prejudices, and held back from the church by his devotion to his own views of Anglicanism. But she has made him exacting and selfish, hard-hearted and despotic—a true Anglican, who claims to be a Catholic and a priest without being even a Christian. Had he been a man of principle, he would never have suffered himself to have loved Ita while he was engaged to Annie; and if he had been a man of honor, he would never have accepted the sacrifice so generously offered by his betrothed. He could not have done it without ever after having despised himself. It is a great mistake in morals to assume that love is fatal, and that a man or a woman cannot control his or her affections, or prevent them from straying where they are forbidden. Satan has never broached a more damnable heresy than this of our sentimentalists, that love is fatal and uncontrollable.

The greater and the more important part of Lady Georgiana's novel is devoted to the question between Catholics and those who contend that the Church of England is Catholic, if she did but know and own it, and are trying to carry out "church principles" in its communion. The argument is conducted with spirit, courtesy, and ability, and the question is discussed under all its aspects in a manner that leaves little to be desired. All is said that needs to be said, and well said. Lady Georgiana, having been an Anglican, and probably a Puseyite, very naturally attaches more importance to the question than we do. For us, the Anglican Church is no church at all, but simply a Protestant sect or a national establishment. Anglicans are simply Protestants, and no more Catholics than Baptists, Presbyterians, or Methodists. The Anglo-Catholics, Puseyites, Ritualists, or whatever other name they are known by, are the most thoroughly Protestant section of the Anglican body, for they insist on following their own private judgment against the authorities of

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their own sect. Among them our Lord, we firmly believe, has many sheep which he will gather into the true fold; but while the great body of them are protesting, on the one hand, against the Protestantism of their own sect, and, on the other, against what they impiously call the "corruptions of Rome," they may be addressed in the words of our Lord: "Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, who build the sepulchres of the prophets, and garnish the tombs of the just, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye are witnesses against yourselves, that ye are the children of them who slew the prophets." What are ye better than your fathers, so long as ye do the deeds of your fathers, and adhere to the sect they founded?

Even if these people could bring the Church of England to accept in theory the whole teaching of the Catholic Church, to adopt in their belief all church principles and to carry them out in their worship, they would be as really outside of the church of Christ as they are now. They who adhered to the Church of England would not be Catholics, because the Church of England is not organically united to the Catholic Church, has no communion with her, and is not the body or church of Christ at all. You may have faith so as to remove mountains, may have prophecy and know all mysteries, distribute all your goods to feed the poor, and even give your bodies to be burned, it profits you nothing without charity; and charity, St. Augustine, even common sense, tells you, cannot be kept out of unity. If there is a Catholic Church, nothing is more certain than that the adherents of the Church of England do not belong to it; and it has always seemed to us that English-speaking Catholics are in the habit of touching Anglicanism with a consideration and a tenderness it does not deserve. They thus administer to the pride of Anglicans, already nearly satanic, and encourage them to believe that they are somebody, not as this Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Swedenborgian, Unitarian, Dunker, or Muggletonian, but infinitely nearer and dearer to God. They may or may not be something more or better in relation to natural society, but not a whit more or better in relation to the kingdom of God on earth or the life to come. If we are in that kingdom, they are out of it. They are not one body with us—and that says every thing it becomes us to say.

Lady Georgiana has certainly managed the controversial part of her book admirably well, and in its way *Mrs. Gerald's*

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Niece is all that could be reasonably desired. But this style of novel, half theology and half romance, is not to our minds the highest one. We do not place art on the same level with religion, but we love art and would encourage every species of it that does not tend to corrupt morals or manners. The artist, whether painter or sculptor, poet or novelist, should be imbued heart and soul with the true faith and with true piety. He should live and move in a Catholic atmosphere, inspire and expire it as the very breath of his soul, and then create, so to speak, spontaneously out of his full mind and heart. His productions will then teach no particular doctrine, inculcate no special moral, but they will breathe a Catholic spirit, and tone the reader to faith and piety. We do not object to a novel simply because it contains a love story—for love holds and will always hold an important place in most people's lives—if it be a story of true love, and told in a true and earnest Catholic spirit. Let the mind, heart, and soul be Catholic, and what they speak out of their abundance will always accord with Catholic faith and morals, and will be unobjectionable on the score of either.

Grace does not suppress nature, and nature has always a great part to play; but the trouble with many of our Catholic popular writers is that they are not thoroughly Catholic in their minds, and nature and grace move separately in their works, in alternate chapters, so to speak, as the beautiful and the grotesque in Victor Hugo's romances, and sometimes in opposite directions. They love as the world loves from nature alone; and when they pray or adore they leave nature behind, and act from grace alone. They do not make grace supplement nature, blend it and nature, and obtain real unity of life and action. When natural, they lack grace, and when they act from grace they lack nature; while grace should elevate nature to her own plane, and sanctify love and romance, without their losing any thing of their own proper nature or charms. When such is the case with our Catholic novel-writers, Christian faith and virtue, truth and sanctity, will inform their works, as the invisible soul informs the body. Then they will be able to write novels or romances as full of charm or interest, even more attractive than the popular novels and romances of the day, and sure, in the long run, to prove an antidote to their poison. Lady Georgiana, though she does not perfectly realize this ideal of a Catholic novel-writer, yet comes nearer to it than any other with whose works we are acquainted.

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RELIGIOUS NOVELS, AND WOMAN VERSUS WOMAN.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for January, 1873.]

THE first of these works is by the "Nun of Kenmare," the writer of several works which have been well received by the English-speaking Catholic public, among which may be mentioned "An Illustrated History of Ireland," and "A Life of St. Patrick." She is a convert from Anglicanism, and was, prior to her conversion, for five years an inmate of a Puseyite sisterhood, playing at religious. Her experience during that period, though first published separately, is, for the most part, incorporated into the volume before us, and is both interesting and instructive. Sister Mary Frances Clare is a very prolific writer, and at the rate she goes on, will, in a few years, furnish us quite a library. She possesses considerable intellectual powers, which must have been carefully cultivated; she writes with vivacity and vigor, with earnestness and power; but in those of her writings which we have read, we miss that meek and subdued spirit, that sweetness and unction, that we naturally expect in a daughter of St. Clare. We miss in them the spiritual refinement and ascetic culture we look for in a religious, and their general tone strikes us as somewhat harsh and bitter, sarcastic and exaggerated.

The main design of Sister Mary Frances Clare in "Hornehurst Rectory," is to expose the ignorance and cruelty of the superiors and directors of the Puseyite sisterhoods, or Protestant nunneries. As a novel, the book does not amount to much, and has only an indirect relation with the rectory from which it takes its title. The work loses more than it gains by mixing up fiction with historical fact; a simple, straightforward, truthful narrative, eschewing all appeal to fictitious persons and events, would have been more instructive, satisfactory, edifying, and even more attractive to the serious reader; while what may be called the novel or romantic part is too slight and too little exciting to command the attention of the confirmed novel-reader.

*1. *Hornehurst Rectory.* By SISTER MARY FRANCES CLARE. New York: 1872.

2. *Mrs. Gerald's Niece.* By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. New York: 1870.

3. *The House of York.* New York: 1872.

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"Mrs. Gerald's Niece" is of a different type, and indicates a genius, an artistic taste of a higher order, and a more practised hand, as well as superior religious and intellectual culture and refinement. Lady Georgiana Fullerton has done her best to blend in artistic unity the romantic and the serious parts of her work. As a novel, it is ingeniously designed, skilfully treated, and might be read with deep interest for its own sake, while the graver part, as the history of the trials and struggles of ingenuous souls, touched with a glimpse of Catholic truth, first in trying to catholicize Anglicanism, which will not be catholicized, and then in working their way upward to the light,—leaving home and breaking from old friends and endearing associations, from all that has hitherto made the charm of life, and in entering the Catholic Church, which is new and strange to them, uncertain as yet if they are not following an illusion, and yet borne onward by a power not their own, which they are unable to resist, and which they hardly dare trust,—has a charm and an interest of its own, which needs and receives nothing from the romance mingled with it, or, rather, placed in juxtaposition with it. The author with all her genius and skill cannot make the two currents coalesce and flow together in one and the same channel, or render congruous things which by their nature are incongruous.

One thing must be said of Lady Georgiana Fullerton: she rarely requires her readers to associate with vicious, vulgar, or disagreeable people; she has no such characters as Miss Dodds, Lady Rossmont, Rev. Mr. Humbletone, or the Rev. Mr. Thundertone, in "Hornehurst Rectory." Such characters may be drawn faithfully from real life—and we doubt not that they are so—but no reader is made better by familiar acquaintance with them. It is a grave objection to the "Tales of the O'Hara Family," though full of genius, that the reader is compelled to associate with vicious and criminal companions, thieves, cheats, swindlers, and vagabonds, from beginning to end. Even the amiable and gifted Gerald Griffin is not seldom, though in a far less degree, open to the same objection. The same objection lies against the novels of Dickens, the Trollopes, and the whole school of modern popular novelists who profess to paint real life. From all objections of this sort Lady Georgiana is almost wholly free, as is our own Fenimore Cooper, who, if not a Catholic, had at least the tastes and instincts of a gentleman; yet is she no less but even more real than Dickens.

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Both of these works deal with Puseyism. Lady Georgiana, in the graver part of her work, treats us to a very full discussion of the points in controversy between the catholicising party in the Anglican establishment and the Catholic Church; and Sister Mary Frances Clare exposes the sad failures of the attempts of the Puseyite sisters to imitate the Catholic religious. Both show ability and skill in accomplishing their respective objects; but in reading them we cannot help feeling that we are having quite too much of this. It is natural that those who have been brought up in Anglicanism, become familiar with Puseyism or ritualism, and are in constant relations with it, should attach more importance to it than we do; but we have never felt attracted by the alleged revival of Catholic feelings and usages in the Anglican establishment, and have never attached much importance to it. The Church of England is not and never has been any more to us than any other Protestant sect. It is not Anglicanism that sustains Protestantism, or that is the centre of its life and influence. Protestantism has life only in the Calvinist sects, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, or the sects usually denominated by themselves "Evangelical," because they are as far removed as possible from the Gospel, but all holding directly or indirectly from Calvin, with modifications, developments, and differences, indeed, yet all animated by the Calvinistic or satanic spirit.

The so-called Catholic revival in the Church of England, in operation for the last forty years, has been, no doubt, the occasion of many conversions, and of giving to the church some of her brightest ornaments and most efficient servants. We need mention, in proof, only a Newman and a Manning among the living, a Faber and a Wilberforce among those who have gone to their reward; but for one who has been converted, who can say how many Catholicly disposed individuals it has held back and detained in heresy by the delusion it has encouraged, that they can be Catholics without changing their position, and they ought to remain where they are and labor to bring their Anglican communion up to the Catholic level in doctrine and ritual, so as to render some day a corporate union with the Church of Rome feasible? Even among those who have conformed from the movement to the church, very few, if any, though they felt constrained to abandon it, ever give evidence that they did so because they felt that salvation was not attainable in

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Anglicanism, and that not merely by virtue of invincible ignorance. All their publications that we have seen giving their reasons for conforming to the Catholic Church, appear to concede that the Church of England contains truth enough, with the grace that accompanies it, to save the soul. They seem always to cherish the conviction that the Church of England, though in schism, and perhaps in heresy, is yet a church with valid orders and real sacraments.

If this is so with those who have conformed or been converted, how easy it must be for Puseyism to persuade its disciples that it is not necessary for the soul's salvation to conform at all; nay, to satisfy them that it would be very wrong for them individually to go over to Rome and leave the good work they are doing in catholicizing their own communion,—deprive the cause of the service they can render it by remaining in it, countenance the charge that the movement is a romanizing movement, and thus increase the popular prejudice against it! Lady Georgiana has set forth with great force and clearness this line of argument in "Mrs. Gerald's Niece," and shown its unmistakable effect in detaining souls craving the light, freedom, privileges, and helps of the Catholic Church, in the darkness and death of the Anglican communion. The leaders of the movement seem to us to incur the sentence pronounced by our Lord against them who "neither enter into the kingdom of heaven themselves, nor suffer those that would to enter;" and we agree that it is with truth they allege that their efforts to revive Catholic doctrines and usages in their church, instead of sending people to Rome, are the most effectual means of retaining them in the Anglican communion. If they can find, or be persuaded that they can find, their Catholic wants and tendencies met and satisfied by the realization of the assumed capabilities of Anglicanism, why should they leave it? Why should they not rather remain in it, and help on the realization?

There is no doubt in our minds, that the Puseyite movement originated in what we may call a gracious reaction of the Catholic spirit against Protestantism, but the so-called Catholic party in the Church of England and her American daughter have sought to turn it to their own advantage, or to prevent the reaction from having its legitimate termination, in which they have not been unsuccessful. Dr. Pusey is probably the best friend Satan has in the Anglican establishment. He labors under the delusion (certainly a satanic

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delusion), or at least does his best to carry away others by the delusion, that the Church of England is really a church, holding not merely from the civil government, but through the apostles and fathers from Christ himself, and therefore it is only necessary to revive the doctrines and usages which a long predominance of unchurch views and tendencies has suffered or caused to fall into abeyance, to make it a living branch of the Church Catholic. But this is a delusion. Were the whole Catholic faith preached in all Anglican pulpits, and the whole Catholic ritual carefully observed in all Anglican churches, it would avail nothing to make the Anglican Church Catholic, or a branch of the Catholic Church. You may dress a monkey in unexceptionable man's apparel, but it does not by that become a man, or any the less a monkey. The dress does not abolish the difference of species. The difficulty is, that the Church of England is no church at all, and has in herself not a single church element; she has no orders, no bishops, no priests, no sacraments, no church life. The ritualists are simply dressing and decorating a ghastly and grinning skeleton, under the delusion that it is a living body, or will be when completely dressed and decorated. As we know no chemistry by which life can be extracted from death, we have never hoped any thing from the movement for the conversion of England, still less for the catholicizing of the so-called Church of England. To us, Puseyism is no more than any other form of heresy; we might almost say, than any other form of gentilism.

The "House of York" is an American novel, and differs widely from both of the others on our list. It is by a Boston lady, and a convert, not from Anglicanism or Episcopalianism, but, we should judge by the internal evidence of her book, from Boston transcendentalism. She lacks the polished ease, the gentle repose of manner, the intellectual refinement, the spiritual culture, and the feminine delicacy and grace of Lady Georgiana, and has certainly spent fewer hours in prayer and meditation at the foot of the crucifix. Her style is fresh, vigorous, and at times brilliant, but unpolished, affected; and we find in her novel too evident traces of her Protestant education, and of her transcendentalist reading and associations. Her taste is not always certain, but she has rare ability, and shows artistic skill of much merit; yet she is far from being, like Lady Georgiana, free of her craft. She has made a good beginning, as it would be difficult to name a novel of the class to which

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hers belongs, written by an American woman, that is, upon the whole, superior or even equal to the "House of York." In one respect the "House of York" compares favorably with "Mrs. Gerald's Niece." It is free from sentimentalism, and its converts do not whimper and break their hearts at the thought of breaking away from old associations, old ties, old friends, to enter upon the life of faith and joy, peace and love, in the Catholic Church. This is probably owing to the fact that there is more individualism, and that old associations and social ties are weaker in this country than in England.

But whatever the merits of the work before us, neither it nor "Mrs. Gerald's Niece" disposes us to approve the class of works to which either belongs. We are not opposed to all novels, nor even to religious novels, if neither dogmatic nor controversial, and if written out from a heart that is thoroughly imbued with the religious spirit, and, as it were, transformed by it. Religious novels in this sense may be both attractive and edifying. They would tend silently to lift the life of the reader to a higher plane, and really serve in some degree the purposes of spiritual culture. The romance is not wanting, but it is informed with the pure and holy spirit of the Gospel of our blessed Lord, and elevates the natural sentiments and affections to the sphere of the supernatural. Such novels would be really religious novels in the highest sense of the term, though we were never shown the heroine at her morning and evening prayers, or engaged in earnest endeavors to convert heretics or unbelievers. Such novels would do much to supersede, or to counteract, the pernicious popular literature of the day, by creating a taste, a relish for a better, purer, and more elevating literature. But only genius of the highest order, informed by a thoroughly Catholic understanding, and directed by the most assiduous and truest ascetic discipline, which at once chastens and strengthens the soul, can produce them. Lady Georgiana Fullerton aims at a novel of this sort, and succeeds better than any other novel-writer we know, but fails to realize completely our ideal of what a truly religious novel should be. The writer of "Hornehurst Rectory," as well as the author of the "House of York," does not appear to have aimed at any thing of the kind.

But the dogmatic and controversial novel which aims to explain and defend Catholic faith and morals in connection with a story of love and marriage, strikes us as a literary

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monstrosity, which is equally indefensible under the relation of religion and that of art. Novels of this sort are intended as an antidote to the impure and corrupting sentimental and sensational novels with which we are flooded; the worst of which are written, strange to say, by women, and to which no little of the infidelity and immorality, the vice and crime of the age, must be ascribed. But we doubt if these novels serve as any such antidote at all. In the first place, serious-minded people, who will read the graver part, the controversy, the exposition and defence of Catholic doctrine and morals, find the story, the love and marriage portion, an annoyance of which they would prefer to be relieved; and those who read for the story are equally annoyed by the graver part, and usually skip without reading it. The fact is, the reading of either part indisposes one to read the other part. The state of mind produced by reading the one part is quite different from that necessary to relish the other. The parts do not cohere and produce unity of impression. In the second place, the romance part of these novels seldom differs except in degree from the objectionable popular novels. We take, for instance, the "House of York." It contains a love story, in fact, several love stories, and any number of marriages, differing from those usually found in popular works of fiction only in being not so high-wrought, tamer, and less attractive; but the interest or excitement—what there is of it—is of the same kind, and is less likely to satisfy the fresh and ardent imagination of youth, than to create a taste for more and more exciting reading of the same sort; a taste, indeed, which only the most exciting and sensational novels can satisfy. We think, therefore, that these religious novels, in so far as they are novels at all, only create in their readers a taste for the highly-spiced and poisonous literature they are intended to counteract or supersede.

There are, moreover, very few of our authors of religious novels, even when they know their religion well enough to avoid all grave errors in the serious part of their productions, who have so thoroughly catholicized their whole nature, consecrated their imaginations, and conformed their tastes, mental habits and judgments, sentiments and affections, to the spirit of Catholicity, that when they write freely and spontaneously out from their own imaginations, they are sure to write nothing not fully in accordance with their religion. They do not habitually live and breathe in a Cath-

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olic atmosphere; grace, prayer, meditation have not transformed, so to speak, the natural man, and supernaturalized their indeliberate thoughts, and affections, and the whole interior operations of their souls. As romance or novel writers, as far as they go, they have been formed by the popular literature of the day, and copy its tone and spirit.

The writer of the "House of York," in the romantic or fictitious part of her work, in the spontaneous treatment of love and marriage, gives no evidence that her interior soul is not as Protestant or as transcendental as it was before her conversion. Indeed, the authoress evidently, in treating of love, is treating of what to her is an unknown world. She shows in the conduct of her lovers great lack of delicacy and refinement, and we suspect that, prior to her conversion, she had some tendency, at least, to be a "strong-minded woman." But this is not precisely what we mean. She makes her heroine, while betrothed to one man, seek on all occasions the society of another, and actually fall in love with him, and break the heart of the honest and noble-minded young man, to whom her faith is pledged; and this, too, when she is ready to go through fire and water to secure baptism to a dying infant. It is true she tells him she will marry him, but he does not wish to marry one who does not love him, and whose heart is hopelessly another's. He generously releases her, and leaves her free to marry the imbecile but rich and highly connected rival she is in love with. In his self-depreciation and humility, he tells her, on giving her back her word, that he had always felt that he could never make himself worthy of her; whereupon she turns upon and abuses him, like an old fishwife, for having, when he so felt, gained her promise, and caused her years of suffering. But the authoress consoles him for his disappointment by making him a priest, as if the priesthood were a hospital for disappointed lovers.

In this we detect another instance of the cruelty of our women novelists to their own sex. Nothing can exceed the cruelty of the women writers of fiction to woman. They strip her of all her charms and lovable qualities, and paint her as heartless, capricious, despotic, intriguing, greedy of power, and indifferent to the ruin and misery she may bring upon those she is bound by every tie of nature and religion to love and cherish, if they come between her and her purpose. Neither hopes of heaven nor fears of hell can divert her from the passionate pursuit of the end she

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has once resolved upon. Fickle, capricious, variable as the wind in all else, she is hard as adamant, as rigid as iron, as inflexible and as inexorable as fate, when it concerns having her own will. In effecting it,—if we may believe these feminine novelists like Holme Lee and Florence Marryat (if she be the authoress of "Woman against Woman"), Mrs. Southworth, and the anonymous authoress of "Ebb Tide,"—she recoils from no meanness, no falsehood, no treachery, no crime. The moral mischief these feminine novelists do individuals and society is incalculable. "The age of chivalry," exclaimed Burke, when Marie Antoinette was conducted to the guillotine, "is gone;" and that it is gone, women have chiefly themselves to thank.

There is, as I have elsewhere written,* something chivalric in the heart of every young man not yet corrupted by the other sex, that makes him regard woman as something mystic and almost divine, that surrounds her with awe, and makes him shrink from profaning her as he would from profaning the shrine of the Divinity. For him, she is made of finer materials than the red slime of the earth from which his own rude sex is made, and he regards her as a being apart, and to be worshipped as a star in the distant heavens, but not approached,—as we are told the knight in days of chivalry worshipped his "ladie-love." A noble, a generous sentiment it was which woman, as the symbol of the beautiful, could inspire, of which she could be the object, but which she was never supposed capable of sharing. Our feminine novelists have obliterated this sentiment. They have disrobed woman of her divinity, divested her of the mystery that surrounded and protected her, have laid bare the secret of womanhood, and shown that woman is after all made only of ordinary clay, and is no less mortal flesh and blood than man himself. They have stripped her of all illusion and rendered her incapable of inspiring the chivalric sentiment the young man naturally cherishes for her, or real respect for her womanhood. The male youth of to-day spurn the old maxim, "Honor woman;" and while they seek her as an instrument of pleasure, they inwardly despise her.

It is a sad day for the morals of any country when woman ceases to be held sacred by the other sex, when she is brought forth from her shrine in the *adytum* of the temple,

Mrs. Gerald's Niece, ante, p. 548.

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and exhibited unveiled in the market-place. We tell those feminine writers,—who are so fond of making their toilet in public, and divesting their sex of its sacred mysteries, who have done their best to deprive woman of all honor and respect,—that their names should be execrated. We denounce them in the name of true manhood, in the name of true womanhood, in the name of our mothers and sisters, our wives and daughters, as the enemies of their sex and of the human race. The disgusting realism made popular by your Dickenses, Trollopes, Ainsworths, and others, and pushed to a still greater extreme by their feminine imitators, has not only destroyed the last vestige of chivalry, but has obliterated from the non-Catholic world the last trace of Christian morality. We set our face against Charles Dickens from the very beginning of his literary career, before we had become a Catholic, and have regarded his popularity as one of the worst symptoms of the age in which we live. He had wit and humor, if you will, but no elevation of mind, no lofty aspirations; his nature was low, grovelling, and sordid, and his morality a vague and watery philanthropy. Thackeray has great faults, but him we can endure; for, though apparently a realist, and cynical even, he had at bottom a rich and gushing human heart, and aspirations above the world he too faithfully painted. He was an idealist as well as a realist, and his idealism redeems his realism. But Dickens had no redeeming quality; his good people are remarkable only for their insipidity.

We are far enough from pretending, and should be sorry to be thought to imply, that the writer of the "House of York" treats her sisters as cruelly as do the authors of the feminine novels with which the English-speaking world is just now inundated, and which the excellent Madame Craven seems to regard as immeasurably more moral, but which we regard as far more immoral, than the popular novels of France. A novel is not moral because the heroine goes to church and is careful to say her prayers night and morning, or because the hero is a handsome, graceful, and accomplished young curate of ritualistic tendencies. All we say of the "House of York" is, that its tendency is to lessen the respect of the reader for woman. There may be real characters represented, of that we say nothing; but not a true, noble, high-minded woman, one whom we could love and honor, is presented us in its pages. As far as she goes, the writer follows in the traces of those feminine novels that

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depreciate the character of woman, and deprive womanhood of that sacredness and honor which are the best natural safeguards of the morals of the family and of the community; yet we grant she does not go far in this direction.

Unconsciously, also, the gifted authoress, to some extent at least, countenances the mischievous doctrine which pervades all modern literature and forms the basis for the demand for the abolition of Christian marriage, and the recognition of divorce *ad libitum*, or free-love; namely, that love is an affection not under our control, that we love where we must, not where we will, nor where it is our duty to love. It was the duty of Edith in the "House of York" to love her betrothed, and while engaged to him not to love another, and yet she does not love him, though she esteems him, and does love another, and without any blame by the authoress, apparently with her approval. Edith's resolution, in spite of her love for another, to marry Dick Rowan, at the expense of a life of misery, is no real keeping of her word. She really only gambles on Dick's generosity, for she knows he would die sooner than hold her to her promise, if he knew that it had become painful to her to keep it, which in the sequel proves to be the fact. Why did she suffer herself to fall in love with Carl while Dick holds her word? The only answer is that love goes where it will, is uncontrollable by reason and will, and is not amenable to a sense of duty—an answer any one who has proved unfaithful to husband or wife might equally well allege as a valid defence. It is this doctrine that love is involuntary, irrational, necessary, that wars so effectually against Christian marriage, and makes its indissolubility seem so hard and cruel. If we cannot control our affections, love where we should, and refrain from loving where we should not love, we have no right in marriage to promise to love one another until separated by death; and the reasoning of the advocates of free-love is conclusive, for no one has the right to promise what it is not in his power to perform.

But this view of love, which is that of all modern popular literature, and indeed of the whole modern world, is a dangerous, and, in relation to marriage, a wholly false view, and not to be entertained by a Christian moralist. There is, no doubt, a sentiment, a passion, called love, which springs up involuntarily as an affection of the sensitive nature. This does not depend on our will; and all we can do in relation to it when opposed to duty, is to resist it, refuse to yield to

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it or indulge it, and keep out of the way of temptation. It may be a very charming sentiment while it lasts; but a young couple marrying on the strength of this sort of love, or under its illusion—for illusion it is—seldom find it surviving the honeymoon, if so long. Hence so many unhappy marriages; and unquestionably far more unhappy marriages in a country where marriages are arranged by the young and inexperienced parties themselves, than where they are arranged by the parents. There is far more domestic affection, virtue, and happiness in France, than in Great Britain and the United States. As for mercenary marriages, no French mother or guardian could keep a sharper eye to the main chance than the average New York girl that has reached the mature age of sixteen, though she may sometimes be taken in, as the sharpest may.

Every Catholic who has been instructed at all in regard to the spiritual life, knows that what the masters call "sensible devotion" is of no account. Mere sensible love, or love as an affection of the sensitive soul, counts for just as little in domestic life. The Lord says, "My Son, give me thy heart:" He does not say, "Give me thy feelings," which are not under the control of the will, and therefore not ours either to give or to withhold. The only love worth naming, whether of wife or husband, parents or children, friends or neighbors, is the love of the heart, which in the Holy Scriptures always means an affection of the rational soul, and therefore under the control of free will. It is a rational and voluntary affection. This is wherefore Christian marriage, with the grace of the sacrament, is always practicable, and wherefore it is lawful to make the promises it exacts. For infidelity of either party to the marriage vows, for gross neglect of duty, or extreme cruelty, the church allows a separation, *a mensa et thoro*, but never *a vinculo matrimonii*; and this is all the relief that either party can reasonably demand.

Far be it from us to say or to imply that the gifted authoress of the "House of York" goes, or would in any case go, in depreciating women or in making love an affection of the sensitive nature, and therefore irrational and involuntary, to the lengths of modern feminine literature; and our censures are in the main designed for that literature, not for her, and are offered, *à propos* of the "House of York," with the good-natured design to put her on her guard against any and every tendency that favors it; for it is the *Weltgeist*, and in the very air we breathe.

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The object of the Catholic novelist, or cultivator of light literature, is not or should not be to paint actual life, or life as we actually find it, but to idealize it, and raise it, as far as possible, to the Christian standard, not indeed by direct didactic discourses or sermonizing, which is out of place in a novel; but by the silent influence of the pictures presented, and the spirit that animates them. The true artist never paints the actual landscape that unrolls before his bodily eye, but the ideal landscape which he sees with the eye of the soul, which after all is the more real landscape. So the literary artist does not paint actual life, which is simply mimetic, but the higher and more real, or, as says Plato, methexic life, in which the actual has its type and possibilities. One should always be true to nature, but not to that nature which is only imperfectly realized in the actual. The Catholic should aim in his literary productions to be true, not only to this higher and more real nature, but to this nature elevated by the infused habits of grace above itself to the plane of the supernatural. It is this truth that gives to Christian art its immense superiority over all pagan art, or Grecian models—which our contemporary artists make so much ado about—and makes its creations not unfit ornaments of our churches. The study of pagan models, or even models presented by actual nature, and the attempt to copy or imitate them, have nearly destroyed Christian art and art itself. Art has deteriorated just in proportion as men have lost the Christian faith and the Christian ideal, till it has nearly ceased to deserve the name of art, by embodying no thought or conception above the actual.

The popular literature created by most of our women novelists as well as by Dickens and his imitators is as faulty under the relation of Christian art, as it is under the relation of Christian, or even natural, morality. The influence of woman as wife and mother, as natural mother or spiritual mother, is most blessed and cannot be overrated; but there are only exceptional individuals of the sex, like Mother Juliana, St. Teresa, and St. Catharine, that should ever step out of their domestic sphere or their convent, and attempt to form the literature of a nation or an age. The corruptest epochs of all history are those in which women aspire to play the part of men, and men abdicate their masculine superiority and consent to play second fiddle to women. A queen of France once asked a duchess of Burgundy, why it is that the reign of queens is generally more

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successful than that of kings? "Because under a queen men govern, while under a king women govern," was the true as well as the witty answer of the duchess. Hercules at the distaff is not a picture we love to dwell on.

It is not against the "House of York" or "Hornehurst Rectory" that our remarks are directed, for their offences are comparatively venial, and are offences of omission rather than of commission; but against the modern realistic school, as it is called, which piques itself on painting life as it actually is, which eschews the ideal, and whatever tends to elevate the soul, or to inspire high and noble aspirations, and which we regard as the most corrupting and infamous school of literature that has ever existed. Better, a thousand times better, for the morals of the community, the extravagant and improbable romances of fabled knights-errant, so unmercifully ridiculed by Cervantes in his "Don Quixote," than the modern three-volume novels copied from the "Police Gazette" or the "Newgate Calendar." This school familiarizes us with vice and crime, makes us the companions of thieves, robbers, swindlers, and social outlaws of either sex, heedless of the fact that "evil communications corrupt good morals," hardly less effectually in the high-wrought pages of a book than in actual social intercourse. The works the school sends forth serve only to enfeeble intellect, to corrupt the heart, to debase the character, and to render our youth of both sexes mean, low, grovelling, and sordid. It brushes the flour from the blossoms of their hearts, initiates them into mysteries of which they should remain ignorant, checks all pure, lofty, or noble aspirations, and unfits their souls to receive, or profit by, the sacred truths or holy inspirations of the Gospel of our Lord.

We cannot, then, as a Catholic reviewer, do otherwise than set our face against all works of fiction that in the remotest degree tend to create a taste for this sort of literature. We believe that the greater part of our so-called religious novels, as well as most of the reading prepared for our children, directly or indirectly tend to create such a taste, and therefore we must, as a rule, discourage them as we do all popular novels, especially those written by women. If women must write, let them write history or, rather, biography, where the nobility or sanctity of the subject will keep them within bounds, while full scope is given to their keen insight into character, and for their natural tendency to admire and venerate what is manly, gener-

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ous, and heroic. If we could make any exception, it would be in favor of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who has an artistic taste, and who, the older she grows, becomes the more and more deeply imbued with the Catholic spirit.

If we have seemed to speak disparagingly of woman as a writer of fiction and creator of popular literature, it is not of Christian woman, far less of womanhood. We are old, with old-world notions on most subjects, which this age regards as ridiculous and absurd. We were brought up to honor woman, and to reverence womanhood, and we retain traces at least of our early training, and should like to see something of the old chivalric love revived in the masculine heart. We honor woman, we recognize her worth, as long as she remains a true woman, but we cannot, and God forbid that we should, mistake her for a man. It is the true woman, moving in and contented with her appropriate sphere and cheerfully performing the important and noble duties that Providence has attached to it, that we honor, and all but worship. When we see such a woman, we are young again; but we turn with loathing and ineffable disgust from the woman who, forgetting her sex, and throwing aside the veil of modesty, ascends with brazen face the platform, and spouts at political meetings, at reform clubs, or in lecture rooms, political nonsense and unblushing heresy, or downright atheism.

In the woman's rights movement in this country and Great Britain, a movement inaugurated by Mary Wollstonecraft, continued by Frances Wright, and supported by weak, silly, or designing men, women abnegate their womanhood, and forfeit the respect of every man whose respect is worth having. As far as women favor this movement,—which is a movement not only for female suffrage and eligibility, but for free-love and sensual indulgences,—to reverse the sentence of the Almighty on woman, "Thou shalt be subject to thy husband, and he shall have dominion over thee," they war against their own rights as well as interests as women; turn their backs on their high and sacred duties as wives and mothers, as daughters and sisters, and attack society in the very source and seat of its life. Nothing can better, than this shameful woman's rights movement, show the fatal tendency of modern literature out of which it grows, or the fearful abyss into which non-Catholic society has fallen. It, however, is the legitimate effect of the rejection of Christian marriage by the so-called reformers, and the false democ-

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racy after which the age hankers, and which was not improperly denounced by the American statesman and orator, Fisher Ames, as an "illuminated hell," only it is hell in its darkness without the illumination: for there is no light, not even phosphorescent light in it. The age supplies the premises from which it is the logical conclusion.

All true women, all women who retain any thing of the natural modest and shrinking delicacy of their sex, should not only be on their guard against doing any thing to favor the movement, which springs from a satanic illusion, but should in their own proper sphere do all in their power to counteract it. The Holy Scriptures are full of warnings against "strange women" who lure men to their destruction, and whose ways lead directly to hell. It is hardly less necessary to warn women, and men, too, enfeebled as they are by the feminine literature and perverted female influence of the day, against "strong-minded women" who are even more dangerous, and in heart equally impure, and whose influence, if not resisted in season will precipitate society, the nation, into hell.

CATHOLIC POPULAR LITERATURE.*

"All-Hallow-Eve" is a well written story, intensely interesting, founded on an Irish superstition. Its chief fault is, that, instead of combating the superstition, it appears to be written to confirm it, and to show that the devil has the gift of prophecy. The Irish, perhaps others too, not Irish, have a custom come down from heathen times in its main features, more honored in the breach than in the observance, of trying on All-Hallow-Eve various experiments to discover the secrets of the future, especially those which are peculiarly interesting to lads and lasses. The greater part, no doubt, regard it as a harmless sport, and see nothing serious in the attempts to read the future, have no belief in the predictions, and take no heed that the custom is a relic of heathen superstition, and strictly prohibited by the church. But the au-

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1. **All-Hallow-Eve; or, The Test of Futurity, and other stories.*
2. *Geraldine: A Tale of Conscience.* By E. C. A. New York: 1872.

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thor of "All-Hallow-Eve" takes the predictions *au sérieux*, and writes his story to exhibit their exact fulfilment. If, in the conduct of the story, he had contrived to laugh at the superstitious custom, and to show the folly of trusting to absurd divinations, instead of making them "the test of futurity," he probably might not have effected much one way or another; but he would have better discharged his duty as a Catholic writer. We can wink as hard as any one at old national customs, even though not free from superstition, especially in a people so conspicuous for their adherence to the faith, and for their sufferings for it as the Catholic Irish; but when it comes to defending such customs, it is quite a different thing, and goes against the grain. Aside from this point, "All-Hallow-Eve" is a powerfully written story, and a vivid sketch of a certain phase of Irish life and character.

"The Unconvicted, or Old Thornley's Heirs," one of the two other stories in the volume, is too much of an extract from records of the police, or the *Newgate Calendar*. The writer claims to be a lawyer, but he manages the case so badly that we wonder not that the accused, his dearest friend from boyhood, refused ever after to recognize his friendship, or to have any personal intercourse with him. Hugh, the nephew of old Thornley, accused of poisoning his uncle whom he loves, and tried for murder on evidence that would not justify suspicion of a cat, is unconvicted indeed, but branded with infamy by the jury in the very verdict that acquits him, and which is approved by the judge that tries him. We may have forgotten the little law we once learned, and little enough it was; but we believe that, according to English law as well as our own, the verdict of the jury in all criminal trials must be simply a verdict of guilty or not guilty, of conviction or acquittal. It may recommend the convicted to the mercy of the court, but we never heard of an English jury bringing in a verdict of not guilty, and yet adding, that till certain extraneous matters are cleared up, suspicion will justly attach to the accused whom they acquit of the crime with which, according to the verdict, he has been falsely charged.

We object, also, to the story, that all the bad characters introduced are Catholics. Old Thornley, an old reprobate, who married an heiress, and when he had made sure of her property, murdered her, is, if we recollect aright, a Catholic; his housekeeper who actually poisons him is a Catholic, so also is her wretched husband whom she caused on a false

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charge to be transported, and who finally murders her; and so are all the thieves, pickpockets, gamblers, swindlers, and counterfeiters, and double-distilled villains, introduced. There are, no doubt, bad Catholics enough in England and elsewhere, but we see no necessity for a Catholic writer to go exclusively among Catholics to find villains of any shade or hue; for either our experience deceives us, or there are some villains to be found among non-Catholics, who, better than any Catholics, disclose the depths of depravity to which men who turn their backs on God may fall. We are told, it is true, that these bad Catholics neglect the sacraments of their church, and in no respect practise their religion. There is no denying it; but even this seems to reflect in some degree on their Catholic parents, if not on the vigilance, zeal, and fidelity of their pastors or the clergy. When children are left to grow up in ignorance and in neglect of their religion, and in large numbers become vicious, criminal, and the pests of society, there is a fault somewhere, and it can never be all on the side of the children themselves.

The housekeeper is, perhaps, the vilest and most repulsive character in the story; yet the author extenuates, in some measure, her crimes on the ground that she committed them to advance the interests of her son, whom she has induced old Thornley to adopt as his nephew, and to make him the heir of the bulk of his immense wealth. Old Thornley is in her power, because she knows of his having murdered his wife. She poisons him to prevent his altering his will, or to conceal her theft of the new will he has just secretly, as he supposes, made, disposing of his property differently from her wishes. She accuses Hugh, the real nephew, of the murder, and contrives, with consummate skill, a combination of circumstances likely to secure his conviction. She fails. Hugh is acquitted, but his name is blasted. She has stolen and secreted the last will, but for some reason, perhaps to hold it *in terrorem* over her son, the heir under the previous will, she neglects to destroy it. It is found by the detective police and her machinations are at an end. She flies from London to Liverpool, where she engages her passage to America. While waiting for the packet to sail she encounters her husband from whom she had been separated for many years, with whom she had refused to live, and whom she had caused by her false swearing to be transported for house-breaking and robbery, of which she knew him to be not guilty, solely because she

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wanted him out of her way. He has fallen to be a low, worthless fellow, and the companion of the lowest and vilest criminals. He meets her at Liverpool and asks her to live with him; she refuses; he in his frenzy—a case of moral insanity—stabs her and gives her a mortal blow; but she survives long enough to make her confession to the priest and to repeat it before witnesses, so far as necessary to save the innocent, receives absolution and the last sacraments, and soon after dies in peace and in the joyful hope of heaven. Now we are ready enough to pardon her crimes on the brink of the grave, and can charitably hope that her penitence is sincere and acceptable. We doubt neither the divine charity nor the mercy of God. The sinner, no matter how great a sinner one has been, can be, if duly contrite, pardoned in a moment, on confession and absolution, and die in a state of grace. That is not the point we make. What we do not like is for popular literature to make light of this spending one's whole life in serving Satan by all manner of wickedness, and to count it as nothing, if the sinner on his death-bed, even in his agony, only is able to make his confession and receive absolution. For our part, we doubt the likelihood of one who has lived such a life as the housekeeper, receiving the grace at the last moment to repent, and make a good confession and a happy death, —a grace we all pray for, and fear may not be granted us; yet we must think that this part of the story, though not impossible, lacks verisimilitude. Poor Louis Napoleon, with two chaplains in his family, died without the presence of a priest, and apparently without the last sacraments. We judge him not, for we know not what previous preparations he had made for a sudden and unexpected death. The sinner is always in danger of being struck down, or of meeting with an unexpected death for which he is unprovided. None should be driven to despair, for God's mercy is infinite, and while there is life there is hope. But we think our Catholic story-writers should mark with more decided disapprobation the wicked life of the bad Catholic, and not rely so much, or lead their readers to rely so much, on an edifying confession at the last moment, as is too common with them. Nearly all the Catholic villains in Catholic novels make edifying deaths, yet it is extremely hazardous to trust to a death-bed repentance.

The next and last story in this volume is "Jenifer's Prayer." This is a very different story, its villains are not

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Catholics, though, through Jenifer's prayer, most of them are converted at last. The good characters are all Catholics, and all the Catholics are good, only a little too Dickenish; that is to say, a little too insipid. Jenifer's prayer was short but comprehensive. It consisted in simply offering up her "life and all in it." When she wanted the conversion of her neighbors or the daughter of her mistress, to protect any member of the families in whom she takes an interest, or to avert a terrible calamity, forthwith goes up in heart her prayer, "My life and all that is in it," which, in one way or another, sooner or later, proves effectual; for what more could she do than make an offering, joined with that of our Lord on the cross, of her life and all that is in it? There is villainy in the story, horrible villainy done or plotted against those dear to Jenifer, but she continues her prayer, "My life and all that is in it," and the villainy is defeated or repaired. We can, with very few reservations, conscientiously recommend the story of "Jenifer's Prayer." It breathes a Catholic atmosphere. The author is an admirer of Dickens, but his Catholicity saves him from the maudlin philanthropy of that over-praised writer. Between Mr. Brewer and the Brothers Cheeryble there is a distance, as there is between Catholic charity and Protestant benevolence.

"Geraldine: A Tale of Conscience," is a new edition of an old, and once a very popular Catholic novel, giving the history of the conversion of a marvellous Protestant young lady to the Catholic Church; her marriage, the death of her husband, her widowhood, and at length her reception into religion as a Sister of Mercy. The book was, as is said, a grand success; and, when by the great mercy of God I was brought into the church, it was very generally and very highly esteemed as a work of rare ability, intense interest, and singular merit. It was the book to be put by Catholics into the hands of their Protestant friends; and it is still popular, if we may judge from the fact that this new edition has been just issued by so judicious a publisher as Mr. O'Shea. We are assured that it has been the instrument of many conversions both in England and in this country, and we can easily believe it. "The spirit breatheth where he will; and thou hearest his voice, but thou knowest not whence he cometh, or whither he goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit." God uses such instruments to effect his purposes of mercy or of judgment, as seemeth to

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him good; but let not the instrument attribute the honor to its own fitness, for its fitness is in the hands that use it.

But we are writing in this article of Catholic popular literature, and are considering it in reference to its Catholic, not its non-Catholic, readers. In all that we write or publish, our first thought is due to Catholics; and it is for Catholics, not for non-Catholics, that our popular writers of either sex should seek to create a literature. Our first thought and first care should be to provide for our own household. The Catholic critic of our popular literature must always judge it by the influence it is likely to exert on the sentiments, the manners, the tone, and the spirit of the Catholic public. Charity begins at home. We are by no means indifferent to the conversion of those who are outside of the church, sitting in the region and shadow of death; but we believe that, in the ordinary providence of God, the literature that best edifies the Catholic body, that tends the most directly to strengthen the attachment of the faithful to the church, to inflame their love for God and for one another, and to make them earnest, devout, enlightened, robust, and heroic Catholics, is the literature that will be the most effective in attracting those who are without, stimulating inquiry among them, and in creating in their minds a respect for the church, and an irrepressible desire to be numbered among her children. It is not the invincible logic of Catholics, but their pure and noble example in fulfilling the sublime precepts and counsels of the Gospel, that overcomes the world, and makes it prostrate itself at the foot of the cross, and beg for the pardon of Him whom it has crucified. We understand by Catholic popular literature, a literature produced by Catholics, for Catholics, and informed with the Catholic spirit, free, living, generous, and noble.

We admit the rare ability of "Geraldine," the intense interest of the struggle it depicts, the general truthfulness of its doctrinal statements. The author is a woman of extraordinary intellect and power; but "Geraldine," regarded as a book for Catholics, is in some points objectionable. It is too apologetic in its tone, and concedes Christian virtues and worth to Protestants which they have not. It is not edifying to find a convert apologizing to his or her non-Catholic friends for yielding to the grace of God and following the supernatural light of truth into the church, the only medium of union with Christ, the mediator of God and men. It is an act for which to give thanks to God whose

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grace gives the ability to perform it, not to be apologized for, or excused to unbelievers and misbelievers. We do not hold the mass of those who adhere to heretical communities as blameless before God for remaining aliens from the commonwealth of Christ; nor do we believe that any of them abound in virtues which are attainable only by the supernatural grace of God. We hold, of course, that there is grace outside of the church, for our Lord says, "No man can come unto me, except the father who hath sent me draw him." But this exterior grace operates *ad unitatem*, to bring persons to Christ in the church, not to sanctify and save them outside of the church, or to enable them to practise the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and charity, in the bosom of heretical or separated communities. Our Lord says again, "And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; *them also must I bring:* and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be made one fold and one shepherd." There are, no doubt, many amiable, intelligent, sincere, and worthy people among Protestants, as there were among the ancient gentiles; but we find in them no virtues that rise above the natural order. Many of them have the natural, domestic, social, and civic virtues, which deserve and receive a temporal reward; but none of them have the supernatural Christian virtues to which is promised the reward of eternal life; or, if they have been baptized, and by an extraordinary grace some among them have retained their baptismal innocence, they should be regarded as those "other sheep" which, our Lord says, shall hear his voice, and which he says he must bring into the one fold, for *extra ecclesiam nulla est salus.* Some of the best and most high-minded characters in "Geraldine" are Protestants; and the impression the book leaves on our minds is, that the Church of England is schismatical and heretical indeed, yet that persons who do not see that it is so, may live the Christian life and practise the Christian virtues in its communion about as well as in the communion of the Catholic Church.

I am a convert, but I confess myself utterly unable to sympathize with the long and painful struggle poor Geraldine is said to have gone through in becoming a Catholic: and to me that struggle is well-nigh unintelligible. There is too much sentimentalism in it; and we cannot but think that the writer, even if giving her own experience, has labored to heighten its interest by drawing largely on her imagination. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in criticising my

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"Convert, or Leaves from my Experience," sneeringly says, that my conversion, as I described it, "was a conversion *à l'Américaine*, very reasonable, very logical, but not very interesting, indeed, rather a dull affair. It was attended by no violent moral shocks, no breaking up of one's whole interior life, and convulsing one's whole nature;" for I intentionally suppressed what was purely subjective. The criticism is very just, so far as the history of my conversion was given. I had, indeed, no very tender ties to break, for I had always lived very much apart, and my social connections were not many, nor very close; and those I best loved I felt would go with me, if, in fact, their convictions should not precede mine, as in the case of my wife they did. I gave up nothing for the church that I valued, but gained every thing I longed for. This makes, I grant, a difference between my case and that of Geraldine Carrington; but I never engaged in that long, painful search after the truth, which detained her for such a length of time. I never had any painful anxiety to know the truth, simply as an object of the intellect. The question with me came not in the shape, What shall I believe? but in this other shape, What shall I do to be saved, or who or what will deliver me from my sins? I suffered more or less anguish of soul, no doubt, but less to know the truth, than to know how I should obtain strength to obey it; not so much to know the law, as to attain the power to overcome the weakness of my will and my infirmity of purpose, to resist temptation, to subdue my passions, and to maintain an upright walk. I never had any purely intellectual difficulties to overcome; and all my doubts were as to the ability of the church to help me to a deliverance from sin and death, and to place me in communion with Christ, my only Redeemer.

I came to the question of the church as a sinner in need of a Saviour. Overcome by a sense of my own moral weakness, and feeling my need of spiritual assistance, of divine help, for the arm of flesh failed me, and in agony of soul, I cried out, "Lord, save or I perish." Geraldine comes to the question without a consciousness of sin or of moral weakness, with the feeling that she had led a Christian life, that she had maintained a good conscience, that she had no sins to be repented of, that she stood in need of no spiritual help but such as she fancied she had found even among the Evangelicals, and the question for her was at first a purely intellectual question,—a doubt of the truth of what she had

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hitherto been taught. The doubt was not a doubt of herself, but of her teachers. She then engages in a weary search after truth, and goes through a course of reading to which I, even in the prime and vigor of manhood, could never have submitted, and has set-to battles with the dignitaries of her church, with her Evangelical and Anglican sisters, and with whoever will take up the cudgels against her. Her progress is like that of the frog at the bottom of the well, who jumped up three feet every day and fell back two feet every night.

Now, this may be the process Geraldine really pursued; but, if so, it was a miracle that she ever found the church, or that her conversion at last was effected. To attempt to come to the church by such a process, is as absurd as to attempt to get the infinite by the addition of numbers. The devil can match any man, or woman either, at chopping logic and interpreting testimonies from history, the fathers, and councils, to which one has the key only in the Catholic faith, or the teaching of the church herself. For my part, I never sought the truth; it came to me, how or whence I could never say; but it came and brought with it the force to convince, and I believed as the child believes the father or mother, and for thirty years since have never doubted. I never sought or found the truth; God showed it to me, and gave me the grace to open my heart, and to accept it. The way to learn the truth is to open one's mind and heart to it, as the sunflower opens her bosom to the rays of the sun, and to permit it to penetrate the soul and give it light, warmth, and life. The theological reader, I trust, will exonerate me from intending to favor either the irresistible grace of the Calvinists or the *gratia victrix* of the Jansenists, both which imply the passivity of the soul in faith. All that is meant is, that we do not, either by historical or philosophical investigations, find out the truth. If we appeal to history and antiquity, what is the key to either, or the rule of their interpretation? If we take private reason for our guide, and go forth to examine the sects and determine which is true, or how much of each is true and how much is false, we only do what Protestants do, and, like them, lose ourselves in the wilderness of contradictory opinions, go round in circles, get confused, and no longer are able to discern any distinction between truth and falsehood, or right and wrong. If we assume that our Lord founded a visible organic body called the church, as the Scriptures and the whole Christian world

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say he did, the difficulty vanishes; for all who know any thing at all of the subject, know it is the church in communion with the see of Rome, for that is the only visible church-organization that has had a continuous historical existence from our Lord and his apostles down to us. The fact lies on the very face of history, no more to be mistaken than the sun in the heavens. The sects all know it, and no Protestant requires it to be proved. However sectarians may attempt to get rid of the fact by their explanations, they, by their very explanations, bear witness to it, and in reality assert it. We have no need to seek it; we have only, assisted by grace, to open our eyes to the truth always before us, and we behold it; to open, by the same assistance, our hearts, and the truth enters them, and we believe it, and with joy unspeakable thank God for it. Then taking the truth, the church and what she teaches, for our guide, we can explain history, if we wish, and confirm it, examine all the sects and their opinions, and explode them as corruptions, mutilations, or travesties of the church and her divinely-inspired doctrine.

Catholicity is the key to all history, and it is only in the church that we learn what history means. How great the mistake, then, while ignorant of the church and her teachings, to attempt, as Geraldine does, to find out the truth guided only by one's own learning and private judgment. Those outside may be assured that no such long and tedious process is either necessary or useful. "Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven, that is, to bring Christ down; or, Who shall descend into the deep; that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead? But what saith the Scripture! *The word is near thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart:* this is the word of faith which we preach."

The process through which the authoress conducts her heroine, never did and never could of itself alone have led to her conversion. It is precisely the process by which every Protestant seeks to ascertain what is the Christian church and the Christian faith; and if it could be successful in Geraldine's case, why is it not in theirs? and why do we not find them all of one mind instead of being cut up into a thousand and one conflicting sects, holding every variety of opinion, from the high-church Anglican down to the bald rationalist? The process at best could give only what theologians call *fides humana* or a probable opinion, which excludes neither doubt nor uncertainty; a hundred cross-lights

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are continually disturbing and even distorting the mental vision, and causing us to doubt to-day what we thought we had settled yesterday, and requiring us to renew from day to day our examination, and repeat perpetually the same process. It is the Protestant and a false assumption, that we are to find out the truth by private inquiry and the collation of facts and opinions, that has caused so many inquirers to miss finding the truth. Determined not to be deceived, and to admit nothing that can be doubted or even cavilled at, they shut up their hearts and narrow the aperture of their minds, till it is impossible for truth to find an entrance into either. After years of weary search, they give it up in despair, and fall back on the sad philosophy, "Let us eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

Such books as "Geraldine" assume while controverting it, the very theory of private judgment and private examination, and cause those outside to believe that the work of finding out the truth must be done by us alone, while yet ignorant of it, and deriving no assistance from it. They have an unfavorable effect on Catholics themselves, and lead them to rely on processes for the conversion of those without, which, in almost all cases, must prove ineffectual. They can be effectual only in the case of those whose minds and hearts grace has already opened to the reception of the truth, and these do not need it. A simple statement, a presentation of the truth, suffices for them. They need no argument to prove that it is truth, any more than they need arguments to prove that it is the sun that is shining when they see its clear unclouded light, and feel its life-giving warmth. In no case do arguments motive assent; they at best only remove the *prohibentia*, or obstacles to assent, and enable the creditive subject to come into immediate relation with the credible object. Hence what Protestants call "Evidences," Catholic theologians call "Motives of Credibility." They are reasons not for believing, but for proving the faith credible, or not incredible.

It is important, both for ourselves and for those without, that our popular literature, so far as it touches questions of this sort, should be free from all taint of the Pelagian or Semi-Pelagian heresy. We cannot make the first motion towards Christ without him or without his assistance. We may prove to our satisfaction, and believe with all the strength of human conviction, the entire body of Catholic doctrine from the papacy down to the holy-water-pot, and yet be just

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as far from the kingdom of heaven, or from faith in Christ, as if we rejected the whole; for it is not God we believe, but our own reason, and we are simply Protestants. Faith is not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; and conversion is the work of grace, not of argument or logic, though it is always logical, or in accordance with the supreme Logic. We use arguments in defending the faith and repelling the assaults of the enemies of the church, for the safeguard and protection of the faithful, not for the conversion of the enemies themselves. They can be converted only by the grace of God; and only those whom grace disposes to receive the truth ever are converted. As sufficient grace is given to all, why all do not use it to comply with it, and to be led to the faith; or of two women grinding at the mill, one is taken and the other left, is one of the mysteries of election which, happily, it is not the province of popular literature to explain.

We have dwelt at a disproportionate length on this point, in respect to which, however, "Geraldine" does not sin more grievously, if at all, than do all the so-called Catholic novels that we have seen, written with a view to the influence they may exert on the non-Catholic world. They are mostly written by women, and by women who have just come into the church, and who write of Catholic things very much as persons blind from childhood, but whose eyes have just been couched, see natural objects. They see all things on a smooth, uniform surface and in contact with their eyes, without any appreciation of perspective, or the relative proportions of objects, learned only by time and experience. They are seldom exact, save as to the mere formal statement of dogmas and worship, copied from the most elementary books of Catholic instruction. They give us correctly enough the bare skeleton, but they are too new to Catholic life to be able to clothe the dry bones with flesh and blood; and, instead of presenting us the living body of truth in all its symmetry and beauty, they give us a lifeless and more or less deformed image made of wax or clay. We would not speak lightly of their efforts which are well meant, and which perhaps God blesses oftener than we think; but they leave their nests before they are fledged. They need not be in a hurry to rush into print. They should wait at the foot of the cross, till they have learned both their strength and their weakness. They would not then attach so much importance to every mood of mind they passed through on

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their way to the church, to every vague thought or momentary doubt that came into their heads, or sudden pang that shot through their hearts at the thought of sundering old ties and breaking up old associations, and entering what to them is a new world and, certainly, a new life; they would be less anxious to have it understood that they acted honestly, from pure motives, and in obedience to the dictates of conscience, or to justify themselves in the eyes of Protestants, and would spare us no little twaddle and sentimental nonsense.

I have always regretted that circumstances, not under my control, seemed to compel me to appear as a Catholic reviewer on the morrow of my reception into the church, while almost totally ignorant of Catholic theology, and still more ignorant of Catholic life and usages; and I have often admired, in later years, the wondrous charity of the Catholic bishops and clergy, in overlooking the crudeness and inexperience, if not the overweening confidence, of the neophyte, and in giving a generous support to his *Review*, notwithstanding the manifest ineptness of its editor. It is true, I studied hard, day and night, for several years, under an able master, to supply my deficiency; and, also, that I published very little which was not previously examined and revised by one of the ablest and soundest theologians I have ever personally known; but it was a great drawback upon the usefulness of the *Review* that its editor and principal writer had not had leisure previously to make his course of theology, and to place himself *en rapport* with the Catholic community, and that he had in every successive number to write up to the very limits of his knowledge, if not sometimes beyond them. I had always to write as an apprentice, never as a master. Very different would have been the course and influence of the *Review*, had its editor known thoroughly his religion in the outset. I have not made much progress in the knowledge of theology and still less of spiritual life, I have also forgotten much of what I had acquired; but I have learned this much, not to venture beyond my depth, and not to broach questions that I have not mastered, or, at least, think I have mastered. If I could have done so in the beginning, I should have spared myself and my friends many mortifications. The lesson we are trying to enforce on our young and unfledged converts, is a lesson we have learned from our own bitter experience. New converts have zeal, and view Catholic things with a freshness of feel-

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ing that old Catholics have not; but, after all, they cannot be the principal creators of a Catholic popular literature, such as Catholics themselves need.

There has never been in any nation a Catholic popular literature produced outside of the sanctuary, that fully realizes our ideal. Even in what Digby calls the *Ages of Faith*, the popular literature, if we except the legends of the saints, and what was written by the ecclesiastics or religious, was hardly Catholic save in costume and coloring. The lay literature, romances, and poems, as far as we know them, were wanting in the Catholic tone and spirit, and in the observance of the pure and sublime morality of the church. Their authors had never sanctified their imaginations, or harmonized their æsthetics with Christian ethics. Lay literature is almost always profane literature, in both senses of the term, and proves that, in the so-called ages of faith, the laity, as now, were only superficially instructed in their religion, and were not thoroughly imbued with its spirit, so as to live and breathe it; so as to express it in all their spontaneous thoughts and free utterances. Perhaps, what we ask is too much; but we think it is no more than is needed. We do not ask for the suppression of the imagination, the play of fancy, the graces of wit and pleasantry, or the natural sentiments of the soul; we do not ask that all literature wear the long face and speak with the deep guttural tones and the nasal twang of the Puritan; we know there is a time to laugh as well as to weep, a time to sing and dance as well as to be grave and thoughtful. Popular literature should be in the main recreative, light, pleasing, such as will charm and recreate us in our hours of weariness and relaxation from severer labors or studies. The popular novel does it for Protestants, and for want of a substitute Catholics often resort to it; but seldom without more or less injury to their moral delicacy, or to the clearness, purity, and robustness of their faith. Now, what we ask is a Catholic popular literature that will serve all the purposes the popular non-Catholic novel serves, without imparting any taint to the imagination, wounding Catholic delicacy of sentiment, weakening Catholic faith, or chilling the ardor of Catholic devotion. Is this an impossibility? Perhaps so; but yet it has been realized in Christian art, architecture, painting, and sculpture, and wherefore not in literature?

In France and in some other countries, we believe, there are societies for the publication of good books. They, we

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doubt not, do much good; but a Catholic popular literature cannot be called into existence by any number of societies, however well meant or well managed; for a good book, fresh and living, fitted to take and keep its hold on the popular heart, cannot be made to order; it must be the spontaneous and free expression of the inward spirit, operating in its own way, and according to its own laws and inspirations. An author, knowing that he must conform to the views of a society, a community, a committee, or even to those of a superior, cannot work freely, is shorn of half his strength, and his book will want originality, freshness, and verve. The man must be filled, saturated with the Catholic spirit, be a master of Catholic science, and work under the inspiration of Catholic faith, and with a continual aspiration to the Catholic ideal. It is not by associations or attempts made with *malice prépense* that a Catholic popular literature is to be created, but by the Catholic instruction, training, and disciplining of the community by the pastors of the church and the masters of spiritual life; and by encouraging those who are prompted by their own genius to write freely out from their well-informed minds and full hearts, with no other restraints than those imposed by Catholic faith, piety, and morality, good sense and good taste.

The French have a Catholic popular literature of great value, though it is nearly smothered by the general popular literature of the country, which, whatever its merits in other respects, is decidedly irreligious, immoral, even cynical, anticatholic, revolutionary, satanic. The immense majority of the French are registered as Catholics; and yet, in France, public opinion for a long time has been infidel, and the leading journals, those with the largest circulation, and which are the most popular, are hostile to the church, sneer at the "clericals," and make war on the *parti prêtre*. A few years ago, we know not how it is now, *La Presse* alone circulated daily twice as many copies as all the Catholic journals and periodicals of all France put together. The most popular writers in France, those whose works have the largest sale and are the most eagerly devoured, are decidedly antichristian as well as antipapal. These infidel journals, novels, and romances must circulate largely among French Catholics. We can hardly understand it. French Catholics have sufficiently proved that they are capable of heroically enduring any thing and every thing for their religion, but—ridicule. They are cowed by an infidel gibe, sneer, or *mot*. They

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seem to suppose that they can touch pitch and not be defiled, drink poison and not be harmed. The French character is full of glaring contradictions. No people on earth are more generous, or respond more readily to the calls of charity, than the Catholic people of France, and none send out in larger numbers devoted, self-denying, disinterested, zealous, indefatigable, and heroic missionaries even to the most distant isles of the ocean, or contribute more liberally for the support of Catholic missions among the heathen in every quarter of the globe. For years French Catholics have contributed more to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith than the Catholics of all other nations put together; and yet they sustain an irreligious and immoral literature at home, and consent to be governed by infidels and universitarians. The present calamities of their country may give them courage to brave ridicule, and to assert their principles in both literature and politics, and teach them that no man can be a good Catholic in one department of life, and at the same time an atheist in another.

Our English-speaking Catholics are at present much more active in founding a popular Catholic literature than would at first sight appear, and have already produced admirable specimens, models even, among which we may mention, without suggesting any invidious comparisons, "Fabiola," by the late Cardinal Wiseman, whose services to Catholic science and literature will be only the more highly appreciated as time goes on; "Callista," by the unrivalled Dr. Newman; "Dion and the Sibyls," which displays rare classical learning, great ability, and genius of a high order; "Constance Sherwood," by Lady Georgiana Fullerton; the "Life of Fr. Edmund Champion," by Richard Simpson, Esq., though unhappily written with too much sympathy with the Anglican persecutors, and with too little with the persecuted Catholics; and among ourselves, the "Sketches of the Lives, Labors, and Sufferings of the Early Catholic Missionaries in the West," by the late Archbishop of Baltimore; "Catholic Missions among the Indians," by that indefatigable worker and industrious collector, John G. Shea; also the "History of the Church" in our country, by the same author, in connection with Henri de Courci; the "Lives of the Deceased Prelates of the United States," by Richard H. Clarke, Esq., though we cannot speak of it from our own knowledge; and the *Life* of that remarkable man and devoted and laborious missionary of the Alleghanies,

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the Rev. Prince Gallitzin, just published and written by the only daughter of the reviewer; the *Catholic World*, a periodical so dear to us and conducted by our personal friends, is contributing largely to the formation of a living Catholic popular literature of the country, though some of its stories are neither profoundly Catholic, nor marked by a high order of genius; yet, under the relation of pure literature, it is far superior to the ablest non-Catholic magazines of the country. One, in reading it, is lifted at once into a higher, purer, and serener region than is dreamt of in the philosophy of the ablest and most accomplished writers in that pride of Boston, the *Atlantic Monthly*. The Catholic newspaper press, as far as it has come under our observation for the last eight years, has been greatly improved in its literary character, has assumed a higher and more dignified tone, and is exerting a greater and more legitimate influence in elevating and expanding the minds of its Catholic readers.

In England the Catholic press, we should judge, is becoming more independent and less apologetic. The *London Tablet* is inferior in literary taste and ability to no weekly journal in the United Kingdom, is always courteous and gentlemanly, yet free, independent, outspoken, and uncompromisingly Catholic, thoroughly, heroically papal, in a country in which the papacy is the great bugbear. It is the best Catholic journal that we are acquainted with. The *Dublin Review*, hardly any more than our own, comes within the department of popular literature; yet it must be mentioned. It is an able and learned periodical, but it lacks the grace, the charm, the vivacity, and unction of its earlier days. Dr. Ward, its editor, is an able man, and, we are told, is held by Englishmen to be a great writer and a profound philosopher. We acknowledge his ability and his learning, we love and honor the man; but, somehow or other, we can hardly read a page of his writings, no matter on what subject, without having our patience tried, or our irascibility excited, we should say, our pugnacity aroused, and we want to fight him, metaphorically, not literally. He writes good English, we suppose, but he is often well-nigh unintelligible to us. We are frequently at a loss to make out what he is driving at. He describes instead of defining, and fails to reduce his utterances to their principle. He mixes up the subjective and objective in a most perplexing confusion. Like Protestant writers, he seems to write without unity or catholicity of thought, and to reason always from particu-

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lars, sometimes subjective particulars, sometimes objective. His philosophical articles are to us as unintelligible as Dr. Newman's "Essay at a Grammar of Assent," of which we can make neither head nor tail. It is our fault, we presume; for we have so long been accustomed to proceed from the universal to the particular, or to using particulars only as illustrating a universal, or, rather, a generic principle, that our mind cannot get out of its old grooves so as to understand the logic that from the particular concludes the universal. In a word, we are not of Dr. Ward's school in philosophy; and we believe the human reason, as far as it goes, sees things as they are, and as they are seen by superior intelligences. Neither do we accept his or Dr. Newman's theory of development of Christian doctrine; and we believe the Christians of the first century held as *explicitly* the whole Christian faith, as do we of the nineteenth century. Yet we like the *Dublin Review* upon the whole. It is, perhaps, rather John-Bullish for a periodical with an Irish name; but we like its bold and manly tone, we respect its learning and ability, we reverence its uncompromising Catholicity, and we feel Catholic science and literature in the English-speaking world would suffer a grave loss without it. We try not to judge others by ourselves, or by what, after all, may be our own idiosyncrasies. If of English descent, we are not English bred, and have been formed, if formed at all, in a very un-English school, at least not in an English school of the present time. The English school of philosophy now in vogue seems to us a cross between Locke and Coleridge, and to have originated in the mad attempt, against the admonition of my Lord Bacon, to apply what is called the inductive method to the study of philosophy, instead of restricting it to the study of the physical sciences alone, as it should be restricted.

But we are straying from our subject, which is that of Catholic popular literature. English and American popular Catholic literature has been greatly extended and enriched by translations from the French and German. Among translations from the French we may mention the "Life of St. Elizabeth," and the "History of the Monks of the West," by the lamented Count de Montalembert, who, if his last moments were somewhat clouded by the progress of cæsarism, by political defections and disappointments, and by his horror of centralism, not to speak of the effects of a long and painful disease, we are sure never forgot that he was a son of the crusaders, or ever ceased to be loyal in his heart

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to the church whose rights he had so often, so boldly, and so eloquently defended; "the Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine," by Count de Falloux; a "Sister's Story," "Anne Severin," and "Fleurange," by Madame Craven, though her novels are a little too high-wrought, and border too closely on the sentimental for our taste, yet are valuable portions of our Catholic literature, into which they are now incorporated. We will only add that we hope that Madame and other Catholic novelists will remember that cousins-german are within the prohibited degrees, and will take care that they have the proper dispensation before marrying them. From the German, we can only mention "Angela" and the "Progressionists," by Conrad von Bollanden, and "the Old God" and "the New God," by the same author, both of which, we believe, have been translated and published. The last has certainly been admirably translated by Fr. Noethen, pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross, Albany, N. Y., and published in a style of much beauty and elegance by Sullivan of the same city. Herr von Bollanden writes for the people, in a simple and homely style, to put them on their guard against the barbarism, tyranny, and violence of "progress," "liberalism," and "modern enlightenment." He is a charming writer, witty, sarcastic, but devout and full of tenderness.

Much of what is included in English and American popular literature is really produced by authors of the Irish race. The unhappy condition of Ireland, since the apostasy of England, has been unfavorable to the free and full development of the Irish spirit and genius in the direction of popular Catholic literature. The Catholic Irish have been engaged in a life and death struggle to defend their religion and their nationality, or race, against one of the most powerful and unscrupulous of modern nations, bent on the utter destruction of both. In their minds, as in fact, though not in principle, the two have become identical, and Irish popular literature bears throughout traces of the double contest, and we hardly know whether we are to place the works of such authors as the Banim Brothers, Gerald Griffin, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Mrs. Sadlier, and others equally deserving to be named at home and abroad, in the category of popular *Catholic* literature, or that of popular Irish *national* literature. In some of them the Catholic element, in others the national or race element, predominates; yet, be this as it may, this class of works forms no insignificant portion of the reading of the majority of the English-speaking Catho-

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lics of the British empire and of our own country. The Irish, we need not say, are a gifted race; and to them, rather than to the Scotch of our day, belongs the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, which centuries ago became proverbial. In the changes which time is sure to introduce, the Irish writers will become more distinctly Catholic, the national question will become less and less absorbing, and the children of the Irish race will, perhaps, furnish the richest and purest Catholic popular literature the world has yet known. They have all the natural genius and qualities necessary to produce it, and will do it if they lose not their Catholic faith. We are not among those who question the greatness and glory of Ireland in past ages, but we believe the greatest and purest glory of the Irish race is reserved for the future, when their genius will pervade the whole English-speaking world, now numbering no less than ninety millions of the human race.

It must be evident to the most careless reader that we are not giving even the slightest sketch of Catholic popular literature, and far less an inventory of its riches. We do not know even the titles of a hundredth part of the works in our own language, and far less those in French, Spanish, Italian, and German, which deserve favorable mention. We have only named a few works, such as we happen to be acquainted with, as specimens, some of them as models, of what we understand by Catholic popular literature, its spirit, tone, and range. We should be glad to see the novel less frequently resorted to, because of its fatal facility of composition, and its inevitable tendency to enfeeble the mind both of the writer and of the reader. We should like much to see the departments of history and biography, especially of eminent Catholics, enlarged. Both history and biography furnish more startling incidents, and produce a deeper and intenser interest, than any possible work of fiction; and what is more to the purpose, they cannot be prepared and well written without labor and pains, or read without stimulating thought, awakening noble aspirations, or strengthening the mind and adding to its stock of knowledge. It is easy to write a story which simply takes off a vain and selfish woman, wife or mother, full of stale witticisms on old bachelors and elderly spinsters, and which rings the changes on love, courtship, and marriage; but such stories, which are only idle gossip, can hardly improve, much less edify. They are not worthy of a place in Catholic popular literature.

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WOMEN'S NOVELS.*

[From Brownson's Quarterly Review for July, 1875.]

In noticing "Grapes and Thorns," we feel that we must summon up all that remains of our youthful gallantry, and not forget for a moment that the work is written by a sensitive lady. We forgot it when reviewing her "House of York," and spoke of it in our natural voice, without softening its tones, according to our honest judgment of its merits, as if the author had been a hard-headed man; and the lady's friends set us down as a bear, and duly berated us. We shall take good care not to get another such a berating, as not she, but her male friends, gave us. Besides, we still remember the lesson read us both publicly and privately by the irrepressible Nun of Kenmare. In the very first number of our revived series, we committed three mortal offences: we criticised the "House of York," we failed to praise the Nun of Kenmare, and we doubted the infallibility of Louis Veuillot; and it shows an extraordinary charity on the part of the Catholic public that we are still enabled to make our quarterly appearance. But, though we frankly confess our literary sins, and promise not to repeat them—unless occasion offers—we are afraid that we do not very sincerely repent them.

But, seriously, while we hold womanhood, as every true man does, in profound reverence, we consider it a sad thing, that women produce so large a share of modern popular literature. It is to this fact, combined with that of journalism, that we attribute the light and superficial, the sensational and sentimental character of the popular literature of the day, its lack of deep and vigorous thought, its weakness, its enervating tendency on the mind of the reader, and its unhealthy influence on society. The authoress herself shows, in the character of Lawrence Gerald, the injury it is to a man to be the pet of the other sex, and to be formed by feminine rather than by masculine influences. He is "a spoiled child," weak in will, feeble in resolution, conceited, overbearing, cruel, unfeeling, incapable of robust thought,

Grapes and Thorns. By M. A. T., author of "The House of York," "A Winged Word," etc. New York: 1874.

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manly action, or sustained effort. Let any one, after reading a novel like the one before us, leave it and attempt to read a page of St. Thomas, or to make a meditation on any one of the great mysteries of faith, and he will at once understand the damaging effect on the mind and the heart of novel-reading or the effeminate literature of the day. It unfits one for serious and solid study, enervates the mind, wastes the freshness of the heart, and creates a morbid craving for excitement.

We may be very wrong, but we have not yet been able to accept—which appears to be almost universally accepted at present—the doctrine that ascribes all the noble qualities and virtues of the son to the mother. In our opinion, the paternal influence counts for something as well as the maternal in the formation of character; and though we admit that, as a rule, it is a far greater misfortune for very young children to be deprived of their mother, than it is to be deprived of their father, yet we do not believe it is desirable, at least for boys, that they should be brought up exclusively by their mothers. The faults of what we call Young America are in a great measure due to maternal weakness on the one hand, and the absence of paternal authority on the other. Mothers, for the most part, alternate between over-indulgence and over-severity. When they act from their maternal instinct, they put up with and pet their children whatever they do; when they attempt to act from their reason, they pass over nothing. Most American mothers fail to govern their children, because they fail to govern themselves. But, aside from all this, while we hold the mother's influence very essential, as well as her tenderness during all the early life, we do not believe mothers are fitted to form strong and manly characters in their sons. The mother's influence softens, weakens, and enervates, when not tempered and hardened by the influence of the father. Lawrence Gerald shows that mothers, excellent Catholic mothers, too, are not always qualified to train up their sons to be strong, energetic, self-reliant men, able to meet the rough-and-tumble of life, and to distinguish themselves in society as bold, honest, upright characters. He was idolized by his mother, who saw no fault in him as he grew up; but he was really a lazy, worthless scamp, and, as he himself confessed, a "gambler, a house-breaker, a thief, a sacrilegious liar, a murderer, and a matricide."

We acknowledge that our Puritan ancestors were too stern

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and rigid, they knew little or nothing of the gentleness and sweetness of the Gospel; but they maintained family government, and trained up their children to honor and obey their parents, to be honest and upright. The sons grew up with strong and manly characters, patterned after their fathers, and filled worthily their places when they were gone, in the family, in society, in the church—such as they had—and in the state. There is no use in denying it, private and public virtue was the rule: men and women, with rarely an exception, were loyal to their trusts, and could be relied on. But in their time there was no woman-worship. The man was the head of the woman, and the father was the head of the family, and was the principal in maintaining family discipline. We have changed all that. The husband and father, save as providing for the family expenses, counts in the respectable classes for nothing. The mother and daughters hold him in subjection, ruin him by their extravagance, while the sons hasten rapidly to the devil. The deification of woman in the natural order, or the institution of woman-worship, the characteristic of American, if not of all modern society, and to which every novelist brings an offering, is only the worship of lust. Lust is the god of the modern world. For him men toil and moil, seek to be rich, traverse sea and land, rob, steal, forge, swindle, peculate, betray their trusts, commit all sorts of crime, and make earth an image of hell. Men do not worship the almighty dollar: it is not the dollar they worship, but that which the dollar is needed to obtain.

We yield to no one in our reverence for true womanhood, or in our high appreciation of woman's influence in her place; but we protest against woman-worship, or making the wife the head of the family. We worship the Blessed Virgin, indeed, but we worship in her, not the woman, but the mother of God; and in the mother of God we honor virginity and chaste maternity, spotless purity, and the most exalted virtue. We do not deify her, regard her as a goddess, or call her divine. Between the *hyperdulia* we render to her and the worship of woman which we condemn, there is no analogy, and all the difference there is between heaven and hell. We honor woman as the helpmate of man, we reverence the meek and chaste wife, the tender and loving mother, who lives in her children, and forgets herself in them and for them; but we do not reverence or honor woman when she forgets her womanhood,

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and usurps the prerogatives of the other sex, claims to be the superior of man, and to subordinate all in society to her tastes, inclinations, and unchastened ambition, or love of power and display. We object to the influence of women as creators of popular literature, because the popular literature they create tends to emasculate thought, to enervate the mind, and to foster a weak and watery sentimentalism or a corrupting sensationalism. They who feed on it lose their virility, become incapable of serious and severe study, have no relish for what is grave and profound, and must have excitement, exciting reading, something that saves them the labor of thinking, inflames their imaginations, or moves their senses. This is the effect of modern literature. It is feminine, and feeding on it renders the community effeminate; and, therefore, a community in which passion predominates over reason, and which, consequently, is at once weak and tyrannical. This sort of literature has a direct tendency to barbarism; for the essence of barbarism, as distinguished from civilization, is that in it passion, sentiment, or emotion, uncontrolled by reason, reigns.

We have read too many novels in our day not to have experienced their evil effects; and we are strongly opposed to all novels, but especially to women's novels, for the feminine mind is constitutionally sentimental, and fond of excitement. It should be so, to fit woman for her sphere of duty as a wife and a mother. She needs a quick sensibility, a ready sympathy, deep tenderness, and generous sentiments. These she needs, coupled with strong maternal instincts, to be able to supply what is in some degree wanting in the husband and father, who is usually of a sterner mould. The two combined make an admirable harmony; but either moving alone is defective. The two together are necessary to form a complete whole. "And God made man to his own image and likeness; male and female made he them:" plainly showing that the woman complements the man. The woman is not the complete man. She represents only the feminine element of human nature, not that nature in its entirety; consequently, the literature she can create will represent only her own feminine characteristics, and will lack the strong, masculine, vigorous, and intellectual elements which belong to the head of the race. Hence, women, unless supernaturalized as was St. Theresa or St. Catharine, can, as authors of general literature, exert only an effeminating influence.

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There are strong-minded women who tell us that there is no sex in intellect. But there is certainly sex in literature. The difference between a book written by a man and a book written by a woman is as marked as the difference between the conversation of a man and that of a woman. The characteristics of the feminine mind are stamped on every thing a woman writes. She cannot unsex herself, if she would. A gentleman claimed in conversation with us to be the author of a novel published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of considerable merit; we questioned his authorship on the ground that it bore internal evidence of being written by a woman, as we have since ascertained it actually was, namely, by the well-known Mrs. Oliphant, the authoress of the "Chronicles of Carlingford" and several other popular works. It would be difficult to mistake the conversation, on any subject, of a woman for that of a man. We do not in this deny woman's ability, her keenness of observation, her wit, or even her logic; and two works written by women are reviewed and highly commended in this *Review*, though neither of them happens to be a novel. We set our face against all novels, especially against women's novels. They are all bad; and since women have taken the lead in writing them, men, in writing novels, write as much like women as they are able. Whether produced by men or women, the same feminine spirit pervades nearly all our popular literature.

What disturbs us the most is, that even the guardians of public morals are themselves more or less infected, and give their *imprimatur* to popular novels, if they only mingle a due amount of piety with their sentimentalism or sensationalism, and take care to commit no flagrant offence against orthodoxy. Little or no account is taken of their silent and subtile influence on the tone and temper of the mind, or its effect in emasculating the intellect. The plea is, that to overcome the evil of bad novels, we must provide for the Catholic reading public better ones. Such, we are told, are the vicious habits and tastes of the age, that it will read little else than novels and journals, and these of some sort it will have: all we can do is to supply good or harmless ones instead of those that tend to injure or corrupt the moral sense of the community. In accordance with this policy of compromise, even Catholics are preparing and publishing pretty little novels; for the little stories we write for our children are nothing but novels, just fitted to form these

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vicious mental habits and tastes in the young generation as soon as it can read: which seems to us the way to perpetuate the evil, not to overcome it. The child fed with these pretty little stories will, when grown up, crave more exciting and more highly spiced stories; such as cannot be furnished by Catholics. Happily, the church does not stand in human wisdom or human strength; for, if she did, she would be as powerless to train men for heaven as is any of the Protestant sects. The natural tendency of Catholics is to conform to the world and its ways, and, if they do not, it is because grace restrains them.

Admitting that we must have novels, and women's novels, too, "Grapes and Thorns" is deserving of no especial censure; on the contrary, it is deserving of very high commendation. Its sketches of natural scenery exhibit a poetical love of nature and rare powers of description. Its delineation of character is truthful, shows very careful observation of real life, and nice discrimination. Lawrence Gerald is till the last phase of his worthless life an ordinary character, but truthfully drawn; Schöninger, the Jew, is intended to be a heroic character, but is not well sustained, and his conversion is due more to his love of Honora Pembroke than to Fr. Chevereuse's sermon on the Passion of our Lord, which contained little or nothing likely to affect favorably the mind of a Jew. Indeed we think the whole of the book that relates to the Jew's conversion might have been profitably omitted. Honora Pembroke is very proper, very good, but not very lovable. The Mother Ferrier is admirable; but the really noble character of the book is her daughter Annette, who is worth a dozen Honora Pembrokes. She blunders in falling in love with Lawrence Gerald, but it is only the common blunder of her sex, ordinarily more attracted by scamps than by honest men.

In an artistic point of view, the story is continued long after it is ended. It properly ends with the confession and flight of Lawrence, under charge of his heroic wife, and the liberation of Schöninger falsely condemned for the murder of Mother Chevereuse. The conversations between the priest and the Jew are not very interesting, at least to us, for they do not touch the real merits of the question between the Jew and the Christian. We are glad to learn that Annette remains firm in her resolution to stand by Lawrence, for it is in keeping with her noble character as a Christian wife. We are glad to learn that Lawrence per-

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severes in his penance, and leads after his flight a true penitential life. But the description is not natural, and is drawn from books, not observation. The authoress, we regret, forgets to tell us what became, after the death of Lawrence, of Annette, the only character in the book in whom we take a deep interest. She loved not wisely, as few women do, but her love was redeemed, elevated, consecrated by the love of God, and the supernatural sense of duty.

Yet we have one fault, common to most women's novels, to find with "Grapes and Thorns:" it is the immense superiority it ascribes, unconsciously, no doubt, to women over men. No doubt, women novelists are sufficiently severe upon their own sex, paint them as heartless, coquettish, intriguing, artful, tyrannical, abusing power whenever they have it, or as weak, puny, whimpering, broken-hearted things; but, on the other hand, their women are almost always superior to their men, have higher moral aims, a better knowledge of life, better judgment in affairs, and more firmness and strength of character. Our authoress sins less in this respect than most of her sister novelists, and yet,—aside from the priests she introduces, and who by their sacred profession are placed out of the account,—there is, with the exception of the Jew, who has no particular merit, except his excellence as a music-teacher, not a man in her "Grapes and Thorns" from beginning to end. The women lead in every thing; men simply dance attendance on the women, or lean on them for support, for advice, for direction, and for extrication from perils or difficulty. Most of the little books designed for children are written by women, and present us good little girls and naughty little boys; and we have seen even in the church, at confirmation, the girls placed before the boys. Even public lecturers to mixed assemblies no longer venture to say in their address "Gentlemen and Ladies," but violate propriety, and even grammar, which holds the masculine the more dignified gender, in saying "Ladies and Gentlemen." Yet who in pure English would say, in addressing a mixed audience, "Women and Men"? This all goes to show that modern literature, even society itself, treats woman as the stronger, not as the weaker vessel, and reverses the order of nature, which makes the man the head of the woman, and the husband the lord of the wife.

Now, we do not believe that this assumed superiority, unless in individual cases, really exists, in either an intel-

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lectual or a moral point of view. Our reasons we shall not inflict at length upon our readers. God made woman an inchoate man; and women, like children, need a master. What woman is and what she can do when acting under the direction of a husband, a father, a brother, or the priest, is no index to what she will be or what she will do when left to her own head, to her own guidance, without male counsel or direction. The most corrupt periods of history are precisely those in which women's influence is greatest; and we may say, Woe unto any age or people where the women bear rule! They can be harder-hearted, more despotic, more cruel, and less scrupulous in effecting their purposes than men. Stepmothers bear a very different reputation from that borne by step-fathers. Not a little of man's iniquity is done to please his wife, or at her dictation. "The woman thou gavest me to be my companion gave me of the tree, and I did eat." The man is not blameless, far from it; for he should not have listened to his wife and abdicated his headship. "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed be the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life." Under the Jewish law, which treats her with great tenderness and respect, woman is a perpetual minor, and is always subject to her father, her husband, or her male relatives. This was in accordance with the law of nature, which Christianity confirms, but does not abrogate.

The authoress of "Grapes and Thorns" has not the least sympathy with the woman's-rights party: she is in this respect a true Catholic, as well as a true woman; but, perhaps, it has never occurred to her that novels, in which the men are nobodies, and all the wisdom, virtue, intelligence, and strength and energy of character are ascribed to the women, are so many powerful auxiliaries to that party, and prepare the way for its success, or at least its favorable reception by multitudes who never think for themselves, but take their premises from novels and journals. The woman's-rights party is only a logical sequence of the immense intellectual and moral superiority feminine literature ascribes to women.

M. A. T. is not a chief sinner in this respect, and it would be difficult to name a woman novelist freer from the objectionable peculiarities of woman authors of fiction. She is no mawkish sentimentalist, but has in her character a substratum of strong common-sense. Her tone of mind

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is sound and healthy. She is not subjective, for ever dwelling on her own emotions and sentiments, and treating her readers to learned psychological analyses of her interior state. She has so few of the characteristics of feminine novelists, that we have heard her gravely charged by women as wanting in feminine refinement and delicacy,—a charge which, as far as we have been able to judge from her writings, is wholly unwarranted. She is a New-England lady, and, we presume, of Puritan ancestry, and appears to have been, prior to her conversion, more or less affected by the transcendentalism so rife in Boston a few years since. We half suspect that it was the detection, in her earlier writings, of the phrases and turns of thought peculiar to the transcendental school, that prejudiced us for a time against them, and made us fancy her only half converted. We have no doubt we did her injustice, though we have no sympathy with her admiration of the Brownings and other pets of the literary society of "the Hub."

But to return to our subject. One of the grave objections to our women's novels in general, and which many regard as a merit, is their intense subjectiveness, and their habit of dissecting emotions and sentiments, passions and affections. The heroine does not know whether she loves or not, and so must go into a psychological analysis of her sentiments and affections, and argue the question *pro* and *con*. We are entertained with long and tedious accounts of the growth of love in the heart,—love, which, as a sentiment, has no growth, but is born, if at all, full-grown. Whoever loves at all—taking love as a sentiment—loves at first sight, and in this sense love has no historical development, and submits to no analysis. Nothing is more wearisome and unprofitable, to say the least, than the long-winded details of the ever-changing emotions and varying states or moods of the affections, or, rather, of the sensibility. Many women writers are fond of raising nice questions in morals, and settle in a summary way the most difficult cases of conscience. There are no casuists equal to your female casuists. St. Liguori were a fool to them.

One other objection, and this applies not to women's novels only, is that of treating love as an affection of the sensitive soul, instead of an affection of the rational soul. Nearly all popular literature represents love as a sentiment, and, therefore, independent of the will. There is, no doubt, such a love, distinguishable from mere lust or sensuality,

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and regarded by its possessors as pure and holy; but it is an affection of the sensibility, and not elicitable or controllable by the will. It is fatal; and it is mistaking this sort of love for that which should subsist between husband and wife, that causes so many to look upon Christian marriage, the only sure basis of the family, as intolerable tyranny, a burden too great to be borne. Hence comes the demand for the liberty of divorce, and, with the more advanced party, for free-love, the real aim of the woman's-rights movement, the success of which would prove the greatest of all curses to women.

Neither the individual nor the race is absolutely illogical, and the gravest and most destructive errors that ever gain currency are in some sense logical conclusions from widely accepted premises. The horrible doctrines of the champions of divorce and free-love are only logical conclusions from the premises supplied by the popular novels of the day. Make love a sentiment independent of reason and will, and deprive marriage of the grace of the sacrament, and it may justly be held that Christian marriage would be too oppressive to be endured. The sentiments, however pure and sweet, are little endurable, lasting rarely beyond the honeymoon, sometimes not so long. The sentiments also border on the senses; and conjugal fidelity on the part of the husband, and even of the wife, assailed through her sentiments —what she mistakes for "true inwardness,"—becomes very difficult to maintain. Considering the sort of religion, called by some the "religion of gush," which obtains in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, it would be more difficult to believe in the innocence than in the guilt of its eloquent pastor. This religion of gush is a very legitimate development of the emotional side of Protestantism. Indeed, modern literature itself is the offspring of Protestantism, or the revolt against the church, that is to say, against God; and it is only by a return to the church and Catholic principles and influences, that we can overcome its evils.

It is only simple justice to our American women who write novels, to say that they, even when non-Catholic, avoid most of the objectionable features we have pointed out, and that their novels are pure and healthy compared with those with which English women flood our literary market. The worst and most corrupt and corrupting literary works that circulate amongst us are of English origin, not of American growth. Even the woman's-rights movement is of English,

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not American origin. Mary Wollstonecraft and Frances Wright were English women. American women have their foibles, their vanities, their extravagances, but hitherto, as a rule, they have had a due appreciation of the proper duties and sphere of their sex, and deserve to be held in honor for their modesty and good sense. Long may it continue to be so.

In conclusion, we repeat that we yield to no one in our high appreciation of true womanhood. We hold, it is true, that the woman is for the man, not the man for the woman; that the man is the head of the woman; and that, while husbands should love their wives, wives should love and obey their husbands. We hold also that the appropriate spheres of the sexes are different; but we do not consider that of woman, though different, inferior to that of man. In her proper sphere, woman is the equal of man. Though we do not believe every woman an angel, nor every man a devil, or that all the virtue of society is on the part of women, any more than all the suffering, we have no difficulty in believing that the religion and virtue of the community depend even more on the women for their maintenance than on the men. They are more susceptible to religious impressions and more persevering in their resolutions. They are different in their mental and moral characteristics from men, but in no respect inferior, and in some respects decidedly superior. They have more quickness, more tact, and, in general, greater executive ability. There is no better proof of a frivolous mind and a depraved heart than the disposition to speak disparagingly of women. The true man honors womanhood; and the worst effect of our feminine literature and our woman's-rights movements is their tendency to destroy that chivalric respect for woman native to every man whose heart is uncorrupted.

END OF VOLUME XIX.

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